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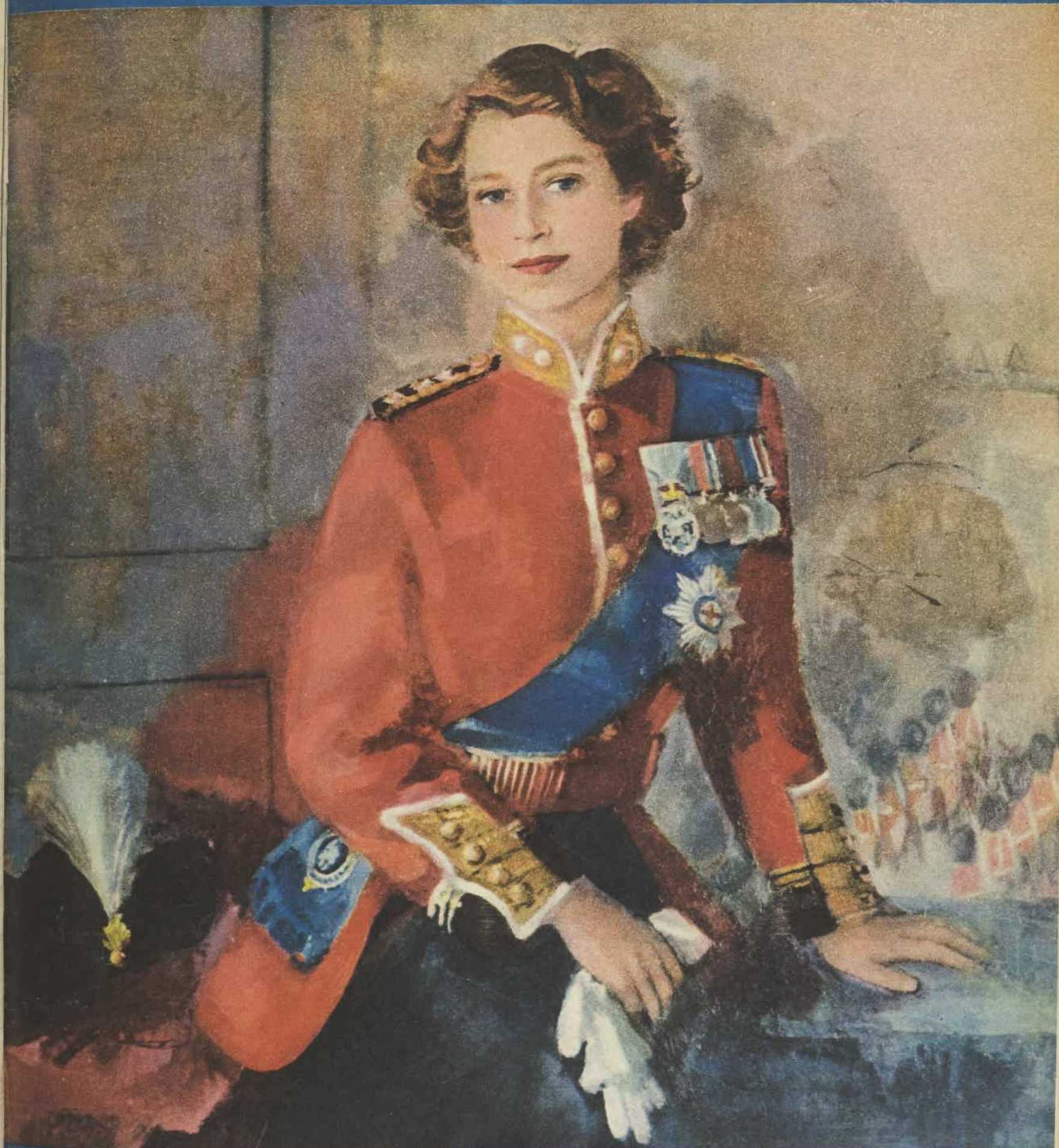
MAY 23, 1956

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 23, 1956

Vol. 23, No. 2

MESSAGE OF PENTECOST

THIS week most churches are taking part in a week of prayer for Christian unity, culminating next Sunday in Pentecost services.

A uniform prayer will be read in many churches, and in some Australian cities clergy of different denominations will exchange pulpits.

The presidents of the World Council of Churches, which covers 170 million members of 162 denominations, have sent a message to congregations taking part, stressing the need for Christian unity as a force for world peace.

"Violence," states the message, "has now reached such a pitch that when once it is unloosed it is beyond human control, and unless wars can be made to cease all nations will perish."

As Christmas commemorates the birth of Christ, and Easter the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, so Pentecost marks the birth of the Church itself.

Chapter II of the Acts of the Apostles records how 50 days after the Resurrection the disciples were gathered together when—"there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them."

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

Some of the assembly accused the disciples of having drunk "new wine," but Peter, denying this, preached his first sermon with such effect that 3000 listeners were baptised.

The anniversary of the day was a favorite for baptism, and since white was often worn the day became known as White Sunday or Whitsunday.

It is an appropriate focus for endeavors to revive Christianity as a true force in the world, a force which none will deny is sorely needed by mankind today.

Our cover:

● Raymond Kanelba, who painted the portrait of the Queen which appears on our cover, is 59 years old, received his education in Europe, and now lives at Knightsbridge, London. He has had paintings hung at the Royal Academy and the exhibition at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. First the Queen was hesitant about sitting for her portrait in Grenadier Guards uniform without her tricorn hat. "When I told the Queen I particularly wanted to paint her without a hat she saw my point of view," Mr. Kanelba. "We compromised by having the tricorn beside her in the picture."

"Her Majesty is very charming," Mr. Kanelba added. "We spoke little and had a conversation. I have tried to produce a portrait of dignity, charm, and elegance. That is how I see her."

This week:

● On pages 36 and 37 there is an interesting story about the White House, home of America's Presidents. Observers say that this year's campaign for the presidential election in November will be the first television campaign. In 1952, when President Eisenhower was elected, there were 16 million TV sets in America. Today there are 40 million. President Eisenhower is well accustomed to the medium. His regular press conferences are televised, and his staff includes actor Robert Montgomery, who coaches him for his appearances before the camera.

Next week:

● If you can read teacups or palm leaves you're bound to be a popular guest at parties. Few people can resist hearing about their characters and their future, and it's no means necessary to believe either analysis or the predictions. Next week's paper has a six-page section on "Fortune-Telling Fun." It covers palmistry, teacup reading, numerology, and handwriting analysis, and a study of it will turn you into what passes for an expert in ordinary circles. You don't have to take it seriously. We present it purely for entertainment.

● When Diana Dors, blond British film star, had lunch with the Aga Khan and the Begum at their villa near Cannes she was much impressed with the garden. "I've seen some beautiful layouts in my day, but this takes the prize," said Miss Dors, whom we did not previously suspect of an interest in gardening. Next week's paper, by sheer coincidence, has a two-page color spread of the Begum's garden. When you see it you agree with Miss Dors.

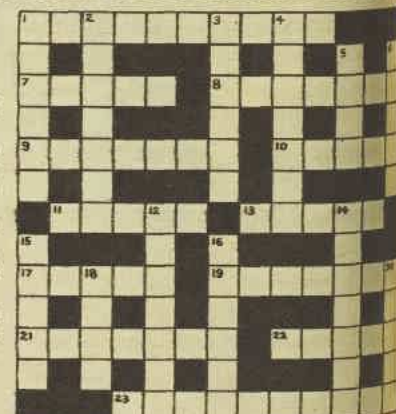
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- The occupier may be in a tin bath (10).
- Beer which cannot be new judging from its content (5).
- Confines with a rope the rest (7).
- Coach with a wet inside (7).
- Supply food with trace (5).
- No ode was permitted in this concert hall in Rome or in Athens (5).
- Remodel the back of a pad before tea (5).
- Sprightly, though the head is beery (5).
- It's the same thing but not quite (7).
- Of humble birth where I belong (7).
- Outer garment packed in cheap laid paper (5).
- Are you well versed in this knowledge? You merit a chili (10).

TH SPITEFUL
RESIDE ALLO
N R NECKTIES
INTENT GENE
ELLI GRATER
ASTI NOS K
S NEEDLES P
E G LOE DAM
BEASTS N N N
A I A NOBODY
INSOMNIA LI
TLE DUENNA
STEERAGE D G

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- Silent creeks (6).
- Hard gag (Anagr. 7).
- Alternative in mining jobs for teachers (6).
- Perceived (7).
- Despatched an Eastern coin before tea (4).
- Exorbitant interest (5).
- Tenth for us eighth for the ancient Romans (7).
- Start to write and finish with insect for a flag (7).
- Crime of a graduate in a verse (5).
- Upward movement for a performer (6).
- The golden eagle (4).
- Wine from the Gironde will do for a start (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.



YOU CAME ALONG

"You risked your life for Kim," said Jack, his voice full of wonder as he put his arms around her.

PATSY'S grandfather told her that life is like a pattern, with all the threads weaving under and over and in and out.

He would lift her on to his knee and show her prints from the Lindisfarne Gospel; she would follow the colors, gold and violet, rose and blue, threading under and over, under and over, with no beginning and no end.

He said that if you went the wrong way then, of course, you spoiled the pattern, but Patsy would never do that because she was kind and gentle and always willing to help. Her thread was gold.

When she grew up, Patsy began to doubt her grandfather's wisdom. The pattern of her life was dull and grey and wholly disappointing; it seemed to be full of loose ends.

She was, in her mother's words, "inclined to be plump" and, in the words of her elder sister, Margaret, "fat." In spite of self-inflicted periods of starvation, violent exercise, and the fanatical following of dismal diets, she remained round.

"If I were as fat as you," Margaret said, "I'd die!"

When Patsy thought about herself, which wasn't very often, she pictured only her lamentable roundness and overlooked the softness of her eyes, the sweetness of her mouth, and the way that her light brown hair curled naturally about her head.

Unfortunately, most other people—especially men—also overlooked these things. They were too busy admiring Margaret's slender grace, or Lorna's, the younger sister's, beauty, to notice Patsy, the middle one.

So Patsy dressed in dark colors, navy and black, nigger and bottle-green, and she sewed her buttons and hooks on

firmly. The great dress-designers presented a new silhouette each year to the waiting world of fashion, but never yet had it been a round silhouette for people like Patsy.

Patsy wore her dark, button-through dresses and tent-like coats and looked ten years older than her age; in consequence she became a sort of universal aunt.

Everyone made use of her, so that, although she didn't realise it, her grandfather was quite right, and the thread of her life was not really dull, but pure and shining gold.

"Patsy will do that." "Ask Patsy." "Patsy won't mind." "Patsy will make the sandwiches." "Patsy's going to iron my dress." "Patsy gave me this perm." "Patsy made my skirt." "That's the tablecloth that Patsy embroidered." "Patsy painted the kitchen." "Patsy dug the garden." And so on. Year after year, until Patsy was twenty-five.

Then Great-aunt Gertrude, who lived hundreds of miles away on an island off the Scottish coast, felt lonely and sent an SOS for company; of course it was Patsy who went north to cheer her up.

Patsy knew that she was born to be a wife and mother, and she longed to find a husband so that she could begin her life's work. Not just any husband. Her dream man was tall and dark and handsome in a hawk-like way and he wore a kilt.

Kim was the first man who really saw Patsy and he wore a kilt, but he was only six years old and, like Great-aunt Gertrude, he was lonely.

Patsy and Kim met by what ordinary people call "chance," only, of course, Patsy's grandfather would have said that it was "the pattern." Kim was walking along the lane which led to the sea, proudly swinging his new bucket and spade.

There were primroses blooming amongst the young bracken shoots on either side of the lane, the sky was clear and blue, and all the birds sang.

Kim was with his brother, John. No one, except Kim, knew that he had a brother, so that sometimes, when he was talking to John, they said, "Kim! Don't talk to yourself like that!" They didn't understand that if there is nobody to play with, it is necessary to invent someone.

"I like it here," Kim told John. "I like it fine. The rabbits in the field behind the cottage sit so still I can nearly touch their tails. And the birds don't fly away."

He tried to whistle, which was difficult because of the gaps in his teeth, and the sun deepened the freckles on his small nose and kissed the golden ends of his short curls.

"The flowers are great," Kim told John, "and—oh! What's that?" He stood still, waiting, a little smile curving his usually serious mouth.

Up the lane towards him waddled the most important and consequential-looking duckling in the world. It was round and yellow and soft, like the very heart of spring, and it could have fitted easily into the blue mug that Kim used for milk.

He squatted, sitting on his heels, and laid his spade and bucket amongst the primroses; he held out his hand and the duckling came straight to him, pit-pat. It nibbled his fingers hopefully with its tiny bill.

"You poor wee thing," Kim whispered. "You're famished."

He held it in his hands. Its little feet stuck out absurdly between his chubby fingers and it looked at him with bright,

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A charming and romantic story by LINDY WRENFORD

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 23, 1956

Page 3



FORGET those NIGHTMARE FUEL BILLS!

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How could he possibly make his mother see that there was a time in a guy's life when he had to run it the way he thought best

The Man Jones

By FRANCES GRAY PATTON

JAMES MANIGAULT JONES (who kept quiet about his middle name and was known to his college acquaintances as Jim, or when they were feeling high-flown and literary as Eternity) paid a visit to Wendell Dormitory during the short interval between his lunch and his two o'clock zoology lab. period.

He carried a bunch of jonquils bought from a street-corner pedlar—a poor, crop-legged man with hard leather pads on his kneecaps—and as he entered the building he felt suddenly furtive, partly because he thought he must look foolish clutching those "flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la," and partly because he suspected he was out of bounds.

He hesitated in the vestibule, of half a mind to toss the jonquils in the trash can and retreat before anybody saw him. But he rose above that timid impulse. He started for the stairs, trying not to notice how his footsteps echoed in the empty corridor.

Early that morning Jim and the rest of the boys had cleared out of Wendell, the main freshman dormitory at Amity College; in their wake, a crew of charwomen had arrived to make Wendell fit to receive a host of delicate visitors—the girls who were coming to the prom.

The women had worked with a furious thoroughness that suggested contempt for the gross habits of the dormitory's regular inmates, scrubbing and polishing as if the place were far dirtier than it actually was. Now, in the purged, anomalous atmosphere, Jim had a fleeting illusion of being somewhere else. All this—the odors of soap and wax and furniture oil, the drone of a vacuum-sweeper, and the rhythmic slip-slap of a wet mop on the stairs—was like spring-cleaning week at home.

He caught himself listening for his mother to call, "Is that you, Maunie boy? Will you take the kitchen screens in the backyard and squirt the hose on them before you settle down?" He frowned. He was too easily reminded of home, he thought, and it was abnormal to see a resemblance between anything here at Amity—this suave eastern college, this "civilised oasis"—and Apex City, Georgia.

He picked his way up the stairs, walking on his toes to avoid tracking the still damp marble. On the first landing he saw a stringy woman lift a pail of water and begin toiling towards the second floor.

"Here. Let me have that," Jim said. He snatched the bucket from the woman's hand and ran lightly up the half-flight. "This where you want it, ma'am?" (He could have kicked himself for letting that "ma'am" slip out.)

The woman nodded. "That was real nice of you," she said. "They's not many students as thoughtful as that. Thank you." Her sallow, equine face grew soft with the expression of maternal approval that older women, to Jim's discomfiture, were likely to bestow upon him. "Thank you, sir!"

"You bet," said Jim.

"A bokay for your lady?"

"These?" Jim said. "Oh, they're just something I bought from a cripple"—he was miserably certain that the scrubwoman knew he had bought them because he'd remembered how his mother put fresh flowers in the guest-room—"and now I've got to do something with 'em."

"That was a Christian act," the woman said. "And they'll make your room look like a home away from home."

"I figured they'd brighten it up," Jim said. "It's pretty austere, you know." He yearned to get away—to make sure the room was all right, to indulge in lonely fantasies about the marvellous girl who was soon to occupy it—but he didn't know how to. It seemed rude to leave while the woman wanted to talk.

"The little things in life make the big difference," she said. "You tell your mamma for me she raised a true Southern gentleman."

Jim felt himself blush, and knew that his heightened color gave him a heightened bloom of youth and innocence. He was a long-legged boy, with curly brown hair and pink cheeks. He looked like some mother's darling—which, indeed, he was—but, with a smile he hoped was a leer, he said, "She'll be surprised to hear that!"

"She prob'ly knows," the woman said. "I guess there ain't much a mother's heart don't know about her son." She plunged her mop into her pail, swished it, and plopped it down with a wet, slimy sound. "You don't happen to be Jones, do you? Room 202?"

"The man in person," said Jim.

"A special delivery come for you. I slipped it under your door."

"A special delivery? For me?" Jim's stomach constricted. The letter, he was agonisingly sure, could be from no one but Barbara. From Barbara, breaking her date for the dance. And it seemed to him that he wasn't really surprised—that all week he had known such a letter was bound to come.

"I hope you ain't stood up," the woman said, leaning on her mop and regarding Jim with mournful eyes. "With the bokay and all, that would be a crime."

Her sympathy was a mirror. In it Jim saw reflected the image of what he feared was his true self. Not an Amity man—cool, civilised, capable of taking such things as freshman proms and the vagaries of girls with cynical undismay—but a skinny kid from the Bible Belt. A nice Sunday-school boy with yellow flowers in his fist. A boy who addressed a scrubwoman as "ma'am" and blubbered into her bucket when somebody "went and hurt his Southern pride."

In that drowning moment of self-realisation, all that sustained Jim was the conviction, recently acquired from converse with a junior who was majoring in psychology, that self-realisation,



At last the train stopped and the girl was getting out. Jim waved and said, "Hello, Barbara."

per se, was good. To view oneself objectively, ruthlessly—it was only this that one gained insight into one's motivations and detached them from false values formed in infancy. But to become aware of one's own hideous ignominy was one thing; to show it to a woman with a mop was another.

Jim cocked his left eyebrow—a muscular discipline that he practised constantly. "There are plenty more fish in the sea," he said. His remark lacked urbanity, he knew—it was a disgruntled boast that one heard frequently in the Owl Drugstore in Apex City—but it had to serve. With a magnificent try at nonchalance, he sauntered down the long, quiet hall to Room 202.

Jim had met Barbara a week before, when he attended a dance at Hannah Benson, a small but reputedly sophisticated college for women. He had attended the function, with heavy misgivings, on the bid of a girl named Earline Fitch—a girl who had grown up next door to him and who had beaten him out by a slim academic margin for the position of high-school valedictorian. He had nothing against Earline—he was even fond of her, in an old-time's-sake sort of way—but he did not care to establish a public connection with her here in the East.

Earline was a big, bouncy, uncomplicated girl who poked you in the ribs to make sure you got the point of her jokes. She had a passion for food, and a passion, very like in character, for what she called ideas. "I can't get the McCarthy problem off my chest," she would declare, her carrying voice soaring above the sound of the jukebox at the Owl. "I can't bear to think he honestly represents the deep-down spiritual calibre of the average American."

At a moonlight picnic, when the other couples had wandered off into the shade of the pine woods, she would



remain sitting in full lunar glare beside Jim (somehow, he was usually paired off with Earline) and would say, less softly than the whip-poor-wills, "Now take salvation through faith—here's my slant on it . . ."

Her strong, white teeth would glisten just as they did when they were about to seize upon a kingsized hamburger, succulent with chopped pickle and mustard. Worse still, she called Jim—and would always call him—by the humiliating abbreviation of his middle name. She called him Mannie.

Jim's immediate impulse had been to decline the invitation with emphasis. In the end, however, he had decided to accept it for two cogent, if disparate, reasons. First, he had wished not to embarrass his mother, who was a close friend of Mrs. Fitch's; second, he was aware that at Amity, where Earline's qualities were mercifully unknown, it wouldn't sound bad to say he had a date up at Benson.

So he had gone to the dance, frozen-faced and wary, and there he had met the girl whom he'd always known he was fated to meet some day. (Jim, for all his determination to treat himself ruthlessly, nursed no morbid doubts as to fate's tender preoccupation with his felicity.) He had assumed that the meeting would occur at some distant point in time when, as a key man in the diplomatic service, a novelist on safari in Africa, or, perhaps, a psychiatrist long since beyond astonishment, he would be more than equal to it. Certainly he had never considered Earline Fitch as a probable instrument of destiny. But fate moved in her own sweet way!

The visit to Benson had not begun auspiciously. The train had run late, and Jim had procured his supper from the train buffet. (A sorry meal it had been, consisting of a carton of milk and a dry sandwich; its sole virtue, Jim had thought morosely, was that it saved him from having to watch Earline eat.) Arriving, hungry and pessimistic, he'd had just time to change his clothes in the village's one dinky hotel before joining Earline at her dormitory.

"Mannie Jones! You're a sight for sore eyes!" Earline cried, bursting into the reception-room before he had even sat down to wait for her. She had on a ballooning sky-blue taffeta dress (the one in which she had delivered the valedictory),

and it made her appear larger than life and crude-colored, like the blonde on the Holsum Bakery calendar in the Jones' kitchen. Showing her teeth, she advanced across the carpet. Jim stepped back and bumped into a floor lamp.

"That's right! Break up the furniture!" Earline exclaimed, catching the lamp before it toppled. She grasped Jim's hand and ground its bones together. "Gee! Seeing you makes me feel like I'm back in good old Apex City!"

Jim retrieved his hand. "You're looking fit," he said.

"I keep fit," Earline said. "I'm on the house hockey team, and I never skip my daily dozen at the gym. Notice my tummy." She slapped it. "Flat as a board. Mens sana in corpore sano!"

"Good going," said Jim.

"Listen, Mannie," Earline said. "I'm sick about tonight. This is an old-fashioned card dance, and I gave four numbers to Jane Sadler, one of the keenest girls in our class. She's here on a Religious Ed. scholarship, like me."

"She is?" said Jim.

"You and Jane would have hit it off like ham and eggs. I told her how you were an Eagle Scout, and how you'd won the Kiwanis Medal for your oration on crime prevention, and she was wild to meet you. But this morning she woke up all broken out!"

"Too bad," said Jim.

"Well, not too bad, one way you look at it," Earline said knowledgeably. "It's German measles, and, of course, it's good to get that over with before you get pregnant."

"I guess it is," Jim agreed quickly. Hoping to forestall a detailed lecture upon obstetrical hazards, he added gallantly, "Anyhow, it gives me four dances with you."

"Well, no, it doesn't," Earline said. "I'd already promised those four to some other folks for their dates. So I got Jane's room-mate, Barbara Davis, to pinch-hit."

"Much wrong with Barbara?"

"Not much," Earline said. "But she's not your type. Not very eager, you know. She wasn't even planning to come tonight. Said she preferred dances on men's campuses, where she had no

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Holden...the car most families want to own



Here's a happy, warm-hearted kind of picture. It's a picture that has something particularly Australian about it—the neat suburban home, the well-kept garden, the family just about to go out on a week-end jaunt in the family car.

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THE RIGHT THING

By REX BARR

IT was a fine place to plan a murder, Vane decided.

Something rather theatrical about it — quartz-bright sun, white dazzle of limestone, turbulent sea a hundred feet below him.

Vane was reminded of a Greek play they had put on in his graduation year at college.

"Let's keep the backdrop starkly simple," his drama teacher had said, "to highlight the complications of the tragedy."

The complications of the tragedy — the phrase stayed in his mind. Could the murder of Lester Ross really be called a tragedy, he wondered? And was it likely to be complicated? Vane didn't think so; nor, more importantly, did Helen.

"I've been married to Lester for 15 years," she'd told him, "and there's nothing at all to worry about. You can always depend on him to do the right thing—especially where women are concerned. He simply can't say no. If I ask him to take me to the beach, even at that ghastly hour in the morning and with the surf still too cold for comfort, then he'll do it."

"He's had me on a wretched pedestal for as long as I can remember, and it's a tedious business. That's what attracted me to you. You've a nice off-handedness in your approach to love that's refreshing. We're splendid together in a way Lester and I never were."

Was he in love with Helen? Vane asked himself. No, of course not. Love, when it came, would have an altogether different flavor. Why, then, he talked into murdering Lester Ross? Simply because Ross was rich and sentimental and idiotically fond of Helen; and his money, when he died, would go to her. Then, provided she stuck to her part of the bargain, Vane would be nicely fixed for the rest of his life.

If any gamble at all was involved, it was there. But, after six weeks of secret meetings, he felt he knew Helen well enough to be satisfied she would stand by him.

He went over the plan again, looking for loopholes, but found none. It was Helen's plan, of course, to the last detail, and so very simple, really.

Lester and Helen had taken a cottage a little way round the inlet. Vane, playing cautious, had lodged at the hotel. It was an out-of-the-way seaside resort and they had the place to themselves—it would be a month before the holiday crowds arrived.

Next morning, at seven, Helen would coax Lester into taking her to the beach. There she would see a man in difficulties and beg Lester to help. Vane would be the man, of course, and, though Lester was a strong swimmer, he was older and less robust than Vane. Who could call it anything but accidental death

if, in the confused struggle to bring the hysterical man to shore, Lester himself should be drowned?

A green coupe nosed round the winding, dusty road to the top of the cliffs and stopped.

Helen got out and ran towards him. Her olive skin and burnished hair, thrown into relief by a white linen dress, made him think again of the Greek drama class. She kissed him quickly, then turned, uneasy.

"I'm sick to death of having to be careful," she said. "Thank heaven it'll all be over in a little while and we can leave this place—this horrible white stone especially. It's like a sepulchre."

"I like it," Vane said. "Reminds me of a play we did at school. There was a good deal of murder in it, I remember. All highly dramatic. Seems to give our affair the right background."

"Must you be morbid?" Helen said. "There'll be nothing dramatic about this. Now, have you got everything straight? Lester and I will be at the beach a little after seven. Be sure you're in the water by then."

"Have you put the proposition of an early swim to Lester yet?"

"No. I'll leave it till the last minute. It's the sort of impetuous thing he expects of me—all women are playful, unpredictable kittens to Lester."

"More like alley cats," Vane said. "Was that meant to be funny?"

"Relax," Vane said. "Don't get worked up over this thing. I'll be glad when it's over, too. You don't laugh as much as you used to. I like it better when you laugh."

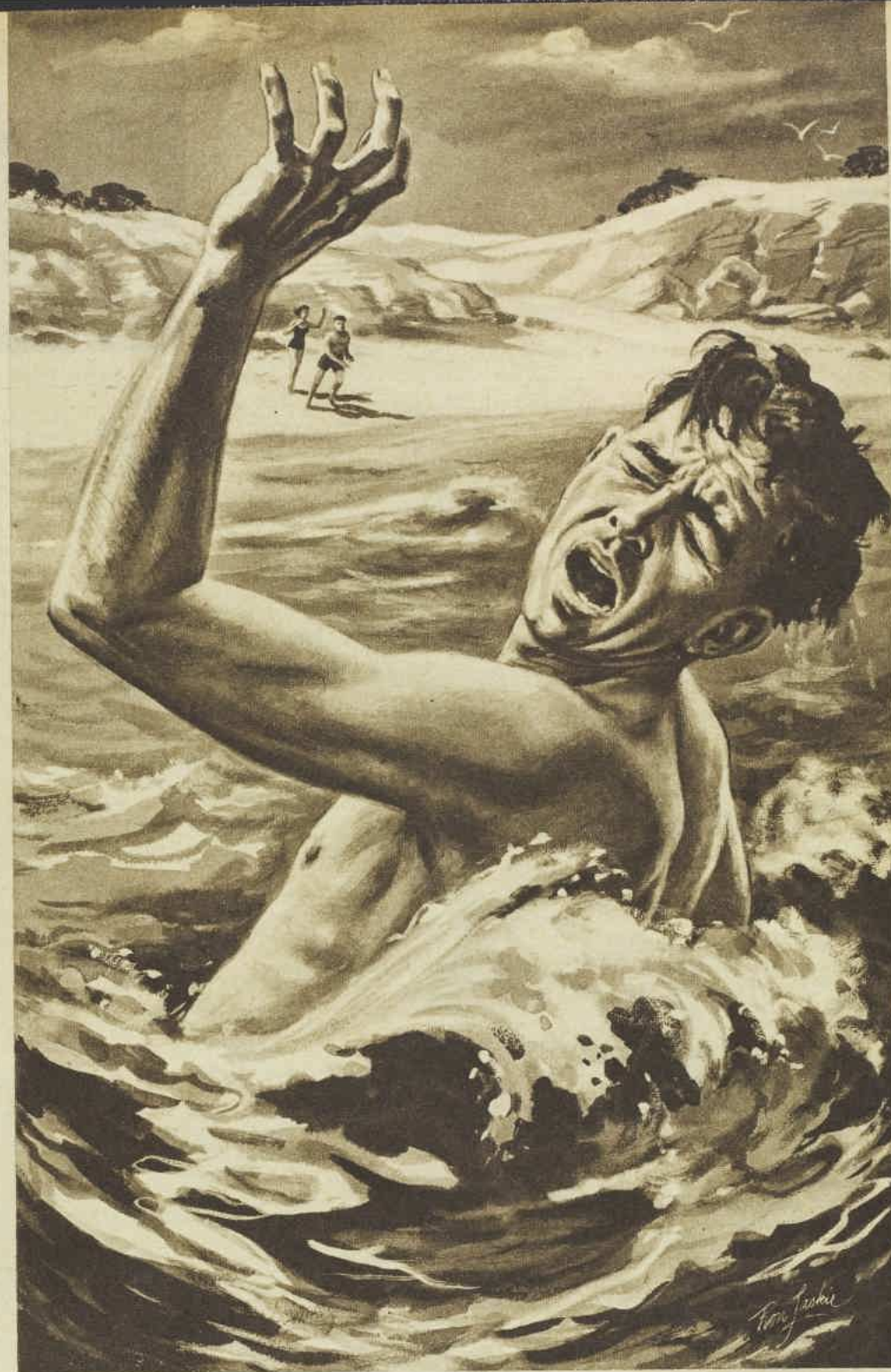
"It hasn't been fun," she said. "You don't know Lester as I do. No one could really dislike him. Years ago I would simply have walked out and gone away with you, but that's not possible for me any more. He's given me expensive tastes and I need money—a lot of money—to satisfy them. If you'd been well off all this would never have been necessary. As it is, it seems the only way out."

"We've been through all this before," Vane said. "Forget it. But, seriously, are you sure he'll swim out?"

"Of course. Lester has a highly developed social conscience. You need have no worries there."

She kissed him softly.

"I'd better be getting back," she said. "I'm supposed to be resting. Lester's gone to the pub for a drink. You'll probably see him there, but for heaven's sake keep your distance. Everything will depend on your being complete strangers to each other. It's a nuisance I can't run you back in the car, but it'd be dangerous—you and I have never met either, remember. Good luck tomorrow."



I'll have my fingers crossed. And, whatever happens, I love you."

"Same here," Vane said, kissing her. "We'll be all right. You'll see."

She drove away and after a while Vane walked along the cliff track to the township. At the hotel he started towards his room, then paused at the sound of laughter from the tiny private bar. He went in, ordered a beer, and took it to a far corner of the room.

Lester Ross stood joking with the ageless, red-haired barmaid.

"Oh, Mister Ross," she was saying, "you are a card. I bet you tell that to every girl you meet."

Ruddy, balding, finely wrinkled at his eyes and mouth, Lester was a little drunk and obviously enjoying himself.

"How about a port and lemon," he said. "No harm in it. A little of what you fancy does you good."

"Oh, Mister Ross," the barmaid said, "you kill me; you really do. Still, I won't say no. It'll be a change, I can tell you. A port would just hit the spot. It's easy to see you know what makes the world go round, Mister Ross. You're

a gentleman—the kind that would always do the right thing by a girl."

Lester winked and she laughed again. Vane drank his beer and went out.

As Vane had expected, the surf next morning was chilling. Promptly at seven he had swum out to a point beyond the last, easily rolling breakers and floated, waiting, looking up sometimes to watch for the green coupe.

It came at last, and in the saffron, early-morning light he saw Lester and Helen walk to the beach.

"Hurry!" Vane muttered. "I'm stiff with cold. You're 15 minutes late already."

With what seemed to Vane an excruciating slowness, they slipped off their robes. Then, just as he raised his arm in the gesture that was to set the comedy in motion, a violent spasm of pain shot through his legs.

Cramp, he thought, twisting frantically in an effort to shake it off. But it spread and engulfed him until his body seemed banded in a lacerating cage of pain. He went under gasping, sickened by the taste of salt.

As though from a long way off down endless corridors and past in-

Vane was conscious of the two figures on the beach as he heard himself screaming "Help!"

numerable muffling drapes, he heard himself screaming, "Help!"

"Death!" the echo said.

With appalling difficulty he raised his head long enough to see Lester running to the water's edge.

Then a thin, terrified voice, like an absurd parody of his own, rang out from farther along the beach, and Vane thought for a moment he was delirious.

But the voice called again, weaker this time and edged with hysteria, and he lashed his body in a final frenzy of movement so that he saw, away to his right and blurred by spray-stung eyes, the matted, jerking red hair of the barmaid.

He stared desperately at Lester and saw the podgy, rather ridiculous figure hesitate, in a momentary agony of doubt, then turn and swim towards the red hair.

This was the last impression Vane was conscious of—Lester, remembering his manners, doing the right thing by a girl.

(Copyright)



Lovejoy Mason . . . life had taught her to be hard, but she could still dream.

AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS

THE Garden Committee had met to discuss the earth, not the whole earth, the terrestrial globe, but the bit of it that had been stolen from the Gardens in the Square.

The three members of the Committee were the big gun, as Lucas the gardener called Admiral Sir Peter Percy-Latham, who lived at Number Twenty-nine, the little gun, Mr. Donaldson, who had the ground-floor flat at Number Forty, and Miss Angela Chesney from Number Eleven.

To Lucas, Angela was not a big or little gun, she was THE gun; she ran the Committee, she ran the Gardens. "And she won't let us have wallflowers," says they're common. I like wallflowers," said the admiral, but behind Angela's back; when she was present he deferred to her, as did Mr. Donaldson; Lucas looked only at her; it was like a court round the queen, thought Olivia. Olivia, Miss Chesney, was Angela's queer, dark, elder sister, who often attended her. They all stood looking at the holes, round pits of holes that had been made in the shrub bed at one end of the Gardens.

"It's the Street children," said Angela. She did not mean any street but the Street that ran behind the Square down to the river, Catford Street.

Mortimer Square, gracious and imposing, with its big houses, stood, like many other London squares, on the edge of a huddle of much poorer streets. That had always bothered Olivia. "It's too rich," she said, meaning the Square, "and too poor," meaning Catford Street. It was always Catford Street she saw in contrast to the Square, but

nowadays neither was as rich or poor as Olivia thought.

The Square had gone down, its big houses were mostly divided into flats, as could be seen when the lights went on at night; probably the only whole houses were the Admiral's, the Miss Chesneys', and the one at the corner that was the strange embassy of one of the lesser South American States.

Some of the houses had not been painted for years, some of them were even noisy—there was a dancing school at Number Three, though Angela had protested—while the poor streets had come up; Catford Street, for instance, though drab and shabby, with children playing in the street, an open-air market at the river end on Saturdays, and the Canal Works behind it, was proud and respectable. That did not prevent those same children from being a small plague in the Square and "It's the Street children, I'm sure of it," said Angela.

"Looks as if an elephant had been standing in the bed," said the admiral, looking at the holes.

"Three elephants," said Olivia. "There are twelve holes."

"Be quiet, Olivia," said Angela. "It isn't funny. Things are too expensive these days for it to be funny. First the shears, then all my beautiful irises!"

They were not Miss Angela's irises, but the admiral let it pass. "Band of hooligans," he said.

Mr. Donaldson said nothing, but then he never did say anything, which was a disappointment; Angela had chosen him to sit on the Committee because he worked for the

Royal Horticulture Society. "That should be useful," said Angela, but so far nothing useful or otherwise had come from Mr. Donaldson, and it was Angela who said, in her quick, decisive way, "We shall have to get the police."

"Surely if it's children we can catch 'em ourselves," said the admiral. "It must be children, but what did they want it for?"

"They sell earth to the new houses for window-boxes," said Angela. "People shouldn't encourage it. If they want earth they can buy it at the Army and Navy Stores."

"But," said the admiral, looking at the holes, "can it be children? How did they cart it away?"

"They ought to have a medal for persistence," said Olivia. They all looked at her, and she blushed.

"Olivia, it's not funny, and it must be stopped," said Angela, and she pronounced, "Lucas must sleep in the shed."

The shed was at the far end of the Gardens, lonely and draughty and cold. Lucas shivered.

"Mr. Donaldson, do you agree?"

Mr. Donaldson nodded.

"Admiral?" She whipped them all in and it was settled.

"Supposing it's one of those gangs?" said Lucas. "They're big boys, some of them, and tough. They've got razors, I've seen them," quavered Lucas.

"I will give you a whistle," said Angela.

"There was a boy here, from the Street, sent to Borstal for using a knife. I don't like it," said Lucas.

"I think," said Olivia, "it's a little boy or girl."

"Nonsense," said Angela. "No little boy or girl could carry all that earth."

But Olivia knew they had; while the others were talking she had seen, under a bush, a footprint that no one had smoothed away. It was a very small footprint. Olivia had scuffed it out with her shoe.

Catford Street might have been any of the poorer streets in any city—a city that was old and had been bombed—but its flavor was of London; its stucco and its sooty brick, its scarlet buses, the scarlet post-office van, and the scarlet pillar-box at the corner of Garden Row were London, as were its log-carts, the occasional great shire horses in the drays, the starlings, pigeons, and sparrows, the strange uncouth call of the rag-and-bone man, the many pubs, and the way the newspaper woman trustfully went away and left her papers, knowing that the pennies and halfpennies would be thrown down.

The ugly accents of the Street children were unmistakably English, but the older people could have belonged anywhere; a great many had come from somewhere else—all tongues were spoken in Catford Street, faces were all colors, but even the people who had been born there and lived and died in it were like any people anywhere. It was all perfectly ordinary; seen from above, from the back windows high up in some of the Square houses—Number Eleven, for instance, from the old schoolroom at the top of the house—Catford Street with Motcombe Terrace and Garden Row, which had no gardens, running to left and right of it, made the shape of a big cross.

That was how Olivia, looking down from the old schoolroom windows, often saw it, spread out before her, yet hidden, teeming. At night it was a nest of lights, and it was always filled with sound, endless, myriad human sounds, while behind, booming from

the river, came the sirens, tugs, and ships sounding almost equally big, reminding the Street, thought Olivia, of the world; and, falling down between the house walls, the sound of bells, reminding it, or failing to remind it, of heaven.

The Anglican St. Botolph's Home of Compassion, with its black-and-white-habited nuns, was just behind the Square, and hidden somewhere among the houses was a convent of the Sisters of Charity; Olivia had never found out where it was, but she had often seen the Sisters' blue gowns and big-winged cornettes going through the streets, and as long as she could remember the Angelus had been rung from their convent three times a day. It used to be echoed by the big bell from the Catholic Church in Catford Street, but that had been bombed and now there was only a tiny little bell from the makeshift hut that was used as a church.

Four times a day there was another sound, it came from the red brick building that took up a whole block, a school with high walls round it, topped with wire netting to keep in the balls that were bounced on the asphalt playgrounds; at twelve o'clock, at half-past three, and at recreation times the noise went up to the sky as first the infants, then the girls, and then the boys came out to play. It was like a vast, lively cheeping. It was this that first made the Miss Chesney call the Street children "the sparrows."

When two people say the same word it can mean two different things. To Angela they were sparrows because they were cheeky, cocky, common as sparrows; to Olivia nothing was common; sparrows were sold for three farthings, but not one should fall to the ground, though how that was possible she did not know, and apparently they fell all the time; Angela was always being summoned to cases of accident, illness, sorrow, or sudden death; it was paradoxical that it was Angela who worked indefatigably for the sparrows while the sensitive Olivia did nothing.

Angela tried to make her. "You might at least come on the Roll of Visitors," she said.

"To visit whom?"

"People, like the Street people, in their houses, and ask them questions."

But Olivia was appalled at the idea. "I," she said, shrinking.

"Yes. Why not?"

Olivia thought of those swarming, via houses and was appalled again. "I—couldn't," she said. "They're too rich."

"They're well off, I know," said Angela, "all but a few—ridiculously well off; that doesn't stop them getting into messes." But Olivia was not thinking of money; to her they seemed rich in everything she had not, children, and strength, and life. It's odd, thought Olivia; half the time I'm troubled because I've scarcely anything at all, half the time because I have too much.

As a matter of fact, it was Angela who had real riches; she was the one who kept in the big house in the Square. "On my own I couldn't live like this," Olivia said once; she did not add that she would not. They had all been left their share of the Chesneys' and their mother's money—"Quite a good sum even in these days," said Noel, her brother, but Angela, who had been a beautiful and very taking child, had inherited from a rich old bachelor godfather as well as polite to Aunt Angela," Noel told his children and joked. "Besides being as good as gold, she's solid gold."

If anyone were well named, Olivia thought

**Beginning a delightful
serial . . . the warm-
hearted story of three
London children.**

**BY RUMER
GODDEN**

often, it was her sister Angela. She looked like all the things that went with angels—a candle, a lily. Angela's figure was more like a tall boy's than a middle-aged woman's, she moved lightly and swiftly, her hair was still golden—no grey, though she's forty-five, thought Olivia with pride—and she had the Hewitt features (the Miss Chesneys' mother had been a Hewitt), straight, clear-cut features with a slightly intense expression that reminded Olivia of the Burne-Jones pictures that had been fashionable when their mother was young.

Angela not only had good looks, she had good works. "By their fruits ye shall know them" was carved over the porch at St. Botolph's, the big church in the Square; for years none of them had gone into St. Botolph's—Mother had been well known as a rationalist—but now Angela, being thoroughly modern, had begun to go again and had made friends with the new young rector, Mr. Wix, whom she called David.

"By their fruits . . ." That haunted Olivia because she had no fruits. If there should one day be a recording angel—and how funny, thought Olivia, if there should turn out to be one after all—while most people got three or four out of ten, and some, like Angela, full marks, Olivia could imagine him looking at her and saying, "No marks at all." How had that happened? Olivia did not know.

She had had the same chances as Noel and Angela. Then why was she so different? If she had felt well it might have been easier. Olivia's headaches were a family nuisance, and she was given to hot dark blushes that turned her face a mulberry color—hideous, thought Olivia—and her attacks of indigestion were so sharp that she had grown a habit of pressing her hands suddenly against her chest—"Like a tragedy queen," said Angela. Sometimes Olivia wished she had a real illness, something for which a doctor could be called in; as it was, "You think you are going to have a headache, and you do," said Angela.

"Yes, I do," said Olivia wearily.

It was not only her health. "I was born inept and clumsy," said Olivia often. No one contradicted her.

It had been one of Mother's maxims that her children, the girls as well as the boy, must be qualified. Angela had been qualified at twenty-one; she was that still uncommon thing among women, a trained accountant, but Olivia had never qualified for anything.

It was strange that she, who had not been able to stand against Mother for a moment, had been the one to defeat her in the end. Perhaps I always defeated her, thought Olivia, and that was why I irritated her so much. That faraway girl, the young Olivia, used to spend half her time banished to the schoolroom—which is perhaps why I'm so fond of it, thought Olivia now.

She had wanted to move up here when the house was converted and a flat made on the second floor for Noel's family to use when they were in town, the basement altered to make a home for old Hall and his wife. Hall had been the butler—"when we had butlers," said Angela lightly. Now they had old Ellen, who had been their nurse, and a procession of dairies, and Mrs. Hall came up to do the cooking.

Angela and Olivia had moved their rooms down to the first floor, though Olivia still hankered after the schoolroom. "Olivia is sentimental," said Angela. "She likes to go back into the schoolroom world." But up here in the schoolroom Olivia did not go



Sparkey, frail and sickly son of the newspaper seller, worshipped strong, tough, good-looking Tip Malone.

To page 43



The colour is right . . .

the style is right . . .

what's inside?

It makes all the difference in the world when the answer's "Esta-foam". Esta-foam is the newest development in foam cushioning, available for the first time in Australia. There's nothing to equal it for cool, airy comfort that never tires you . . . Esta-foam keeps its "spring" through years of wear. It washes, drycleans perfectly . . . never stains, crumbles, or rots . . . is heat resistant . . . keeps furniture light, easy to move. And its low price will surprise you. Remember, though there are other types of foam upholstery it's best to insist on Esta-foam . . . Esta-foam is the latest development of the world's leading research laboratories! At all leading stores.

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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

THE arguments for and against the Salk polio vaccine are really an insight into the characters of the people concerned. There are those who want to wait to see the results on other children before "risking" the health of their own little ones. If Dr. Salk was sure enough of his discovery to use it on his own children that is proof enough for me. I intend to have my three little boys immunised, feeling that I can't afford the risk of not doing so. Should any of them be unfortunate enough to contract polio I shall seek comfort in the knowledge that I did my best, and that the illness might have been worse without the vaccine. Fence-sitting mothers and fathers, who did not allow their youngsters the chance of vaccination, would certainly have no comfortable feelings if this were to happen.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Heness, Dee Why, N.S.W.

SEEN just before Mother's Day in the front window of our town's general store was a shiny new axe. Tied to the handle with white ribbon was a neatly printed card, saying, "To Mother. With Love."

10/6 to V. Carol, Margaret River, W.A.

CARDS printed with letters of the alphabet are a great help to people suffering from loss of speech or paralysis. Many years ago I remember visiting my grandmother and being told that she seemed to want something, but due to loss of speech and movement could make no one understand her. I noticed that her eyelids moved, and, leaning over, said, "If you can understand me, close your right eye," which she did. After finding an alphabet card I told her that I would run my finger down it and that she must close her eye when we came to the letter she wanted. In this way, very slowly, she spelt out the message she had been trying to give her family. Nowadays, I believe, cards of printed phrases may also be obtained.

10/6 to James Clayton, Kingsford, N.S.W.

MANY young men, willing and anxious to go on the land, have been forced into taking city jobs due to their lack of experience and capital. Surely such potential farmers could receive help by being apprenticed to established farmers or by having agricultural scholarships made available in schools.

10/6 to Mrs. R. H. Tarrant, Warracknabeal, Vic.

THOSE modern hairdressing salons where they have done away with separate cubicles make patrons feel as if they are sitting in display windows. I prefer the old privacy, where you could have a hair trim or set without seeing several other faces at different angles reflected back from the mirror in front of you.

10/6 to Mrs. F. Walpole, Guildford, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best general letter of the week. 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writer's original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

THE self-bestowed male prerogative of selecting dance partners doesn't seem fair to me. When a girl pays for admission to a dance hall she is gambling on her chance of having an enjoyable evening. All too often I have seen her lose her stake, as dance by dance went by while she decorated the wall.

10/6 to R. K. Wilson, Mosman, N.S.W.

Wedding rings for men

REPLYING to Miss F. M., of Perth (The Australian Women's Weekly, 11/4/56), could it be that men find it dangerous to wear rings? When single I wore a ring for a while and on two occasions was trapped by it. Once when stepping out of a truck the ring caught on a projecting point and almost pulled my finger off. On another occasion I was holding a live cable on a truck and a short-circuit gave me a nasty burn. Yes, wedding rings for men are definitely dangerous.

10/6 to Mr. L. G. (name supplied), Atherton, N. Qld.

Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

WHEN my daughter was a baby, nothing seemed to please her more than playing with a book, but there was a drawback to this practice. She wouldn't only play with books, but would try to eat them, even the highly colored cloth picture books, as well as the paper ones. One day I got the idea of making her some cloth books, embroidering dogs, cats, mice, ducks, and chickens on small oblong pieces of cloth, sewing two oblongs back to back until I had made 10 pages into a double book. Then I bound it, put a cover on it, using a fast-color print which I knew would not be injurious to her health. She was unable to tear this book, which I wash and iron three times a week, feeling it to be much more hygienic than any others.

£1/1/- to "Bookworm" (name supplied), Holland Park, Queensland.

Ross Campbell writes...

A CHOCOLATE firm has a team of investigators finding out what centres people like best.

This is a worthwhile piece of research.

The investigators have not asked me about it yet.

When they do, I'm not going to give a hasty, ill-considered opinion.

It will probably take me a full box of chocolates to make up my mind.

But I know one thing—I shall do some plain speaking about peppermint.

I've been an anti-peppermint man all my life.

The industry has other matters that call for investigation, like finding something to put inside Easter eggs.

Easter eggs nowadays are a hollow sham.

But the most-needed reform is some way of telling what is inside a chocolate without biting it.

The present situation is chaotic.

Every night in picture shows decent young people who want marzipan are getting peppermint or raspberry cream.

SHOCKS FROM CHOCs

It is worse for men than girls, because the men pay for the chocolates.

A few firms put a form-guide in



their boxes showing the shapes of the different centres.

But this only scratches the surface of the problem.

Many people think you are a fuss-pot if you look up the form-guide before you take a chocolate.

A distant cousin of mine held out a box to me once.

"Thanks," I said. "Do you mind

if I consult the form-guide to centres first?"

"Certainly I mind," she snapped. "You can take your chance with the rest of us."

Another objection is that you can't see a chocolate form-guide in the dark at a theatre.

I bought a box of chocolates at the pictures recently. It's not a thing I do often, but strong hints had been dropped.

I wanted a marshmallow centre, so I lit a match to look at the form-guide.

Before I could see what I wanted the form-guide caught fire and I had to stamp it out.

The manager rushed up and asked what was going on.

"I was just trying to look at the guide to the centres of these chocolates," I said.

He muttered something rude about a nutty one.

As it was, I made a blind stab and got a peppermint.

The only sensible idea they've had so far is to make those chocolates with drinks in them look like little bottles.

I don't like them, but at least they're easy to dodge.



THIS IS AUSTRALIA

BACKSTAGE AT THE BALLET. Once an exotic importation, ballet is now an integral part of Australian life. Last year more than 500,000 balletomanes flocked to the theatres to enjoy a world of fantasy and color. The first Grand Ballet came to Australia in 1913, but was not successful financially. In 1925 the famous ballerina Pavlova enchanted audiences here, and she was followed in later years by other companies from overseas. It was not until the 1940s that Borovansky formed an Australian company, which has expanded with the growing demand for ballet through the years. Now, the cost of its presentation ranges from £5500 to £6000 weekly. This picture was taken by staff photographer Robert Cleland backstage during a performance of "Pineapple Poll," one of the ballets to be presented by Borovansky's company in its present Melbourne season. The company has been on tour for two years, and will go into recess when the Melbourne season concludes in August.

TODDLERS' ART SHOW



Illustration of Aunty Mabel trying to catch a cold—so that she can enjoy the soothing relief of Allen's delicious double action Butter Menthol cough drops! The butter soothes the throat. The menthol clears the head.



"THE BUTTER SOOTHES THE THROAT. THE MENTHOL CLEARS THE HEAD."

ALLEN'S
BUTTER MENTHOLS
DOUBLE ACTION COUGH DROPS

7d. A PACKET



It's matching magic . . .

CUTEX "Stayfast" Lipstick—satin-smooth and glamorous! Apply, leave for a few minutes, blot gently with tissues and CUTEX "Stayfast" clings to your lips hours longer! In glowing colours you can match perfectly with hard-wearing, long-lasting CUTEX Nail Polish.

CUTEX

CUTEX "Stayfast" Lipstick, 4/11
CUTEX Nail Polish, 3/3 regular
CUTEX Nail Brilliance, 4/9



P251



• "Alone I did it, and don't anybody touch!" Four-year-old Susan Fowler seems to be saying this as she stands guard over some of her exhibits in the show.



• "It's a funny one, Daddy, just for you." Mr. George Ingarfill, of Petersham, examines his daughter Joy's finger-painting. Joy is three and a half.



• "You can look, but don't touch!" Susan Fowler, again, shows her family her "Swan." Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fowler, and brother Tommie come from Summer Hill.

Parents had tough time

● If any parents held somewhat preconceived ideas about art, they had their illusions shattered recently when they went along to the Children's Art Exhibition held by the children attending pre-school kindergarten at the Sydney suburb of Petersham.

The young artists of the future took crayons in hand, or finger-painted, and produced some quite amazing works of art, full of vitality and color.

If the subjects were hard for parents to decipher, they still had to look interested.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



● Two mothers were taken on a conducted tour, and sat down on kindergarten chairs when their small guide went into a lengthy explanation. "This one," she seems to be saying, "is the best in our exhibition."



● Study in contemplation! These two absorbed visitors, four-year-old Lindsay Hampton, of Lewisham, and Mr. B. Cook, of Manly, see art on two different planes. Lindsay looks critical, Mr. Cook looks admiring—and both look a trifle bewildered.



● Left: "It's seaworthy, too!" Four-year-old Gary, with arms proudly folded, shows his father, Mr. John Forbes, of Petersham, the ship and wharf he made.

● Above: Art from all angles. "Maybe this pointing is hung upside down." Two small critics assist an adult visitor in art appreciation.

WHAT THIS CREST GIRL IN 'FRISCO HAS, YOU CAN HAVE TOO . . .



A new kind of sheen and softness with a Crest wave



3 PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS INC.
and this time everything just perfect with us. Bill met me at the airport. Saturday we drove for miles—found a fascinating little eating place in Chinatown—Lanterns, chopsticks, Oriental music 'n all. Wonderful for romance.
Could be the new hairdo did the trick! You were a dear to tell me about Crest. Makes my hair behave beautifully—and much shinier. Must tell

CONTAINS SPECIAL CONDITIONER FOR LUSTROUS CURLS

Hello there—like to try this very newest “hair-do” from the States? As the pretty girl in ‘Frisco, you start with a Crest wave—the easiest of all perms to manage and set. Only 15 minutes waving time—and your waves ripple into place, smooth and deep. Your curls lie soft as silk, shimmering in the moonlight, because the special conditioner in Crest enriches your hair while it waves. Get that “world on a string” feeling from a shining top-knot—with a Crest wave.

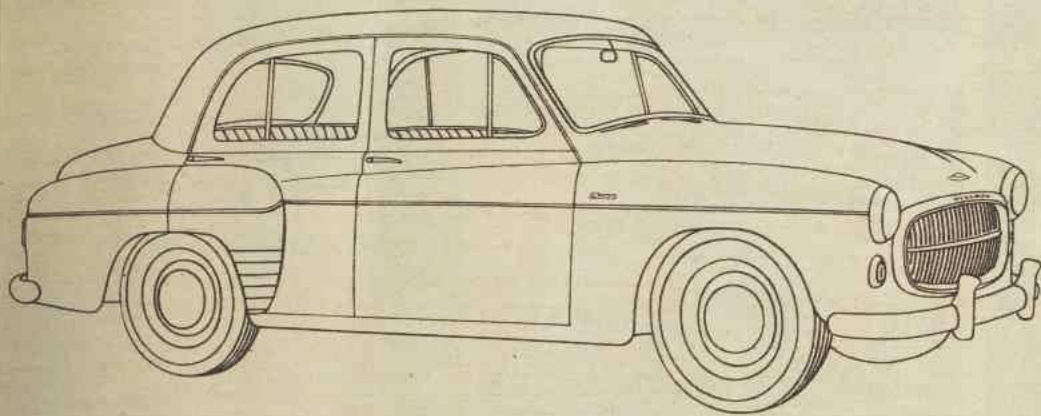
FULL KIT 25/9 REFILL 13/6 JUNIOR 9/-

The makers of Crest are so confident you will be satisfied, that if Crest doesn't give you the best results you've ever had from a home perm, when used according to instructions, they will refund double your money.

CREST — THE CHOICE OF PAN AMERICAN AIR HOSTESSES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 23, 1956

Final week of Contest



CUT OUT AND COLOR THIS CAR

Last chance to win a Hillman in "Gay Look" competition

This week we are printing the final car drawing in our exciting "Gay Look" Contest, the prizes for which are three two-tone Hillman Minx cars.

EACH car, when registered and insured for 12 months, is valued at £1165/7/9.

Entries are pouring in daily for the competition, which closes on May 25, 1956.

However, we regret that some entries will have to be disqualified. Competitors have sent in the colored drawing of the car, but have not included the fashion descriptions required.

We have also received some inquiries about the number of colors that may be used for the car.

Only TWO colors may be used for the bodywork, but, if desired, a third may be used for the upholstery.

Any coloring medium may be used — crayons, water-colors, oil paints, chalks, or colored pencils.

If preferred, the drawing may be traced on to other paper, but it must be the same size as the original drawing, and the original drawing must be attached to the entry form printed on this page.

As well as coloring the car, competitors must also send in a brief description of the complete outfits, including accessories, they would select to wear on each of the following occasions:

- (a) The races or a luncheon date in a smart restaurant.
- (b) A picnic in the country.
- (c) A day at the beach.

Choose the outfits to harmonise with the color scheme chosen for the car.

Write clearly on one side of the paper only, and make sure your name and address is also printed on each page.

The color and fashion experts of The Australian Women's Weekly will be the judges.

Some of our men readers have sent in entries giving descriptions of the clothes

they would wear on the three occasions listed.

Others have written in asking whether a description of men's clothes would be acceptable or if only women's clothes must be described.

Because of the interest shown by men, we have decided to accept descriptions of three outfits for either a man or a woman.

A combined entry can also be sent in, with the man of the house coloring the car and a female relative or friend tackling the clothes description.

By now, regular readers of The Australian Women's Weekly should have five of the car drawings and entry forms, which will give them

an increased chance of winning one of the modern Hillman Minx cars.

There is no limit to the number of entries that can be sent in, but each entry must be accompanied by the official entry form.

Soon after the contest results are announced, winners will be presented with the Hillman Minxes, which they can drive away immediately.

With one of the modern cars in the garage, your transport worries will be over.

You can take a holiday without worrying about trains or planes.

Just tell the family to get ready, pile the bags in the roomy luggage boot, and drive off.

CONTEST RULES

THE prizes for the "Gay Look" Contest will be three of the new two-tone Hillman Minx saloon cars, registered and insured for 12 months and then valued at £1165/7/9 each.

There is no limit to the number of entries competitors may send in, but only one entry can be sent with each official entry form.

No responsibility can be accepted for entries delayed, lost, or mislaid before or after delivery. Mutilated entries may be disqualified.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. or its associated companies and employees of Rootes Group or any of its agents are not eligible to enter the contest; nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Any competitor not observing the rules may be disqualified. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decision. The judges' decision as to the winning entries shall be final. The decision of The Australian Women's Weekly in all other matters shall be final and legally binding.

ENTRY FORM "GAY LOOK" CONTEST

Name
Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address

State

HOW TO ENTER

- Cut out the drawing of the Hillman Minx car above and color it to give a two-tone effect.

A third color may be used, if desired, for the upholstery.

Also, describe briefly the three outfits, including accessories, you would choose to harmonise with your car color scheme for the following occasions (a) The races or a luncheon date in a smart restaurant; (b) A picnic in the country; (c) A day at the beach.

Write on one side of the paper only and print your name and address clearly.

Send your completed car drawing and description of outfits, together with the entry form, to "Gay Look" Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Entries close on May 25, 1956.

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Be Lovely



Yardley Vitamin Night Cream is especially designed to maintain that velvet softness of the skin which is the essential of all natural loveliness...

YARDLEY Vitamin Night Cream from 11/3
YARDLEY Astringent or Toning Lotion, 11/6
YARDLEY Liquefying Cleansing Cream from 9/6

YARDLEY
For Natural Loveliness



For lovelier hands use
HERCO

OLIVOL SKIN LOTION

You must look after your hands if you want them to be smooth and soft and lovely. Skin that's dry and harsh has become deficient in natural oils and fats. These are best replaced by the Olive Oil and Lanolin combined in Herco Olivol Skin Lotion. Only Herco penetrates deep down to the under-tissues of the skin where effective beauty care must begin.

HERCO 3 popular sizes —
2/3, 3/3, and 4/9. For those who prefer a cream — 3/6 Tube.

ON PARADE!



LONDONERS watch a Grenadier Guardsman on sentry duty at Buckingham Palace pay the sentry's highest compliment of presenting arms.



INSPECTION. Bandmaster inspects members of the regimental band, which is preparing to leave Chelsea Barracks for Buckingham Palace, where, traditionally, the Grenadiers guard the Sovereign.



COLOR PARTY of the Grenadiers carrying the Regimental Color at the Guard Mounting Ceremony. Every detail of their uniform, from buttons to bearskins, is set by three centuries of tradition.

● Our cover, a new portrait of the Queen in the uniform of Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, has been commissioned by the Grenadiers to commemorate their 300th anniversary, which is to be celebrated this year.

THE portrait, painted by Raymond Kanelba, will hang as centrepiece of an exhibition of relics of the Grenadier Guards' 300 years of history, to be held in St. James' Palace.

The exhibition will open on May 30, as the first official event of three weeks' tercentenary celebrations.

Following this, on June 2, the biggest banquet in London since World War I will be held at the

Royal Festival Hall for 1400 officers and men, past and present members of the regiment.

During the same week there will be a brilliant pageant for which Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Music, is writing a new march. Himself a Grenadier, Sir Arthur had a distinguished record with the regiment in World War I.

All three battalions of the famous regiment will be in England for the celebrations, which will reach a climax on June 23, when the Queen

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

will review the Grenadier Guards at Windsor.

The Grenadiers' exhibition at the Palace of St. James pieces together the regiment's 300 years of proud achievement with privately owned mementoes and personal letters painstakingly collected by Major Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple.

The regiment was formed in the City of Bruges in Belgium in 1694 by Charles II when in exile.

He formed it as a personal bodyguard, naming it the "Royal Regiment of Foot Guards," and brought it back to England with him.

Despite their name, the Grenadier Guards have been a regiment of grenadiers only since 1815. Until the Battle of Waterloo in 1815 they were known as "The First Foot Guards," but were granted the additional name after they had defeated the Grenadiers of Napoleon's Imperial Guard.

The Grenadiers' uniform must be studied closely to distinguish them from the other regiments that make up the Brigade of Guards.

When they are on parade it is difficult, because all five regiments wear the same bearskin cap, tunics of the same scarlet cloth, trousers of the same blue serge with red piping down the seam of each leg.

In their bearskins the Grenadiers wear a white plume, while other regiments wear white striped with green, a greenish-blue, or no plume at all.

But the simplest way to distinguish the Grenadiers from other guards regiments is to look at the brass buttons on their scarlet tunics.

If they are evenly spaced they are worn by the Grenadiers, if in pairs by the Coldstream Guards,



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, who was Colonel of the Grenadier Guards before her accession, takes the salute from the Grenadiers at the King's Birthday Parade in 1951.

Three Centuries of Valor



BAND of the Grenadier Guards rehearses outside Windsor Castle for the Regiment's tercentenary celebrations. Their regimental march, "The British Grenadiers," is one of the world's most famous marches. Handel wrote their slow march, which he used in his opera "Scipio."

in threes by the Scots Guards, if in fours by the Irish, if in two groups of five by the Welsh Guards.

On the collar badge of the Grenadiers is a flaming grenade.

This year, because it is their tercentenary, the Grenadiers will provide the escort for the Queen at Trooping the Color, while the First Battalion Grenadiers will take part in the Queen's Birthday Parade at Dusseldorf, in Germany.

It is an old tradition that this takes place wherever battalions of the Brigade of Guards are stationed. There are few countries which have not seen, at one time or another, the impressive ceremony of the Birthday Parade.

Because Bruges is the regiment's birthplace, the First Battalion of Grenadiers, on their way home from Dusseldorf, will parade just before dusk at the foot of the belfry in Bruges as part of the tercentenary celebrations.

Many of the treasures of the city have been lent by the Burgomaster of Bruges for the exhibition.

A bust of Charles II, which he presented to the city's Ancient Guild of Archers, the Guild's Golden Book, containing an entry by Charles II, and a silver arrow given by the Duke of Gloucester, his brother, who shared his exile, will be on view at the exhibition at St. James.

The Second Battalion Grenadiers, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel the Honorable M. F. Fitzalan Howard, M.C., is already home from the

Middle East to prepare for the celebrations. The second battalion was the last body of British troops to leave the Canal Zone.

The third battalion, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel A. M. H. Gregory Hood, M.B.E., M.C., is stationed at Windsor.

Sunday, June 3, is Regimental Remembrance Day, and an open-air service will be held at Wellington Barracks. This will be a "bowler hat" parade, with old comrades wearing civilian clothes.

After the service they will march to the Guards' Memorial to lay a wreath.

It was the bearer party of the King's Company, First Battalion Grenadiers, who carried the late King George VI's coffin at Sandringham, London, and Windsor. And before the King was buried the company color of the King's Company of the Grenadier Guards was placed on the coffin by the Queen.

These colors are traditionally entombed with the Sovereign, and replaced by a duplicate.

The King's Company of the Grenadier Guards is peculiar to that regiment, and can trace its history, and the record of its special duties on State occasions, back to the formation of the regiment.

GRENADIER GUARDSMAN stands on sentry duty at the Sovereign's Entrance, Windsor Castle. Royal Standard flying above indicates that the Queen is in residence.



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Hair style by Mr. Charles

At the touch of your fingertip, a fine mist of Gossamer sets your hair with a sweet-scented invisible net. No heavy "lacquer look" . . . no dryness or stiffness.

Buy GOSSAMER to-day. See for yourself how fascinating it is to use . . . how it keeps your hair always perfectly groomed . . . no wandering wisps . . . no limp waves . . . no uncontrolled curls. Instead, a smooth sculptured hair-set that stays in place all day long.

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GOSSAMER only 13/11 at cosmetic counters everywhere.

GOSSAMER is made in Australia by the PRESSURE*PAK Company
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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"We don't need this receipt any longer, do we?"

MOTHER



ELIZABETH AVAL/ATVCE

"What's wrong with you, Mum? Why are you resting?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

FROM time to time a friend of mine gives me vivid glimpses of home life which, as a city worker, she finds often trivial but never dull.

In her street mice have been causing domestic discord. Her husband, having seen a mouse, claims that the kitchen is overrun with them.

"It's all these wretched recipes you keep," he said, tossing out contemptuously a large stack of newspaper and magazine cuttings from a kitchen drawer. "It's not as if you ever use them. Waste paper only attracts mice."

"So I went to the other kitchen drawer afterwards," she told me, "and what do you think I found? About 300 corks that he's been saving."

"Do mice eat corks, too?" I asked her with interest.

"Haven't a notion," she said, "but that's not the point of the story, anyhow. The woman next door tells me that she has mice in the kitchen and she's always asking her husband to set a trap. He says it's only one little mouse, and what is she fussing about?"

Last I heard of this situation the two households couldn't make up their minds whether to exchange husbands or exchange mice.

ANOTHER anecdote illuminating domestic life comes from a girl who needed a copy of her birth certificate.

She came home waving it at her mother.

"All my life," she said, "I've believed my full name to be Joan Marie Penelope. And now this birth certificate says my name is Joan Marie."

"What?" cried her mother. "So your father won, after all. He never did like the name Penelope, and we had a fearful row."

For a minute the light of a battle 25 years old blazed in her eyes.

"So he went off to register your birth, letting me think he had given in. That's something you've learned. When you have children, be sure to check on the registrations. You can't trust a stubborn man."

I HEARD the other night an American recording of the current New York musical "My Fair Lady," adapted from Shaw's "Pygmalion."

This looks like being one of the hit shows of all time, according to reports from America.

Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the lyrics, is the son of a successful New York clothing manufacturer about whom a neat story is told.

When young Lerner was going from success to success (he wrote the book for "Brigadoon" and the screenplay for "An American in Paris"), friends often said to his father, "That's a lucky boy, that son of yours."

"Yes," he said, "you are quite right. My son is a lucky boy. And do you know something? The harder he works the luckier he gets."

FAMOUS New York milliner Mr. John has coined a nice phrase—the "nervous wardrobe."

He says that's what women get when they buy clothes impulsively.

"You have a lovely dress and you wear it with a lousy hat," he told a New York reporter, "or the hat is beautiful, but you wear it with a lousy dress. That's what we call a nervous wardrobe."

Mr. John has hit the nail right on the head. Not long ago I bought a hat which, the shop, I was much taken with. Right in the mode it

didn't look too bad on me, so I thought.

A few days later I was walking along a street and caught a reflection in a mirror. The effect was frightful—or lousy, as Mr. John would say.

So I ripped the hat off my head and jammed it into my shopping basket—to the astonishment of an elderly gentleman whom I nearly collided.

Now I know that I, too, have a nervous wardrobe. Or hysteric might be a more appropriate word.

SOME time ago I mentioned a young married couple who held their car with the same affection as many people hold dogs, cats, or parrots.

They have now owned the car for 12 months and their fondness for it shows no signs of diminishing.

Both of them were delighted the other day when a birthday card for the car arrived from the distributors. "Happy motoring," it said.

The practice of sending birthday cards to cars is new to me, but with the growing attention on automation I suppose it is only to be expected.

BY 1970 home cooking will survive only as a hobby, according to George Larrick, Food and Drug Administrator in the United States. By then, he says, housewives will buy their meals cooked and packed ready for the table.

*When no one even cooks a chop,
But eats at packaged leisure,
There'll be no recipes to swap,
And somewhat less of pleasure.*

*No trouble, and no words of praise
The hearts of cooks to gladden,
Who may recall in earlier days
A contrast that will sadden.*

*But husbands still will raise a sigh
For food of childhood savor,
And claim that mother used to buy
A meal of finer flavor.*



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Touch it! Osmalane by Pelaco is as soft and warm as a fleecy lamb – a masterful blend of cotton and fine virgin wool. *Try it!* Pelaco Osmalane fits as though it were especially tailored for you. *Buy it!*

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"It is indeed a lovely shirt, Sir!"

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BON AMI with 'fsp' cleans your sinks and bathtubs faster than ever—protects and polishes as it cleans so that your sinks stay cleaner longer and need to be cleaned less often.



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COBALT CHILDREN

Community alarm follows youngsters' find of radioactive capsule in street



● The attachment of four-year-old Christopher Richards—the "cobalt boy"—to an animal picture book has probably saved himself and his little playmates from lingering radiation illness, and, perhaps, even death.

ON April 17, Christopher Richards, of Cronulla, an outer Sydney suburb, picked up a capsule of cobalt 60—the radioactive chemical which gives off deadly gamma rays—outside his home, where it was being used to test pipeline welds.

The capsule was almost certainly also handled by three-year-old Mary Coleman, who lives two doors away in the same street.

Since then, the two children and Christopher's mother, Mrs. A. Richards, have had blood counts nearly every two days so that doctors can keep track of any damage caused to their blood-forming tissue by the radiation.

The story of the little boy and his picture-book was told by auburn-haired, green-eyed Mrs. M. F. Coleman, and later by Mrs. Richards when she arrived home after taking Christopher to the city for his eighth blood count.

"Christopher and Mary," said Mrs. Coleman, "were at the house of Mary's little play-

mate, Patricia McCarthy. Somewhere between half past eleven and midday Mrs. McCarthy sent Mary and Chrissie home.

"Now the gas company has been laying pipes all down the road just outside the houses, and the children have had strict instructions not to go near the open trenches.

"Mrs. McCarthy saw them across the plank over a trench and watched them go down the road a bit. It was in the next minute or so that the children must have seen the capsule and picked it up.

"I don't know whether Mary handled it or not. She's a real little girl, very keen on dolls and things, and I don't know whether she would be interested in a bit of metal with a string and chain attached. Anyway, Chrissie took it home."

Mrs. Richards continued the story.

"Christopher brought the thing in and asked me if I

would take the string off for him," she said. "I didn't think anything about it and pulled it off.

"He took it out into the backyard and, I suppose, was playing with it. Then, less than five minutes later, he came running back inside.

"Picture-book up at Tricia's place," he said.

"Never mind," I said. "We'll get it later." We were going out that afternoon and I didn't want to take the time to go after it then.

"But he is a very methodical little boy and loves all his toys and books. He knows where each of them is. And most of all he loves that book.

"Go now," he said, "else somebody tear it up." So I took him by the hand and we went out into the street. That was when we met the workman who told us the cobalt capsule was lost and asked if my child had picked it up.

"To think," said petite blond Mrs. Richards, sighing, "that if he hadn't loved that book so he might have gone on playing with the capsule and we wouldn't have gone out and met the workman, and then he'd have got more radiation."

Both the Richards family and the Coleman family live in neat, fairly new fibro cottages.

Mrs. Coleman has the larger family—a boy, Paul, seven on June 25; Mary, whose fourth birthday falls on June 17, and baby Deidre, now aged 20 months.

When staff reporter Barbara Richards called at the Coleman house, Mrs. Coleman told of the upset housework, the trips into town for blood counts, the added expense, and the fear.

Ten days after the incident, Christopher's blood count fell very low, but has since returned almost to normal. Mary Coleman's count, which also fell, is now also fairly normal.

But Christopher's parents were thrown into a fresh panic when the little boy bumped his nose, blisters appeared, and the sore showed signs of healing very slowly.

"You've no idea," said Irish-born Mrs. Coleman who has been in Australia only four years, "how I have to reorganise the housework to cope with these trips to town—and, of course, the continual phone calls.

"Of course, I don't mind, but it's an expensive business. We often travel in the Richards' car, but when we go by train it costs something like £2 a trip. We have to get a taxi to and from the station, then the return fare is 6/2 and there are tram fares in the city and sometimes food as well."

Whereas Mary Coleman has accepted the fuss and the trips into town as a matter



COBALT GIRL Mary Coleman (centre) stays still for a moment to pose with her mother, Mrs. M. F. Coleman, her sister, Deidre, and brother, Paul, at their home in Sydney.



COBALT BOY Christopher Richards had lost the sticking plaster from his blistered nose when photographed with his mother. Both of them handled the deadly capsule.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 23, 1956



COBALT CHILDREN Mary Coleman (3) and Christopher Richards (4) were affected by rays from the cobalt capsule they picked up outside their homes. At left is the type and size of cylinder they found. On opposite page is the new labelled type soon to be used.



of course and has asked no questions, Christopher Richards believes the cobalt capsule contained a lot of germs.

"I told him that the doctors had to take his blood to let the germs out," said Mrs. Richards. "He cried a bit at first when they pricked his finger, but he takes it calmly now."

Both the Coleman and the Richards parents have been told by their doctors to watch the children "very closely" for anything unusual in their behaviour and for any marks on their skin.

Leading radiologists believe, however, that the dose of gamma rays the children received will not leave any permanent effects, though they will continue to watch for them, probably for years.

Experts in the field of radioactivity, who guide its use in industry, medicine, and agriculture, are concerned, however, that a capsule of cobalt 60, which is one of the most powerful radio-isotopes in common use, should be allowed to fall into the hands of children.

They are urging the tightening-up of controls on the use of isotopes.

"At present," said one radiologist, "no law exists which provides strict control of their handling."

The Commonwealth X-Ray and Radium Laboratory in Melbourne advises private companies on the protection of persons from radiation, and acts as the distributing agent for the materials in Australia.

An expert from the Laboratory said: "No radioactive sources are handed over until we have closely examined the company's experience in radioactivity and its safety measures."

Dangers

THE use of radioactive sources is limited to men who are specially trained and experienced, and who are informed of the dangers of excessive doses of radiation. Only about 100 men in Australia are trained for this work.

"Every possible care," he said, "is taken in the use of these materials, but still parents are warned not to allow children to pick up anything near engineering works."

For the benefit of the public, he gave this description of a radioactive source:

"Radioactive sources used for radiography are contained in metal cylinders about two inches long and half an inch in diameter. These are stored in locked boxes when not in use or when being transported from one area to another."

"The boxes are labelled to say they contain radioactive materials, and the name and address of the owner are also on them. So far, in no country in the world has it been considered necessary to mark the cobalt capsules themselves."

"They are so small — only 1 in. long and 1/2 in. in diameter."

"But to assist in their handling we are now introducing a method of labelling the cylinders. Australia will be the first country in the world to mark these danger warnings."

"In red print embedded in the silver-colored cylinders will be printed: 'DANGER, RADIOACTIVE. KEEP AWAY.'"

This new type of cylinder is illustrated at the top of the opposite page.

Even when the cylinders are marked, the danger to young children will still exist. But the marking might have saved young Dutch migrant John Thonen, who is now lying in Yallourn Hospital, Victoria, a very sick man.



JOHN THONEN, of Victoria, who received severe radiation burns when he picked up a small metal cylinder and carried it for days before realising it was radioactive.

When working as a rigger with a contracting firm on a State Electricity powerhouse construction last December, Thonen picked up a small metal cylinder he thought was a grease nipple.

He put it in his pocket and carried it around for several days before realising it was a radioactive capsule.

Severe burns

SINCE then he has been in hospital with severe radiation burns, undergoing continual blood counts.

There is no sign yet of Thonen being able to leave hospital. In the meantime his young wife is struggling to keep their three children, Jake, aged five, Thea, aged three, and Irene, two, in their two-roomed bungalow at Newborough, near Yallourn.



MONITOR used to map out safe areas in places in which radio-isotopes are in use is really a portable Geiger counter. It can also be used to check human contamination.

LEADING LINGERIE MAKERS say:

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"Don't risk delicate colours and fabrics with bar-soap rubbing and harsh washing methods," say leading manufacturers of lovely lingerie. Nylon, Orlon and all the fabulous synthetics call for gentle Lux care. A regular Lux dip after every wearing will make your undies last three times longer.



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** Laminex is a trade name, often used loosely to describe other more costly, inferior substitutes. Always insist on genuine Laminex.*

Guarantee: Laminex is fully guaranteed against fault in manufacture. Any sheet which is defective as a result of such fault will be replaced without cost. (NOTE that this guarantee does not cover the actual application of the sheet to any surface as this is always outside the Company's control.) Laminex is also guaranteed to resist temperatures up to 275°F. Oven-hot utensils and hot irons exceed this safe temperature.

ALWAYS INSIST ON GENUINE

LAMINEX



PETER FINCH, with Susan Beaumont and Julia Arnall, enjoys the Cannes sunshine. Peter's leisure moments at this year's festival were taken up with his favorite hobby of painting.

Australia's good showing at Cannes Film Festival

Now that the Cannes Film Festival has popped its last champagne corks and the light has finally died out of the flash-bulbs, it is possible to peer through the matted publicity foliage and examine the concrete information that emerged from this perennial three-ring circus.

FOR Australia — and Australians — it was surprisingly eventful.

• The Chips Rafferty-Lee Robinson film "Walk Into Paradise," filmed in the rugged New Guinea hinterland, was received with acclaim by the most critical film audience in the world.

• The British film "A Town Like Alice," withdrawn from the festival because it might have offended the Japanese, was warmly applauded by the Japanese after it had been shown privately during the festival.

• Finally, there was the pleasant spectacle of Peter Finch, poised and urbane, welcoming the delegates, joining in the fun, and yet retaining his dignity throughout proceedings that were often raucous and undignified.

Publicity honors — for the second year running — went to the shapely English star Diana Dors, whose performance in "Yield to the Night" indicated that she is a good actress as well as being good on the eyes.

In "Yield to the Night" Diana is a condemned English murderess waiting in her cell for the hangman to call.

She plays the part as a shuffling, unkempt creature who ticked off the days on her calendar and whose dulled eyes told of her fading hope.

For Diana, whose flamboyance was beginning to bore the experts, there were cheers of a different sort. They were not for a cheesecake-doll but for an actress who had just

turned in her first top-class starring performance.

The critics were agreeably surprised by "Walk Into Paradise," Australia's lone entry.

The huge audience who resisted the temptations of a hot and breathless summer afternoon to watch the Australian film stood and gave it an ovation when it ended.

It won this tribute from the usually blasé audience for its qualities of freshness, excellence of color, and dramatic

By
BILL STRUTTON,
staff representative
at the film festival

and muscular handling of vast crowd scenes, which involved thousands of exotically colorful New Guinea warriors.

Directors Rafferty and Robinson used personal experiences of Australian patrol officers and official records to endow the film with an unmistakable authenticity.

The Australian Ambassador to Paris, Mr. Alfred Sterling, who came down to Cannes for the festival, told me that from a diplomatic viewpoint the film would show the world how well Australia was discharging her trusteeship obligations in New Guinea.

Japanese stars who met Peter Finch at a cocktail party told him how they wept during the screening of "A Town Like Alice."

Although it was withdrawn

from the film festival, the Rank Organisation arranged a private showing at a theatre for a specially invited audience.

The Japanese delegation, including its demure squad of lady stars in their brilliant kimonos and block shoes, elected to shuffle along for a peep at it.

That evening, as its director, Jack Lee, was sitting at his table at a lavish British mid-night dinner party at the Carlton Hotel, a parcel was delivered to him "From the Japanese Ambassador."

Inside there was a long screed in Japanese characters, and Lee looked a bit green as he unwrapped this.

Then he sighed with relief as he saw inside it a school-boy cap.

"It's a gag," he explained.

"An old school chum and I have been exchanging this cap on special occasions for the last twenty years."

Next day a real letter came from the Japanese Ambassador, this time to Peter Finch.

It invited him to the Japanese reception on the terrace of their hotel.

There, a line of Japanese producers and actors bowed, all smiles to see him.

Relations have never been more cordial.

Both Peter Finch and director Jack Lee are now claiming that the Japanese never registered a protest against the film being shown.

They believe the festival committee decided this itself rather than risk trouble.

The film shows an Aus-

tralian soldier being crucified by the Japs in Malaya.

Peter said, "The Japs quite obviously understood when we pointed out that the film showed the good and the bad on both sides."

This year's film festival has seen Peter Finch playing a dual role — that of British emissary to the festival and the voluntary function of thumping the drum for Australia.

Peter came up from Rome for the festival, where he had been having a short painting holiday.

He threw himself into the festivities of Cannes with zest.

Flower fight

WHILE the famous battle of flowers raged up and down the Croisette he settled down with a bottle of wine and watched the proceedings with friends from his lofty balcony window.

Occasionally the flower battlers below would stop and blink.

Instead of carnations and sweet-smelling roses, weeds were whizzing down among them.

They came from Finch's window box seven floors up.

Finch, a cosmopolitan soul, turned his hotel suite, high above the Cannes high jinks, into a kind of international club.

It was known as the 710 club, the number of his suite.

Among its members were a French star, an Egyptian actress, an Indian producer, an English director, a Mexican Press agent, a Canadian and an Australian journalist, and a bejewelled wail whose sweetheart had deserted her for the gambling tables.

Said Finch, "I've been converted to festivals. I think they are wonderful institutions."

Put your skin on this Health-and-Beauty diet

Where she moves the sun seems to shine more brightly. For the skin of 18-year-old Patricia Owens, of Earlwood, N.S.W., glows with good health and freshness. She guards her natural loveliness, always, with Rexona Soap.



REXONA SOAP helps skin blemishes disappear

No need for a lot of complicated beauty routines: with just one soap, Rexona, and two minutes night and morning, you can cleanse, smooth and help heal your precious skin. You'll be thrilled to see how Rexona gives your complexion a radiant loveliness . . . leaves your skin feeling cool, refreshed, too.

RARE BEAUTY OILS. Rexona Soap is medicated with Cadyl, an exclusive blend of oils of cade, cassia, cloves, terebinth and bornyl acetate. These rare beauty aids sink deep into the pores where most blemishes start.



Bath Size 1/5
Regular Size 1/1

GUARD YOUR NATURAL LOVELINESS ALL OVER

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THE BEST COOKS

use FAULDING ESSENCES

Fly NOW
...pay later!

NEW YORK round trip
£50/7/- down payment ...
24 monthly payments of £24

on the new
PAA
"PAY-LATER" PLAN

GET MORE FUN out of the pictures!

Treat yourself right with a **Mac. Robertson** favourite
— after all, you deserve it!

After a strenuous day, it's fun to go to the pictures . . . and so much more fun when you settle back and enjoy one of these Mac. Robertson taste delights. Be sure you treat yourself from the **Mac. Robertson** range. You get the choicest ingredients from all over the world . . . more nourishing . . . fuller-flavoured!

Here's the most economical way to enjoy a high-grade chocolate selection — "SNACK". 6 luscious centres . . . 12 novelty-shaped pieces. "SNACK" is the fascinatingly different chocolate block and only 2/-.

"CHERRY RIPE" costs so little — gives you so much pleasure. Fresh milky coconut . . . ripe real cherries . . . smooth "Old Gold" chocolate. Wonderful flavour, wonderful value for 8d.

Add to the enjoyment of the main feature with "NIBLETS" — 12 thick, chunky milk chocolate pieces in a handy roll pack only 1/-.

During the films . . . at interval time . . . on the way home . . . anytime — you'll find **Mac. Robertson's** high-quality confectionery makes life brighter . . . more relaxing. It's fun choosing, fun eating — there are so many delicious varieties in the Mac. Robertson range — enjoy them whenever you can.

Made by
MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

Retail prices may be slightly higher in certain distant country areas.

At interval choose your milk chocolate carefully — ask for **MAC. ROBERTSON'S MILK CHOCOLATE** with the fresh flavour-blend of pure country milk and choicest cocoa beans. Take a bite — it tastes just right. 21 big squares for 2/-.

MC.66

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 23, 1956



New search for hepatitis cure

By BARBARA RICHARDS, staff reporter

● The rising tide of infectious hepatitis has set scientists all over the world searching with renewed force for its cause and cure.

IN 1954 the number of cases reported (not including those in Queensland, where the disease is not notifiable) was 2744. That figure jumped to 7094 in 1955. In the first three months of 1956 3175 cases were reported.

At times, and in various parts of the country, the disease has reached epidemic proportions. In Sydney, in the second week of February, 144 cases were reported.

Doctors now have no doubt that the disease is spread by people who are dirty in their habits. But it is often the most hygienic who succumb because they unknowingly eat contaminated food.

So spectacular has been the rise in the incidence of infectious hepatitis that in medical laboratories and hospital wards throughout the world doctors and research workers are putting renewed force into their efforts to unravel the mystery of the disease.

But most of the time they are up against a brick wall, for, in spite of a long history, going back probably at least 1200 years, the secret of what causes the disease remains unsolved.

It is probably a virus, and it inhabits the intestinal tract.

Spread by dirt

ANY contamination of food by human excreta is a sure way of passing the virus on to somebody else.

One way to stop the spreading of the disease is to wash your hands carefully after going to the toilet, and again before handling any food.

Hepatitis strikes particularly at children and young adults, so schools, hostels, and other institutions should take special care to provide proper and adequate facilities.

As far as is known at present, the virus cannot be transmitted by coughing or sneezing.

The infectious hepatitis virus may stay in the body a long time before it strikes. The trouble starts when it passes out of the intestines into the bloodstream and flows round the body until it lodges in the liver.

The usual incubation period for hepatitis is from three to five weeks. But it may last as long as 120 days. The early symptoms are vague. The patient feels "off color." He is feverish, headachy, tired, even chilly. He may be unduly irritable.

The patient starts to lose his appetite, feels nauseated, and even vomits. He may even feel some discomfort in the upper

abdomen if the virus has caused swelling of the liver.

If the virus invasion reaches this stage, the swollen liver cells block the small passages through which the bile normally passes into the intestine.

Diverted from its usual route, the bile is reabsorbed into the blood. It turns the whites of the eyes, and later the skin, a bright canary-yellow color. This is the jaundice stage—a clear indication that jaundice is a symptom of a liver disease, not a disease in itself.

In general, the outlook for the disease is very good, since at least 95 out of every 100 people make a complete recovery. In the minority, the disease seems to smoulder for months, and in one or two cases in every 1000 the patient may eventually die from cirrhosis of the liver.

Faced with a case of infectious hepatitis, the doctor can do nothing to fight the virus, except help the patient's body to carry on its own battle. Antibiotics and other drugs are completely useless.

Hepatitis patients who receive treatment at home need not be isolated from other close members of the family. But strict hygiene is most important.

Treatment in the average case consists of plenty of rest in bed, and a simple, attractively served diet. Milk, lean, grilled meat, and a mild cheese are all allowed. Barley sugar, fruit juices, and vitamins are helpful.

Occasionally convalescence is a long-drawn-out affair lasting many weeks.

The patient is weak, miserable, and depressed. He hates the sight of fatty foods and alcohol.

If this happens, he should be treated with special consideration and care and encouraged to take it easy until his spirits and strength return. If he drives himself too much too early, he may permanently damage the liver.

Stay in bed

AS one doctor said: "Hepatitis is one of those diseases where it is wiser to stay in bed a week too long than to get up and about a day too early."

Diet is an important consideration in infectious hepatitis, and a senior nutritionist from the Commonwealth Department of Health has given these points about feeding the patient:

- Plenty of protein is necessary to repair liver damage. There is no need to restrict fats unless the patient cannot tolerate them.

- In the early stage the patient should be given anything he can keep down, even if it is only dry, crisp foods such as toast or plain biscuits.

- When the patient is nauseated by fats, fried foods, fatty meat, gravy, sauces made from butter or oil, oily salad dressing, pastry, rich cakes or biscuits, chocolate, nuts, peanut butter, cream and ice-cream should be eliminated from the diet.

- Whole milk is good if the patient will drink it. If not, skim milk, either fresh or reconstituted from dried skim milk, is good.

- The patient should be fed the way he wants to be fed.

- High-protein milk drinks are valuable and easy to prepare. They may be served hot or cold, flavored with vanilla, chocolate, caramel, cinnamon, honey, coffee, and so on.

Suitable diets

DURING the early stage of the disease, the following menu is suitable for a patient nauseated by fats:

Breakfast: Fruit juice or fruit, cereal with sugar and milk, crisp toast or plain biscuit with jam or honey, tea or coffee.

Lunch or Tea: Lean meat or fish (no gravy or batter), potato (boiled, mashed, or cooked in skin), mixed salad, bread or toast, fruit, beverage.

Dinner: Lean meat or fish, potato and other vegetables, milk pudding, fruit, beverage.

Between Meals: High-protein milk drink, fruit, orange juice, biscuit with spread.

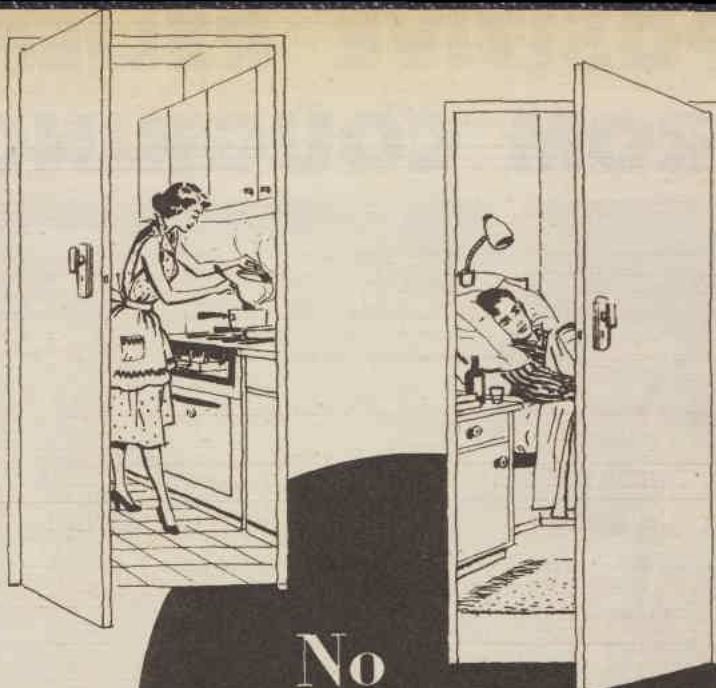
During the jaundice stage a high-protein diet with no restriction of fat should be provided. A suggested menu for one day is:

Breakfast: Fruit (fresh, stewed, or juice), cereal with milk and sugar, eggs or meat, toast, butter, marmalade, tea or coffee.

Lunch or Tea: Large serve of meat or egg, salad, bread and butter, fruit, cheese, milk, tea or coffee.

Dinner: Large serve of meat or fish, potato and other vegetables, milk pudding containing extra dried skim milk, stewed fruit, tea or coffee.

Between Meals (if desired): Protein milk drink (hot or cold), biscuit, cheese, or cake.

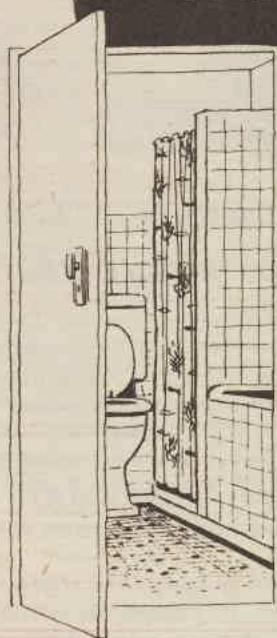


No

"Tell-Tale"

Odours

in this house



AIR-O-ZONE

Banishes room odours

and kills harmful airborne bacteria

Once you use Air-O-Zone you'd never be without it! It's fascinating to use and magically effective. A touch of the Air-O-Zone "button" releases a fine, deodorizing mist that instantly absorbs and destroys every trace of "tell-tale" odour. Instead, there's a pine scented freshness that lingers for hours. Air-O-Zone not only banishes odours—but it kills harmful airborne bacteria! When sickness strikes in your home (and especially when coughs and colds are prevalent) the germs in the air can easily infect every member of your family. So it's a wise precaution to spray the sick room regularly with Air-O-Zone. Give this remarkable new product a trial. Call at your chemist or store for Air-O-Zone today.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

Air-O-Zone is made by the PRESSURE*PAK COMPANY a Division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd., makers of famous Mortein, Mortein Pressure*Pak and Trix Detergent.



MEDIUM 9/11
LARGE 17/9

POSITIVE RELIEF FROM COUGHING

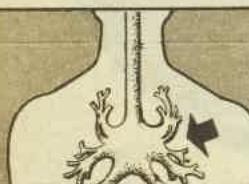


HERE'S THE SECRET:



1. STOPS COUGHING

Contains the sedative Codeine. Calms nerves and soothes inflamed membranes of the throat to stop severe coughing spasms.



2. LOOSENS PHLEGM

Five gentle expectorants liquefy and cut away bronchial secretions which cause irritation... rapidly clears phlegm-congested membranes.



3. MAKES BREATHING EASIER

The only cough formula to use Phenylephrine—an exclusive agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen, congested bronchial tubes quickly.

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR BRINGS YOU **FASTER** RELIEF!

When coughs and bronchial congestion make life a misery, get faster, positive relief with NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. This modern formulation "breaks" stubborn coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. The 3-way expectorant, sedative, decongestive action of NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir brings you a proven effective medicine to fight winter coughs.

10 ACTIVE INGREDIENTS

NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir contains ten medically-proven active ingredients... all in proper balance. The medication penetrates deep into the bronchial tubes to break up the worst congestion... fast. The demulcent elixir soothes raw surfaces of your throat... stops harsh, racking coughing.

Accurate Dosage FOR ALL AGES
NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir comes in 3 formulations, with dosages accurately adjusted for all ages.

ADULTS, and children over 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—6 fl. ozs., **5/6**; 12 fl. ozs., **9/6**.

CHILDREN, 6 to 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' CHILDREN'S Cough Elixir—6 fl. ozs., **5/6**.

BABIES, 6 months to 5 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' BABY Cough Elixir—3 fl. ozs., **3/6**; 6 fl. ozs., **5/6**.

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

N.19.56WW

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

Breathe freely in 2 minutes

At last—here's relief from the misery of "stuffy" head colds! You'll breathe freely two minutes after using NYAL 'Decongestant' Nasal Spray—the newest, most modern form of nasal medication—packed in a self-atomising plastic pack. Just squeeze, and a medicated mist goes deep into stuffed-up, mucus-laden areas instantly, bringing speedy, soothing relief. No sting; no burn! Can be used as often as necessary by young and old alike. **5/6**

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY



Worth Reporting

TWO Melbourne women have just returned from a flying visit to Bombay, where they were among a minority of white women to attend a "Darshan," or meeting of the Indian spiritual leader Meher Baba, who will visit Australia in August.

The women, Mrs. Clarice Adams and Miss Ena Lemmon, were the only Australians present.

The Darshan, which could be translated colloquially as "look see," was held in a private home where hundreds of devotees filed past Baba, who is known as the Perfect Master.

But none of them heard him speak, because 30 years ago he took a vow of silence and hasn't spoken since. All his addresses are delivered in sign language and translated by a devotee.

To some of his devotees Baba gave a symbolic sweet. Others were blessed, and a few received advice on personal problems with the assistance of Baba's secretary, who translated the sign language.

Both Mrs. Lemmon and Mrs. Adams had personal interviews and claimed they were greatly assisted in their personal problems.

Miss Lemmon asked him if he had a message for Australian women.

He had, and the gist of it was:

Be happy in any conditions. If the whole world rocks, don't rock with it. And, particularly, don't worry about your thoughts. If you want to alter anything, start with actions. Actions are controllable, but only a minority can control their thoughts.

Counting the calories

HOSTESSES must yearn for Edwardian and Victorian days, when diets were not de rigueur and buxom figures were equated with beauty.

All the hostess had to do was load the festive board with good things to eat and drink, and sit back and watch her guests drop off to sleep after dinner.

We went to dinner at a friend's home last week and found that of the four guests sitting round the table three were on diets, and all the diets were different.

One was on a weight-reducing diet, the second on a skin diet, and the third on one designed to put on weight.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



Busy life for 71-year-old

ONE of the most beautiful Mother's Day cards we saw this year was painted by Mrs. K. Pagden, of Manly, N.S.W., an energetic 71-year-old grandmother, formerly Australian star of drama and vaudeville.

Mrs. Pagden, whose stage career was under her single name, Madge Bracey, began singing when she was eight, and at 14 joined the chorus of the German Grand Opera Company when it was touring Australia.

In her years on stage she has worked with many well-known theatrical personalities, including Nellie Stewart, Henry Clay, Harry Sadler, Queenie Paul, Edwin Styles, Peter Dawson, Roy Rene, Violet Elliott, Marshall Crosby, and Maggie Buckley.

Mrs. Pagden's husband, the late George Pagden, was a singing comedian. They married in Hobart in 1902, and after touring as a double act for years started their own shows about 1926.

"Gladys Moncrieff got her first speaking part in one of George's productions," said Mrs. Pagden proudly.

Although Mrs. Pagden has "been out of the game for years now" she still sings. She has been heard often lately on radio programmes, and also sings at balls, parties, and other social functions.

In her spare time she paints cards and calendars, and in the summer finds time for a surf every day.

Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

IF, at any future time, I am shipwrecked on a desert island, I hope that "From Darkness to Light—a confession of Faith in the form of an anthology" is with me.

The most interesting and inspiring work ever to have come my way, it contains thoughts and works by men of most races and ages who have ever wondered about faith, the universe, and eternity.

There is nothing unctuous or mealy mouthed about the book, which contains extracts from great writers, philosophers, poets, contemplatives, and mystics.

Among the poets are Edith Sitwell, Emily Bronte, William Blake,

and Dylan Thomas.

Published by Victor Gollancz. (Our copy from the publishers.)

SURE to find a place on the R for Romance shelf in lending libraries is Marjorie Weaver's latest novel, "Time Off For Love." The story deals with Jo Charteris, who works in her aunt's London hotel, where there are two Australian boarders, wealthy Herbert Simmonds, and red-headed David Murray.

Mostly, however, Jo is too busy in the kitchen of unpleasant Aunt Milly to have much "Time Off For Love."

Published by Hodder and Stoughton. (Our copy from the publishers.)

The Land where the Weather begins...



Photographs by courtesy of A.N.A.R.E.

THE WET-WEEK-END that spoils your trip to the beach starts its life, often as not, way down near the South Pole.

The observation and recording of meteorological conditions in the Antarctic is destined to play an important part in increasing the accuracy of both long-range and short-range weather forecasting in Australia.

This work is one of the many jobs being undertaken by Australian National Antarctic Research Expeditions on Macquarie Island and at Mawson in Mac-Robertson Land on the Antarctic Continent.

Amongst the equipment which makes this vital work possible are the sledge-hauling Weasel snow-vehicles at Mawson.

During the two years which have elapsed since the Mawson Station was established, it has frequently been found necessary to pre-heat the sumps of the Weasels before starting from cold. This was because the engine lubricating oil then available tended to thicken and crystallize at temperatures of -10°F and below. Even then, although the warmed oil flowed freely in the sump area, the bearings, camshaft and tappets were oil-starved for quite some time after start-ups.

On the other hand, engines are frequently subjected to high running temperatures, particularly when for long periods the Weasels haul heavy loads at walking speed.

THE ANSWER TO THE TWIN PROBLEMS of providing adequate lubrication

at extremes of heat and cold is now found in the extraordinary properties of Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil.

Laboratory and field tests, under wide temperature variations as experienced in Iceland and the Sahara, have demonstrated that this revolutionary new oil will flow at -30°F (20° colder than the temperature at which normal winter grade oil thickens and crystallizes) and yet Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil has all the 'body' necessary to provide proper lubrication for engines running at boiling point (212°F) temperature and above.

And so it is that the A.N.A.R.E. Weasels are now being lubricated by Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil, the only four-grades-in-one oil that is 'never too thick, never too thin'.

This unique property of being 'never too thick, never too thin' makes Special ENERGOL Visco-Static today's outstanding motor oil—equally suitable for use in extremes of cold in the Australian Alps or the very high summer temperatures experienced in Central and Northern Australia. Wherever they operate, Australian motorists—particularly new car owners—will derive great benefit from its use.

In the long run and under the widest range of operating conditions—Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil—saves so much more than the extra it costs.

**Special ENERGOL
VISCO-STATIC
MOTOR OIL**

SAVES SO MUCH MORE THAN THE EXTRA IT COSTS



Obtainable
where you see
these pumps



THE COMMONWEALTH OIL REFINERIES LTD, an associate of The British Petroleum Company Ltd

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 23, 1956

Page 27

Brushing after meals is best. But if you can't . . .

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH KOLYNOS TOOTH- PASTE DESTROYS DECAY AND ODOUR-CAUSING GERMS

Of course there are times when we just can't brush our teeth after meals. That's why you should use Kolynos for "Round-the-Clock" proven protection from dental decay and bad breath.



Only KOLYNOS has S-15 miraculous new cleaner and decay fighter for "ROUND-THE-CLOCK" PROTECTION

Kolynos is the only toothpaste that contains science's newest cleaner and best decay fighter—the miraculous "S-15".

Just ONE brushing with Kolynos Toothpaste in the morning destroys germs that cause tooth decay and bad breath. That single brushing promptly removes the enzymes that produce acid-causing cavities and at the same time sets up a most healthy, protective condition in your mouth

that lasts "round the clock". Kolynos gives you better and longer defence against decay and bad breath than any other toothpaste.

The exclusive Kolynos foaming action gets into crevices and grooves no other toothpaste can—cleans even dull, dingy teeth to a sparkling new whiteness.



KOLYNOS with CHLOROPHYLL also on sale. Active FULL-STRENGTH . . . in the green and white tube.

"Kolynos
tastes best!"

say the youngsters

Perry Campbell, Herne Bay, N.S.W., is another handsome young man who prefers that clean, fresh Kolynos flavour.

"Once I had to stand over Perry to make him clean his teeth regularly," says Perry's mother. "Now he understands that Kolynos will always help him keep his teeth in perfect condition—like mine!"



Bailey's "steady"



PROUD FATHER Mr. P. J. Bailey, a health inspector, reads in the newspapers of his son's win, while his daughter Kathleen cleans some of her brother's trophies. With the late Mrs. Bailey, father and daughter visited Jim in America last year.

Landy scorns Hollywood and Jim finds Janet in America

By **GEORGE McGANN**, of our New York staff

Janet Somers, Jim Bailey's co-ed fiancée was terribly excited but not surprised when the 26-year-old miler from Hurstville, N.S.W., defeated John Landy by a stride in the biggest athletics upset in many a year.

IN a special race at the Los Angeles Coliseum, Bailey ran the mile in 3 minutes 58.6 seconds. Landy, the world mile record-holder, finished two yards behind him in 3 minutes 58.7 seconds.

"Jim is completely unpredictable," Janet said in a telephone conversation from her sorority house on the campus of the University of Oregon, where both she and Jim are students in the School of Business Administration.

"I am never really surprised by anything he does."

Janet, a 5ft. 10in. brown-haired beauty of 19, whom Jim refers to as "a lot of woman," watched the race on television with her parents in their home at Fall Creek, Oregon.

She describes Fall Creek as "a lumber mill and three houses."

Janet's father is manager of the mill, where Jim works during the summer holidays to help pay his living expenses.

He is a scholarship student with a high academic rating.

Janet was in the forefront of a crowd of 2000 students who paraded to the airport in Eugene, site of the University, to give Jim a hero's welcome when he returned from Los Angeles two days after running his sensational race.

Janet threw her arms around Jim.

"I just looked at him," she said. "I didn't say a word. I was just speechless."

Janet sat beside Jim in an open convertible car that headed the procession of cheering students back to the University.

"It was raining cats and dogs, but I didn't mind," Janet said. "In fact, I didn't even notice that I was soaking wet."

Janet met Jim at a "mixer," a college dancing party following a basketball game four months ago.

They have been "going steady" ever since, Janet said.

Janet said Jim is "fun to be with." She particularly likes his Australian accent, which remains unaltered in spite of two years' residence in America.

Jim plans to return to Australia in September or October to run a few times prior to the Olympic Games.

"He has been telling me all about Australia—the bad as well as the good," Janet said. "The idea of going to Australia some day has very much appeal for me. I think it's fascinating."

Janet wants Jim to return to Oregon after the Game to



JIM BAILEY crosses the finishing line two yards ahead of John Landy at Los Angeles' Coliseum.

likes his accent



ENGAGEMENT of Jim Bailey and American Janet Somers surprised few of their friends, and was expected by Jim's father and sister in Sydney. When this photograph was taken a few days after Bailey's win, the couple were announcing their engagement.

finish his course in business administration.

However, he told reporters in Los Angeles after the race that he might remain in Australia. "If I can find a good job which will enable me to get married."

When he ran his sensational race at Los Angeles, Jim Bailey was wearing running shoes made of kangaroo skin.

The shoes (size 8½), tailored to measure from plaster-cast impressions of his feet, had been specially made for him in Germany.

Jim's father, Mr. P. J. Bailey, told staff reporter Helen Frizell that when the race was actually won he, his 21-year-old daughter Kathleen, her fiancé, Ron Field, and a friend were too busy yelling with excitement to hear the result. They had to wait for the result to be announced a second time.

Jim Bailey's mother was not there to hear the result. She died six months before, to the day.

Since the race the phone has rung constantly and telegrams have poured in. The one most appreciated came from the Landy family, of Victoria.

It said: "Congratulations on Jim's marvellous last lap and wonderful victory."

Jim Bailey has always enjoyed running. His favorite saying, according to his father, is: "The healthiest way of getting from one point to another is to run."

"He's always been mad on the right diet and physical culture," said Kathleen Bailey. "Over the phone he told us that on the day of the race he had his favorite, typically Australian breakfast of a steak and two eggs, then a glass of milk, and went back to bed until midday."

Likes milk

BIG Jim Bailey, 5ft. 11½in. tall, weighing 11 stone 2½lb., rarely drinks anything but milk.

"He might have one cup of tea in the year," said his father, "but it's usually milk, straight out of the bottle. We sometimes had to hide it from him so that there would be enough left for us."

Last August the Bailey family visited Jim at the University of Oregon.

When the Baileys were at Eugene the University was on vacation, and so was Janet Somers.

"We heard so much about her," said Mr. Bailey, "and we were disappointed not to meet her."

John Landy led the life of a recluse during his two attacks on the four-minute mile in America.

Film stars

LIVING within a mile of Hollywood in a luxurious bungalow flat, Landy, who is modest and retiring by nature, steadfastly refused to visit the film city.

Through Peter Rozelle, a member of the public relations firm which represents the Victorian Olympic Group in the United States, he turned down invitations to visit major Hollywood studios and have lunch with their stars.

He particularly refused to meet or pose with Australian starlet Victoria Shaw (better known as Jeanette Elphick).

"Hollywood is not America," Landy declared. "It is an artificial place. Why should I waste my time going there?"

Landy, one of the most dedicated and determined athletes the world has ever known, did little but eat, sleep, and train during his California stay.

His idea of a diverting afternoon was to get into a car with Rozelle and tour the seaside suburbs of Los Angeles, comparing them with Port Phillip, Melbourne.

Rozelle, highly conscious of his responsibility for keeping the world's fastest miler unharmed in the threat of the world's fastest moving traffic, always insisted that Landy occupy the rear seat rather than the dangerous front seat next to the driver.

Landy, a sensitive and intelligent individual, was horrified by the commercial aspects of radio and television in America.

He made only one appearance at a TV studio in Los Angeles, appearing on an interview programme following a boxing bout.

The programme lasted 10 minutes, with eight commercial interruptions. Landy could hardly conceal his annoyance from the viewing public.

Landy turned down not only innumerable invitations of a social nature in California, but also efforts to honor him as an athlete and sportsman.

One group wanted to give him a plaque in honor of his gesture of stopping during a Melbourne race and assisting a runner who had fallen.

Landy possesses a healthy but, for an athlete, unusual appetite. He does not limit himself to the traditional steaks, green vegetables, and fruits.

He formed an attachment to the various forms and manifestations of American ice-cream. At lunch at a fancy Los Angeles milk-bar he caused raised eyebrows by ordering a hamburger, followed by a vanilla float and a banana split.

It must be reported, however, that he was unable to finish the latter item, a gooey conglomeration of sliced bananas, two balls of ice-cream in varying flavors laced with strawberry syrup, chopped cashew nuts, and thick whipped cream.

Sincerity

LANDY'S modesty and sincerity fascinated American reporters.

One Los Angeles writer commented on his "engaging personality, sense of humor, and look of a poet or a musician."

Another wrote before his first race: "As the exemplification of the finest type in amateur athletics, this lean, lanky running star already has left his impact without having flexed a muscle in a race. Landy has a ready smile, an excellent command of the English language, and great poise."

Landy charmed a huge Press conference in Los Angeles with his witty and modest replies.

"Sir Percy Spender (Australian Ambassador to Washington) had best look out for his job," one listener observed. "This guy is the best ambassador Australia ever sent here."

Drive in warm comfort this winter . . .

Drive in greater safety all year round . . .

Drive AUSTIN!



* Heater and Demister now standard equipment on all

Austin cars *at no extra cost!*

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Good-looking, well-balanced, durable . . . In tan or black. Sizes 11-7. Extra long-wearing Wearite soles.

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Husky, handsome youth's Oxford, built for wear, wear and wear! In tan or black. Sizes 11-1½; 2-10. Extra long-wearing Wearite soles.



55PAD.40



WEDDING GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Tony McCauley on steps of St. Mary's Cathedral after their wedding, with attendants Dr. Geoff Gibson and Jeanette Hardie and (at back) Dr. Jim Roche and Midge McAuliffe. Bride was Margaret Slattery.



NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. Barry Cocks after their wedding at St. Andrew's Cathedral. Bride formerly June Whitehead, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Whitehead, of Roseville.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

COUNTRY folk will soon be trekking to Sydney again — this time for the Sheep Show, to be held at the Showground. The Governor, Sir John Northcott, will officially open the Show on Friday, June 1.

This will be the 57th Sheep Show to be held since the first one in 1895. Judging will start two days before the official opening and the Merino Sales will follow on Tuesday, June 5.

Interstate visitors to Sydney during Sheep Week will include the president of the Queensland Merino Sheep Breeders' Association, Mr. D. M. Archer, of Longreach, and the president of the South Australian Merino Breeders' Association, Mr. R. Lehmann.

THE Australian Corriedale Association will hold their annual dinner at the Pickwick Club on May 30, and the N.S.W. Sheepbreeders' Association (Mr. Anthony Hordern is president) will hold their cocktail party in the members' dining-room of the R.A.S. on Friday, June 1.

AMONG the regular exhibitors at the show will be Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bishop, of "Wootton," Scone, and Mr. and Mrs. George Falkner, of "Haddon Rig," Warren.

STUDENTS at the Women's College, University, are busy preparing for the annual reunion dance to be held in the college dining-hall this Friday, May 18. More than 250 past and present students will be received by the principal, Miss Betty Archdale, and the senior student, Janet McCredie, and the proceeds will go towards the college building fund.

"**WE** had a wonderful vacation in Mexico," writes Mrs. Walter Cogswell, of Colorado Springs, U.S.A., to her mother, Mrs. Gregory Forster, of Bellevue Hill. The Cogswells are now living in a new home in Colorado Springs and their five children remained at home with their nurse while their parents enjoyed two weeks' holiday.

COCKTAIL PARTY. Dr. and Mrs. John Belisario at the cocktail party given by the Post-Graduate Committee in Medicine at Australia Hotel.

ATTRACTIVE Sue Triggs, who recently announced her engagement to Mick Moore, of "Glen Dhu," Murrumbidgee, travelled up from Sydney to stay with Mick and his family for the Muswellbrook Picnic Races last week. Sue is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Triggs, of Double Bay.

BRIEFLY . . . Mrs. Richard Neller and her daughter Kathryn will arrive by air from Johannesburg on July 5. . . Dorothea and Eric Burnage are honeymooning in Tasmania after their recent wedding at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay.

Anne



ELEGANT DRESSES AT "CAN-CAN" OPENING. Mrs. Mick Arnott (left) chose a white delustrated satin dress made with a lowered waistline. Mrs. Dick Opie (right) wore a princess dress of salmon-pink brocade. "Can-Can" opened at the Empire Theatre.



INVESTITURE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE. The Governor, Sir John Northcott (right), congratulates the Chaplain of Williamtown R.A.A.F. Station, Rev. James Henderson, R.A.A.F., watched by his daughter Joan and Mrs. Henderson. Squadron Leader Henderson was awarded the M.B.E. for gallantry during the recent floods.

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Lux Toilet Soap is so mild, so gentle . . . its snowy whiteness is outward proof of a purity no other soap can match. All the family enjoy using Lux . . . its rich, creamy lather cleanses deep down, leaves skin glowing with real cleanliness. Follow the advice of the film stars . . . use Lux Toilet soap in the shower, the bath, and every time you wash your face!



Deborah relaxes at home with her husband, Anthony Bartley, and two daughters, Melanie and Francesca. Like their mother, the little girls have fine, delicate skin. "At our house we keep plenty of Lux Toilet Soap on hand," says Deborah.



Deborah Kerr stars in Columbia's "The End of the Affair" Green-blue eyes, auburn hair, and a bewitchingly lovely complexion make Deborah one of the screen's most beautiful stars. Her hobbies — playing the piano, reading, the theatre and ballet. Deborah believes in regular Lux facials and beauty baths.



"Who will be Miss Lux 1956?" asks Pamela McGee, this year's "Miss Lux"

We're looking for an Australian girl who has the makings of a film star — a Lux-lovely complexion, bright personality and some acting ability. Our Talent Scout will cover Australia seeking this girl. See the entrants each month in Lux Toilet Soap colour pages like this. At the end of the year a panel of judges will choose one as "Miss Lux, 1956."



First entrant in the "Miss Lux" Quest is 19-year-old Carole McMaugh. In her spare time Carole studies with the Metropolitan Theatre Group. Says, "City life means extra care of your complexion. I've always used Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin really fresh and radiant."

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family
size



PURE WHITE LUX TOILET SOAP
USED BY 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

When you start going out with boys, or talking to them as girl to boy instead of child to child, you are really entering a kindergarten of love in which you have lessons to learn.

THE first lesson is that good manners get you over many situations that may otherwise cause embarrassment.

A letter came this week from four young girls who are being made miserable because of the bad manners of some boys who live near them.

"WE are four girls of 13 who are great friends. There are four boys who live nearby whose ages are 15 or 16. We cannot go outside our front gates without being followed by them. They keep asking us to go to the pictures with them, but when we went with them once they embarrassed us by trying to kiss us. Our parents do not approve of boy-friends, as they think we are too young. If we ask the boys to stop following us and embarrassing us, they do it all the more. We don't want to mention this to our parents, as they would only tell us to keep away from the boys, but as they live so near this is impossible. We all want very much to have boy-friends, but not this kind. Could you please advise us what to do?"

"Fourteens," Hobart.

There is only one thing to do. Ignore the boys except for a good-mannered greeting when you see them. If they follow you, just pretend they are strangers in a crowded street. If they were strangers, you wouldn't giggle and encourage them by being annoyed when they tease you. I know you try not to take any notice of them, but I bet you do, because you sound to be four very human girls. Girls of your age are just what boys a little older are looking for to tease and shout at. They are happy when you get angry and blush and run off, but they would stop this nonsense if their teasing didn't worry you.

The four of you should be able to manage to ignore them. Don't misunderstand me, I don't mean to toss your pretty



A word from Debbie . . .

ARE you one of those boys who plaster their hair down with goo? Have a shampoo and an oil change before your best friend tells you you need it.

• Telephone etiquette is important. When you telephone a friend, always give your name. As soon as the telephone is answered and you are sure you have the right number, say, "Hello, this is Sarah Sminkelhoff speaking, may I speak to Julie, please?" If you recognise whoever answered the telephone, call her by name, too. It makes a good impression if you say, "Hello, Mrs. Smith, . . ."

• If the glass stopper of your perfume bottle is stuck, try pouring a little salad oil over it. Let it stand for a few minutes and the stopper will come out easily.

heads and look the other way whenever you see the boys. Just say "Hullo" casually and go on with your conversation. And don't be diverted from it no matter what they say. If they ask you to the pictures don't be rude to them, refuse and tell them frankly but nicely that you won't go because of their behaviour last time they asked you. I think you are too young to go out with boys, but you are not too young to learn to cope with them with dignity.

"I AM 16 and have been going with a boy for about a year. During this time I have had invitations to go out with other boys which I have refused. My mother says that I should go out with other boys and enjoy myself while I have the chance, that I should not stick to the one boy. I doubt whether this boy I have been going out with would take out any other girls. What do you think I should do?"

B.H., Sydney.

Go out with the other boys who ask you. Sixteen is far too young to have a steady. You won't be classed as fast or a flirt if you go out with a number of boys, just as an attractive girl. If you steadfastly refuse all other invitations it

won't be long before you are going steady, willy nilly. And where will you be then if your present boy does decide to take other girls out? At home, with that sensible mother of yours.

"MANY of my friends have told me I have beautiful hands. I never took any of these remarks seriously till recently, when one woman said if she had my hands she would get a job modelling gloves and rings or nail-polish and things like that. I would like to do this kind of work—it would be interesting and different from the work I am doing now. I have no idea how to go about getting started. Could you tell me if there is an agency or something similar for this kind of work?"

G.G., Turramurra, N.S.W.

You will find a list of model agencies in the pink pages of the Sydney telephone book. Register with one or two big agencies and talk to them about your modelling ambitions. You should also see the leading department stores who use models. Modelling is strictly a part-time job except for a very few girls who are able to make a good living at it. You may be one of these, but specialist modelling, such as you suggest, would, I imagine, be only a pleasant hobby.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

CAN you imagine a record which contains such incongruous platter-mates as Schubert and Nat "King" Cole, Chopin and Stan Kenton? Such a record is due for early release under the title of "Hi-Fi Excerpts." I thought it was going to be a horrible hotch-potch, because it also features Les Paul and Mary Ford, some Prokofiev, Joe "Fingers" Carr playing ragtime, and Bernstein's ballet suite "Fancy Free," but it turned out to be the best-sounding disc I have yet heard.

It was originally produced so that dealers could demonstrate Hi-Fi equipment, but it aroused such enthusiasm that it's being issued generally on an LP disc numbered H-007. With

a well-made radiogram, this record will open a new world of sound to you, and you'll enjoy the commentary by George Fenneman, who tells you which particular aspect of Hi-Fi to listen for in each excerpt. Other artists on the record are pianist Leonard Pennario, the Hollywood String Quartet, Ray Anthony, Axel Stordahl's Strings, and Gordon MacRae singing the Serenade from "Student Prince."

★ ★ ★

I SUPPOSE Sinatra is the prime example of a singer becoming a dramatic actor, but the reverse has now happened with Susan Hayward, who surprised M.G.M. and herself when she sang for the

soundtrack of the Lillian Roth movie, "I'll Cry Tomorrow." Even though she sounded well on film, she was diffident about her songs being put out on record. I, for one, am very glad that she was persuaded, because her 45 r.p.m. disc, named after the movie, is a little gem. Her voice is rich and dark, and she has a genuine blues intonation. The songs on this 7-in. disc are "Sing, You Sinners," "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along," "I'm Sitting On Top of the World," "The Vagabond King Waltz," and an out-of-the-box version of "Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe." The number is MGM-EPO-7501.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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OVALTINE is the ideal bedtime drink for young and old alike—it relaxes nervous tension the natural way, promotes healthy, restful sleep, and it is the easiest of all tonic foods to digest. If you lie awake at night, a cup of delicious Ovaltine before bed will help you sleep soundly and well. Try it and prove it yourself—Ovaltine is the world's best nightcap.



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OVALTINE, a concentrated extract of Malt, Milk and Eggs, is fortified with additional Vitamins. It also contains valuable minerals such as Calcium for bone and teeth development, Magnesium to aid digestion, Iron for the blood, Niacin and Phosphorus for the nerves. A cup of OVALTINE with all its goodness sustains physical energy and mental effort and makes you feel on top of the world.



MORE VITAMINS TO THE CUP

In addition to the VITAMINS present in the rich, natural foods, OVALTINE is fortified with additional VITAMINS, providing a balanced daily intake of VITAMINS A, B, D, and NIACIN. With every cup of OVALTINE you get many more VITAMINS and therefore greater health benefit.



2 DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

OVALTINE offers two delicious flavours: MALT, a combination of Malt, Milk and Eggs with a rich, satisfying flavour that everyone loves, and CHOCOLATE, with all the OVALTINE goodness plus real chocolate flavour. It's a special treat the children will love!

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Will Cordiva stay
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"Yes, it's rub proof,
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Thirty times longer*
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Q126

TRY VALDERMA FOR YOUR SKIN TROUBLE

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The special-occasion dress illustrated below is chosen for a middle-aged woman who thinks her age group is neglected in fashion.

HERE is her letter and my reply.

"I AM in my mid-fifties and find it very difficult to obtain paper patterns in my size, 42in. bust, for a frock that is at all smart. If you would design me a frock, I am sure it would be very popular. I want to wear it for afternoon occasions. Thanking you in anticipation."

I do hope you like the design I have chosen for you. The silhouette has gentle "ease" in bodice and skirtline, and a horizontal tucked panel running on the front of the dress. The open, square-cut neckline is softened with contrast and a bow, and the cuffs are covered with matching material.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in your size. Lines under the sketch give further details and how to order.

"I AM shortly leaving to be married in New Guinea, and as I want to have my wedding dress made here I would like your advice. I am being married in a street-length frock and hat, but can't decide on the style. I am 24, size SSW. I would also like advice about a summer coat."

My suggestion is a beige or white chiffon sleeveless sheath-dress finished with a cowl neckline (it's very new). Have the sheath softened by a detachable panel at the back, gathered and attached at the waistline, but swinging free. Wear a wide-brimmed hat, its crown swathed in the same material as the dress. For a summer coat I like the idea of unlined silk or crisp cotton. Have the design sleeveless and straight, and finished with a cape collar. The latter will cover your shoulders and the top part of the dress.



DS193. — Matron's one-piece dress in sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material or 3½yds. 54in. material plus 5-8th yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"FOR winter would you advise me to buy a suit, or a frock and jacket?"

The costume look is very important this season, and it really looks newer than a suit. The theme can be illustrated by a dress and jacket, or a full-length slim coat plus an overblouse and skirt. Some of the smartest jackets stop three inches below the waist.

"I AM a very small build, and as I want to have a dress made with its own jacket what type would you suggest? I am not having the ensemble made till late winter, so it can be for early spring, too."

I suggest a caraco, Paris' tiny bolero jacket, new for spring and excellent for a petite figure.

"I AM going on a holiday to a fashionable hotel; it will be warm weather. I don't wear slacks and do not look and feel my best in "separates," so what style of dressing would you advise? I am a thin build. I can't afford a big wardrobe."

The sheath-dress has made a big impression in holiday wear in a number of versions; starkly simple, intricately tucked, and in patterned fabric, according to the time of day it is worn. For day wear, a linen sheath with a camisole top would be correct and could be dressed-up with costume-jewellery.

"HOW could I combine some coarse cream wool lace and some matching wool jersey to make a cocktail blouse?"

I suggest a three-quarter-sleeved overblouse with the lace used for a back-and-front yoke and for the sleeves. Have the blouse shaped, unbelted, and hip length.

"FOR winter I want to buy a tweed coat. What color would you advise for a brunette?"

Primrose-yellow tweed. Be quite sure it conforms with the current slender fashion.

**BABY CLOTHES
THAT Snap CLOSED
AND STAY SNUG**



Komfi-Panties are on and off in a jiffy, with "Gripper" Fasteners.



**Buy
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Modern Gripper Fasteners are made to last the life of the garment they're built into and unlike buttons they cannot pop off... chip and break. Right now you can escape button bother forever by buying clothes with Grippers for your children, your husband and yourself.

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**Beauty in
brief:**

Footwear is important

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Women's feet today are much bigger than in Grandma's day and women also seem to be afflicted with more foot ills than ever.

PERHAPS it's because most women are more apt than she was to sacrifice comfort for vanity and style.

Be that as it may, commonsense dictates that women should always look first to the correct shape and the proper fit and then for fashionable lines.

Here are a few other do's and don'ts listed by foot experts.

● If you have to stand or walk a lot, wear laced oxfords or instep-strap shoes with Cuban heels about two

inches high. They facilitate proper distribution of your weight.

● You may occasionally change to other styles of shoes, but they must always be the proper size and fit.

● It is well to avoid open-back shoes if the feet are at all weak.

● Avoid wearing house slippers for long periods. Wear shoes that give all-round support to the feet.

● Give attention to your heels. Run-down heels throw the feet, and consequently the whole body, off balance.



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just hug
you dry!*

*Towels in colours
deep as night . . .
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Deeply absorbent velvety pile
that folds you in a lavish embrace.
That's luxury . . .
that's comfort . . .
that's OSMAN.*



The best materials, the perfect twist of yarn to give most absorbency, loops interwoven for firm hold, strong selvages—these are OSMAN qualities. Whether you choose plain towels, jacquard towels (like the one shown here), hand towels or huge bath sheets, these are the qualities in every OSMAN towel. That's what's meant by the OSMAN guarantee.





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my shirt was white...
until I saw Bob's
PERSIL-WHITE SHIRT"**



Don't wait for an embarrassing moment like this. Change to Persil now. Whether you use a copper or washing machine, you'll find Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner. Millions of busy suds work through and through the weave till every bit of dirt is out. There you have the reason for Persil's whiteness—complete, thorough cleanness! And Persil is gentle to ALL your wash—kind to your hands, too.

 In copper
or washing machine 



PERSIL WASHES WHITER

Presidents' home



THE BLUE ROOM, which was the Queen Mother's favorite in the White House, is oval in shape. The walls are hung with a vivid gold-and-blue damask with matching curtains. The late President Roosevelt broadcast his famous fireside chats from this room.

Most important house in U.S. now has twenty bathrooms

By ALICE HOOPER BECK

"Imagine it, Ike, we shall be here for four years," Mrs. Eisenhower is reported to have said to her husband when they arrived at the White House at the beginning of his Presidential term. It was the first time they had moved into a home with some degree of permanence, and for America's First Lady, who once said she had kept house in everything except an igloo, the prospect was pleasing.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, who has announced that he will stand for a second term at the U.S. Presidential elections in November, took over the White House in better condition than at any time in its history.

Outwardly, it still looks remarkably like the beautiful, classically simple Georgian house built at the end of the 18th century, but it has, in fact, been much altered and completely redecorated in quite recent times.

In 1948, former President Mr. Truman, discovering that the leg of his daughter's piano had penetrated the floor of an upper room, decided it was high time to move out.

While he and his family lived at Blair House across the square, the official home of every American President since 1800 was all but taken apart and put together again.

Most of its famous rooms were restored in their original period, and much of its furniture re-finished or re-covered.

The old White House had 62 rooms, 14 bathrooms, one lift, and a reputation for ghosts splendidly maintained by the uncanny noises that rotting timber can make in the small hours.

Today, as fireproof and durable as any building can possibly be, there are 132 rooms, 20 bathrooms, and five lifts.

The second and third floors, where the President and his wife have their private living quarters, have been replanned

to make them more comfortable, and, for the first time in 150 years, there is enough cupboard space.

Washington was not chosen as the capital city of America. It was made to order, built brick by brick on a site selected by President Washington.

The White House was its first official building and its architect, Irish-born James Hoban, was given strict instructions to avoid formal display.

As nothing in the way of a royal palace was wanted, Hoban based his design on the finest private house he knew, the Duke of Leinster's in Dublin.

The desire to keep the place simple and informal did not extend to its official name, however.

It was called the President's Palace in Congress, but was dubbed the White House when the walls were painted during the building operations. The easy, popular name stuck, chiefly because it was more appropriate than the original.

On four mornings a week, Tuesdays to Fridays, a remarkable piece of domestic organisation takes place in the White House.

Whatever the President and his wife are doing, the house is opened to the public between 10 and 12.

In good weather anything between 6000 and 8000 people stream through the doors, escorted by guides who are also guards. People come singly, or in groups, from all over America. Every name is checked at the Lodge of the East Gate.

As soon as the last visitor leaves the staff moves in with the precision of a task force.



VICTORIAN BED in the Lincoln Bedroom was originally owned by Abraham Lincoln. The late King George VI slept in it when he was a guest of the American President.

WHITE HOUSE



PRESIDENT and Mrs. Eisenhower pose outside the White House. The President will stand for re-election this year.

RIGHT. The Green Room, one of the smaller White House reception rooms, is used frequently by Mrs. Eisenhower.



Floors are cleaned, furniture dusted, carpets and rugs relaid, flowers arranged.

When the President and Mrs. Eisenhower come down, there is no sign of the morning invasion.

Altogether there are 62 people on the White House staff, but, except for the Eisenhowers' three personal servants, a few maintenance men, and the guards, all of them go to their own homes at night.

The most impressive room in the White House is the white-and-gold East Room, used for receptions and balls. It is so big that the wife of the first President to occupy the house used it to hang out her family wash on wet days.

The most notable portrait in the house, that of George Washington, hangs in this room. Dolly Madison, perhaps the most brilliant of all America's First Ladies, cut it from its frame and removed it to safety when the British burned down the house in 1814.

The East Room has been the scene of many famous weddings—Nellie Grant and Alice Roosevelt were both married there—and also of famous funerals.

The funeral services of both Abraham Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt were held in it.

By far the most beautiful room, however, is the Blue Room, which was much ad-

mired by the Queen Mother when she stayed with the President.

Oval in shape, its walls are hung with a vivid blue-and-gold damask, with matching curtains on the windows.

Mrs. Eisenhower does a good deal of her own entertaining in two of the most charming rooms—the Red and Green Rooms.

Small, identical in shape, they differ only in coloring and furniture. Their damask-hung walls are so intense in color that only white or pale yellow flowers are used for decoration.

State rooms

THROUGHOUT the State rooms and the living quarters of the house the furniture is Georgian, either original pieces or fine reproductions.

One exception is the Lincoln Bedroom on the second floor, where the enormous bed belonging to the Civil War President is still used.

American reverence for antique furniture is strong in the White House guides, who rarely fail to draw attention to the real Chippendale and Queen Anne chairs, the chandelier bought for a very small sum in Kingston, England, the fine overmantel given by the late King George VI and presented by the Queen when she was Princess Elizabeth.

Often the lesser rooms in

a big house give the most interesting and touching pointers to its history.

This is certainly true of the China Room, started by Mrs. Benjamin Franklin. Like the library and some of the cloak-rooms, it is panelled in pine taken from the beams of the old White House.

Here, in glass-doored cupboards, you can see Lincoln's enormous coffee cup, the charming blue platter inscribed, "This dish given by the French officers of the Revolution to Martha Washington," and a little jug which must have belonged to a child's teaset.

One of the most recent additions is a set of plates given to Mrs. Eisenhower, each of which shows a portrait of a former First Lady.

Each President uses his own services of china, and examples of these are on view.

The President and his wife pay for their own food, have their own refrigerator.

Mr. Eisenhower is a good cook, a skill he quickly acquired when he discovered that his bride could prepare only two dishes—fudge and mayonnaise.

Soon after his arrival at the White House a guard surprised a dressing-gowned figure looking into the kitchen cupboards downstairs.

"Where do they keep the baking powder in this joint?" he was asked testily.

It was the President, bent on making pancakes for breakfast.

In their very limited spare time the President and his wife like to go off to their farm at Gettysburg.

However, even when the First Lady is at the farm, which is "home" in a sense that no other place can be, her mind is never far from her official home.

She is proud of the White House and feels that she is privileged to live in it.

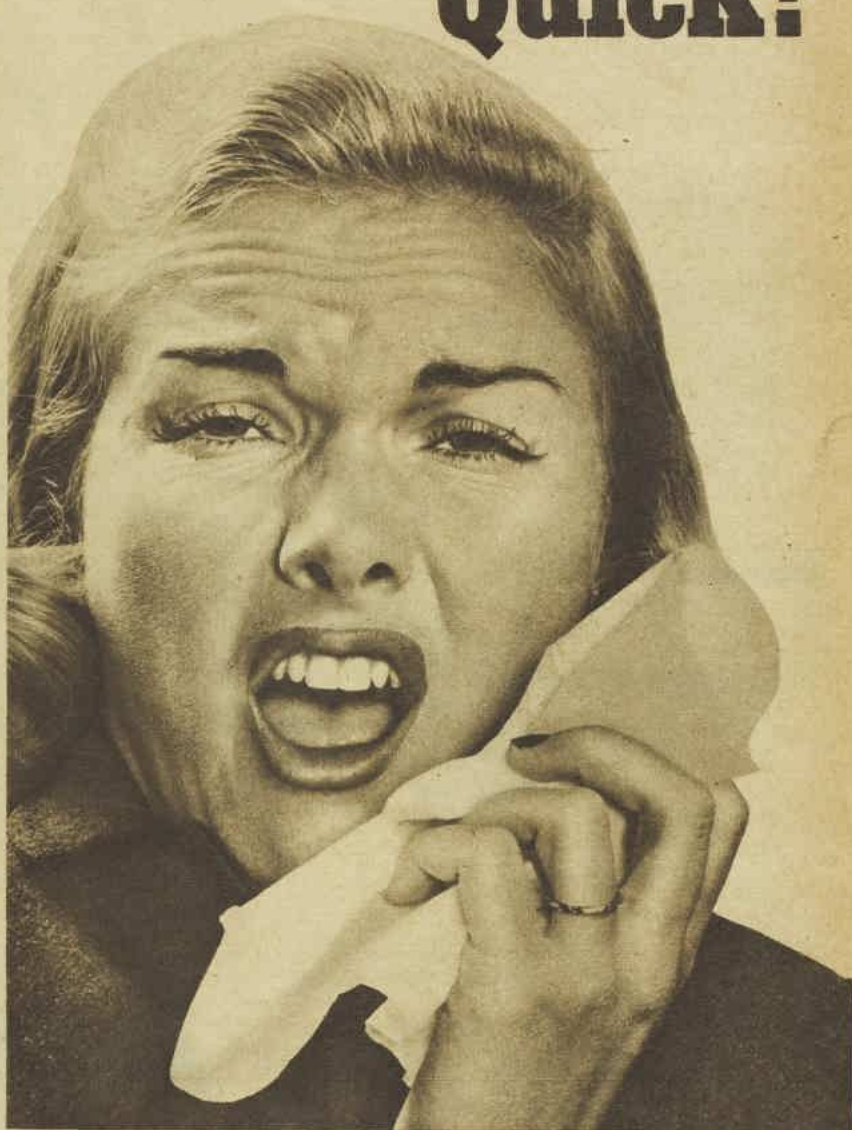
When it rains at Gettysburg the President is likely to grumble because he won't get his round of golf, but Mrs. Eisenhower is far more likely to look up at the sky glumly, and say, "Darn it . . . I'll have to get all those windows washed again."



STATE DINING-ROOM. This gracious room is used when the President is entertaining official visitors. When dining alone, the Eisenhowers use a smaller adjoining room.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COUGH OR COLD . . .

LISTERINE Quick!



Listerine Does What Non-Antiseptic "Cold Remedies" Can't Do—Kill Germs Instantly—By Millions

When you feel a cold coming on, go right after the germs that can cause so much of the misery . . . with Listerine Antiseptic! Non-antiseptic "cold remedies," nose drops, and aspirin don't kill germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills germs, instantly, by millions! So, remember, no matter what else you use for a cold, you need an antiseptic to kill germs. Tests over a 12-year period showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and sore throats than those who did not. The minute you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic early and often.

NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU DO FOR A COLD, YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC to kill germs like these!



These and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

- (1) Pneumococcus Type III
- (2) Haemophilus influenzae
- (3) Streptococcus pyogenes
- (4) Pneumococcus Type II
- (5) Streptococcus salivarius



Listerine

. . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world!

CANDY HARDY SUIT DESIGNED FOR WINTER



**You can
buy
this suit**

Here, all ready for the beginning of the winter season, we present a very special fashion offer—a Candy Hardy suit for under £5/-.

THIS Candy Hardy suit can be bought ready made or cut out ready to sew.

We called the suit "Paula" and, because jewel colors are having a heyday, we photographed it in emerald-green.

It is also obtainable in a wonderful color range, including blissful - pink, primrose-yellow, mid-blue, red, royal-blue, green, American - beauty, and black.

The cropped-off double-breasted jacket—by the way, the jacket is lined—and the slender skirt are perfect designing for any teenage figure.

Furthermore, the short bolero-type jacket is right back in fashion. In Paris and New York it has already been seen in practically every spring fashion collection. One of the reasons for its return is that it suits slenderness.

The material is British corduroy velveteen; it has a narrowly ribbed surface.

Worn, as illustrated, with one of the new "heavy" hats in white and a white bag, the suit is all ready for a special luncheon date.

By the way, if you do wear a hat you can't begin to look currently in fashion unless it is one of the new, deep-set "hatty" hats.

For the non-hat crowd, and there are plenty among the teenage group, the suit can look more casual minus a hat and worn with flat shoes.

The skirt becomes a separate "unit" for sweaters and other jackets.

For a dinner or movie night the suit would look gala worn with a fur hat or muff—or both.

On the opposite page are new trends, and overleaf we show more teenage fashions. We had the male angle in mind when selecting them, so we think the girls will like them, too.

How to order

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 97/6, 36 and 38in. bust 99/11. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 67/9, 36 and 38in. bust 69/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney (Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to the same address). Please make a second color choice and mention "Paula."

New trends for the young



• Any similarity between the tweeds (above) is not coincidental because men's wear fabrics are in fashion for the young. The dress is bare for a dinner date; a "fill-in" can be added for daytime.



• Alice-in-Wonderland band of dark fur (left) is a nice piece of glamor for over a dinner table or any late-day gala date. You can make this one yourself; a piece of invisible elastic at back keeps it in place.

• Here are new and fresh-as-paint ideas for any smart young wardrobe. They are all clothes with current fashion dash that can be worn from now into spring. Items to note: The flattery of an Alice-in-Wonderland band made in fur, men's wear fabrics, and the slender empire-line for a neat figure.



• Morning-to-night fashion (above)—an empire-line dress and its smart companion, the bosom-length jacket. The material is brandy-snap brown wool, the buttons and accent white pique. The dress is beltless with a neat but easy fit. The snug jacket (right) buttons on.



• Let the winds blow because the cold-weather coat (above) will keep a smart girl cosy. The material is white poplin wool-lined in scarlet; the frog fastenings are black. For extra warmth and chic she wears a black-and-white scarf twisted into a hood.

GIRL MEETS BOY IN



● Girl is bound to meet boy if she chooses to follow any of the new teenage fashions illustrated here.

He will like you looking warm and snug in a blazer—one in barber-pole stripes is quite the last word. A white fur cravat will catch his eye; and if your waist is tiny, wrap it with a printed silk cummerbund.

If you are the cute type, venture out on his first date with hair tucked under a velveteen "bathing-cap" hat. It will keep you neat as a pin, even in the highest winter wind. —CANDY HARDY.



● Smooth overblouse worn with an all-around box-pleated skirt (left). The boys will like the colors—vivid rose with a sky-blue scarf. The ensemble is completed by chic wrist-length gloves.

①

● A trio of smart teenagers going places (left). They all wear the new uncluttered look in winter fashion. Note the new-colored accessories and the variation in teenage winter millinery.

②

● Girl (right) dressed for a luncheon date in stone-beige wool with a black trim. The dress has a moulded torso bodice and pleated skirt. Her hat is a "bathing-cap" in black velveteen.



NEW TEENAGE FASHIONS



● Perfect fashion (above) for weekend relaxing, hiking, picnics, or watching a ball game—blazer, easy skirt, colored handknit stockings, and low-heeled shoes.

③

● Slender-line dress (right) wrapped with a cummerbund, and neat beret—that's the way he likes you to look for any daytime occasion. The envelope bag is big news.



● Red, white, and black (above) make real fashion news. Beret and suit are in matching red wool, gloves and earrings black, and the just-for-glamor white cravat could be real fur or fake bought by the yard.

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning May 21

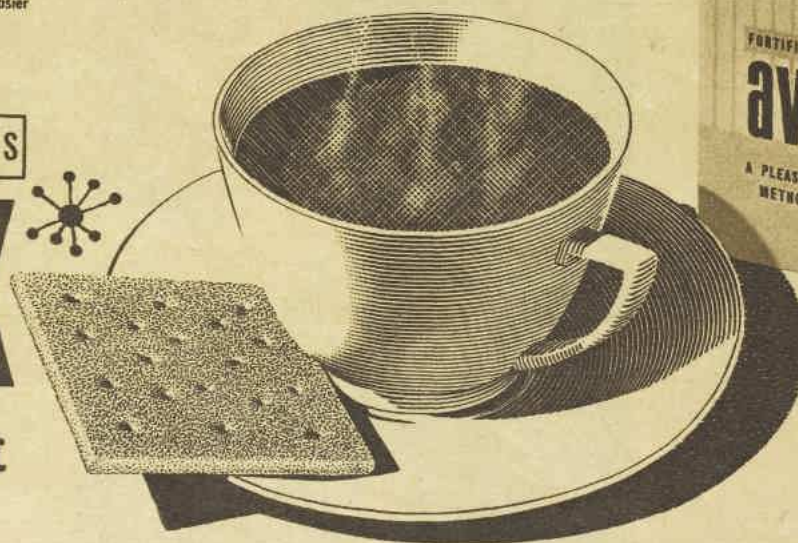
Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck on a short journey.</p>	<p>★ You may be obliged to make several journeys before you win your objective. Appointments, interviews, applications to those in authority are likely to succeed.</p>	<p>★ Many of you put wheels under your home. Either you are absent temporarily or you decide on a permanent shift. Others are away all day for most of the week.</p>	<p>★ The beloved is likely to suggest a little journey in order to explore places new to both of you. You may go on a pilgrimage associated with the start of your romance.</p>	<p>★ Asked to join a neighborhood group for community purposes or for improving your skill in some field, you may find the contacts making you new friends.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck lies in the market-place.</p>	<p>★ Job hunters should waste no time in contacting people or advertising their abilities. Be clear about working conditions and all practical matters.</p>	<p>★ If you are seeking a new place to live, selling, renting, or letting, there is an agreement in prospect. To reduce expenses you may share a flat with a friend.</p>	<p>★ Your love may be quite matter of fact and undemonstrative mainly because he, or she, is taken up with ambitious plans which require a great deal of thought.</p>	<p>★ You may pull out of an organization because of its expense or because other demands on your time make it impossible to play your part efficiently.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, purple. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck lies in a quick decision.</p>	<p>★ Here comes your big moment. Push your interests to the utmost. Improve business relationships, exercise the charm and tact which are peculiar to your sign.</p>	<p>★ Your home becomes your headquarters, from which you sally forth bent on new enterprises. Use your high-level magnetism to obtain improvements.</p>	<p>★ Is this the dawn of a new love, a revival of an old, or a romantic interlude? Only time will show, but you will enjoy the excitement of speculating.</p>	<p>★ Elected to office or co-opted to a committee, you have a chance to try out one or two of your pet theories. They are likely to work best in a modified form.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Lucky gambling colors, white, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck lies in an agreement.</p>	<p>★ A plan you have in mind is likely to fall through, but you will find another and better way to reach your goal. You may shortly receive a small increase in pay.</p>	<p>★ Going inside and shutting the door may have its points. Those busy with tasks or those who have a plan to carry out stick close to their own dwellings.</p>	<p>★ Young subjects may be in love and do not realize it yet. Your unsuspected secret may be brought to light by a trifling incident, but you will not want it discussed.</p>	<p>★ Welcoming a short, quiet period between two hectic rushes, you will be in a position to consider what new activities could await you. A change of flavor adds zest.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck comes through friends.</p>	<p>★ A wonderful new scheme worked out with friends or associates could provide not only interest and enthusiasm but might turn into a money-spinner.</p>	<p>★ Friends likely in casual visitors bring pleasant interruptions. If a parent, children bring their pals, who listen to records or play games.</p>	<p>★ There is a strong probability that a fascinating stranger will cross your line of vision. You meet in a crowded place, then do not see each other for a while.</p>	<p>★ The social whirl catches up with you. Your popularity is rising and the demand for your help, support, and presence may be just a little overpowering.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 24 — SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in mixing work with pleasure.</p>	<p>★ Strike now while the iron is hot. Consolidate your financial position and pursue any line which appears to offer scope for your ambition. Request favors.</p>	<p>★ You will do one of two things. Either you throw open your front door, radiating hospitality, or you lock up and dash off to outside interests.</p>	<p>★ You may be invited to attend a large function and be paired off with a newcomer to your group. This first formal date may be followed quickly by others.</p>	<p>★ The big splash is here. You attend a remarkable party, you act as host or hostess, and you have the satisfaction of seeing everything go off smoothly and happily.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck lies in a book or magazine.</p>	<p>★ Changes in your surroundings, a more convenient arrangement of working equipment, demonstrations of speedier methods, and new ideas keep you on your toes.</p>	<p>★ Hobby classes, demonstrations in shops, advice from all quarters, on interior decorating, upholstery, painting, curtain making, may brighten your surroundings.</p>	<p>★ An all-day outing may be the scene of magnetic attraction that draws you to a member of the opposite sex. A small mishap may throw you into each other's arms.</p>	<p>★ Your social life may be more intellectual than usual just now. You may attend a lecture or classes, see films that are educational, or associate with like-minded people.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck lies in taking the initiative.</p>	<p>★ This is a savings campaign and no mistake. Pencil and paper, care in budgeting will be accompanied by silence on your part as to the purpose of your efforts.</p>	<p>★ Ways and means to better living on less money may challenge your ingenuity, but you will find your efforts crowned with success if you use imagination.</p>	<p>★ Well, this is fate. Perhaps you are not yet sure if the beloved quite fulfils your ideal, but you may be rushed into a romantic situation.</p>	<p>★ Don't gamble, either alone or in company. You may not be lucky in matters of chance at present. Choose mild amusements and avoid nervous strain.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24 — DECEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck comes from the opposite sex.</p>	<p>★ You may join a team with a special aim in view. Each will have one special task related to the whole and progress should be rapid. Credit will be the group's.</p>	<p>★ There is likely to be a birthday or anniversary to celebrate, or entertaining to be done in honor of a visiting relative. Otherwise, dressmake for glamor.</p>	<p>★ Many of you hear the strains of the wedding march. Few young subjects will try to sidestep the inevitable, and stellar influences are all on the side of love.</p>	<p>★ Evening parties, where the opposite sex is present, dancing or any amusement which is active, will be most appreciated just now. A mild flirtation may occur.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 24 — JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in recognising your abilities.</p>	<p>★ That revolution you have in mind is coming off and whatever you do this week will be thorough, getting straight down to the root of the matter.</p>	<p>★ Knowing exactly what you want and keeping your eye fixed on the target you are in danger of becoming grim and a bit of a temporary domestic tyrant.</p>	<p>★ Whether it's knitting a pullover or a spot of amateur carpentry, the one you love best is due for a present from you. This will keep you busy at home.</p>	<p>★ As a member of a hard-working committee you may shine, perhaps behind the scenes, where no bouquets will be presented. Associates will appreciate your work.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, purple. Gambling colors, purple, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a mild speculation.</p>	<p>★ Work and play are intertwined. Either you are engaged with a task you love or pleasant associations make the time fly. You'll set a high standard of achievement.</p>	<p>★ Your home could provide a meeting place for a very active group or you are diverted from your ordinary occupations by a set of circumstances.</p>	<p>★ It's head over heels and you don't care if all the world knows you're in love. Whether it's an engagement or an informal understanding, plans are in the making.</p>	<p>★ Any competition you enter you should run up a good record. There may be a cash prize attached to an honor gained through your skill. Congratulations follow.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, three combined. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in your own backyard.</p>	<p>★ Many of you will be busy about the home with minor improvements. You may lend a hand or do all the work yourself. Others are financing a project.</p>	<p>★ You can do odd things in a new way, turn your schedule upside down, surprise the family with an exotic menu, or rid yourself of an article of domestic use.</p>	<p>★ Whether you are bent on filling your glory box or window-shopping or whether you are young marrieds improving your home, you certainly go domestic.</p>	<p>★ Informal home entertaining may be preferred to stepping out. Those cups of tea with the neighbors could introduce to you many clever new ideas.</p>

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If you can't lose unsightly, distressing fat it's probably because dieting leaves you feeling hungry. You eat more for contentment—and up goes your weight again! That's why AVODEX—the entirely new diet treatment—is slimming thousands of overweight sufferers. AVODEX is a pleasant tasting biscuit which quiets nagging hunger, giving you the satisfied feeling of a "full stomach." You simply take one tasty AVODEX with a nice cup of tea or other drink and your craving for sweets, cake, breads and other "fat formers" will disappear. You'll lose unwanted fat—you'll feel better all round—mind clearer, body more active—and more attractive! Each AVODEX biscuit contains the full supply of vitamins found in a normal meal. Try ethical AVODEX to-day, in conjunction with the simple diet chart provided. It's the new, easier way to slim!

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back, she seemed to go a long, long way beyond any world.

Here, high over the Catford Street houses, she had a feeling of immensity, of power, as if—as if I could play God, thought Olivia. She could look down over the Street, and the roofs of other streets, over thousands and thousands of chimneys from which the smoke went curling up; she could look away to faint spires of unknown churches, past the big bulk of flat roofs of the new council flats—no chimneys there— to the cranes and warehouses that showed where the river ran; across it, on the other bank, above other cranes, other warehouses, rose the great shape of the power station.

As Olivia watched, the whole, all the world could see, tilted against the sky; it was the passage of the clouds that made it seem as if the world moved. Olivia knew that very well, but she liked to think, as she had thought as a child, that it was the earth tilting, slowly tilting, as it turned on its axis in the sky. If, a pinprick, in this pinprick city, can feel the power of the earth, she thought, and, on the afternoon of the Garden Committee meeting, thinking that, the word "earth" made her pause; "earth," and again she remembered the footprint in the garden bed.

As if she had been Crusoe and the footprint a little Man Friday's, Olivia had followed it most of the day in her mind. All day she had wondered whose it was. But there must have been more than one child to carry all that earth, she thought. What were they doing? What did they want? thought Olivia.

"Want." It was like a match put suddenly to a pile of tinder, old wood, cut long ago, lying for years, and drying so that it caught and flamed. What did I want? thought Olivia.

So many things; the things all girls want, and it wrung her to think with what supreme confidence she had waited for them to come. "There is no reason," said Mother, "why a woman should not have a career and a home." "When you have your own home . . ." she said often to Olivia and Angela. "When your children are grown up . . ." but those premises, thought Olivia, had rested on one thing, a man; and there had never been the vestige of a man for Olivia.

It was not the absence of a man that Olivia regretted so much, though she could have wished that both she and Angela had married—Angela was too fastidious—that blank in her life was not the worst; but I wish children were not so unknown to me, she thought, looking down on that holed of children, the Street. Olivia divined something in children—not in her nieces and nephews, Noel's children, who were precocious and spoiled—but in the children who were let alone, real children. Though she knew from Angela's dealings with them that they were blunt, even rude—as I myself, thought Olivia—they seemed to her truer than grown-ups, unalloyed; watching them, she knew they were vital; if you were with them you would be alive, thought Olivia.

Angela was, in a way, Olivia's child; she was ten years younger, though she might have been ten years older in experience; and she needs me, Olivia thought in surprise, and she said aloud, because she was so surprised, "She makes mistakes."

Olivia said that as if it were a miracle; but I wanted real children, she thought—and today that want was even sharper than before—children and to be rooted in the earth,

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 9

not in man-made things, bricks and stones, but in the earth; and a confusion of things came into her mind, things of which she knew scarcely anything—dew, haystacks, compost, picking peas, and marrows, tangles of flowers, sweet Williams, larkspur, marigolds, all the naive cottage flowers that are seldom found in shops; and animals, thought Olivia, not pet dogs but real animals, calves and kids and chickens, and she remembered how she had once begged to keep a hedgehog in this very school-room.

I didn't want extraordinary things, she said, to go up the Amazon or dig for gold—if you do dig for gold—an ordinary little bit of life would have done for me; and she leaned far out from the window-sill, as far as she could, for it was high, as if she wanted to see into all those countless thousands of ordinary lives below. I wish I could have one chance, thought Olivia, one real chance, the chance and the courage—she could see she had been singularly lacking in courage—not to have a life of my own, she thought—it was a little late for that, she could see—but the chance to join in something real; real, pleaded Olivia.

There was, of course, no answer. The house was quiet; at this time of the afternoon the Halls were in their own sitting-room, far down in the basement; Ellen was out, gone for what she called her "little

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

—Longfellow.

potter." Angela was in the office with her secretary, Miss Marshall.

After the war Angela had not gone back to her Clarges Street firm; she had turned, as "The Times" had said in the obituary notice of Mother, "her talents to voluntary work." "I don't need a salary," Angela had said. "If I take it I keep it from somebody who does, and these old charities are crying out. They can't be run in a slipshod old-aunt fashion these days; they must be organised and administered professionally."

There was certainly nothing amateur about Angela; she had an office in what had been the morning-room on the ground floor; Miss Marshall worked in the old dining-room, which was now a waiting-room; and the typist, Jeannie, had the dark little room they had always called "The Slit."

Angela was secretary or auditor or member of so many different boards and committees that Olivia had long ago given up trying to remember which was which; if she did remember, Angela called them by their initials, which confounded Olivia again. Angela found time to run a literary club and discussion group—"Just for refreshment," said Angela—and to be Chairman of the Anglo-European Women's Initiative Movement as well, the A.E.W.I.M. "That pays me," said Angela. "I get my trips abroad with all expenses." And in her spare time—she still had spare time, Olivia marvelled—she was writing a book, "On economics," said Olivia reverently.

It was only Olivia who was unoccupied and idle. This afternoon, for instance, there seemed no place for her, nothing she need do, and she

stayed where she was. After a moment she began to think again of the stolen earth and the footprint, and again the questions began. Who were they? What did they want? How did it all begin?

It had begun on a windy Saturday morning in March, in Catford Street, three months before.

The footsteps went up and down, down and up; in the High Street that ran across the top of Catford Street they made one sound that joined with the noise of traffic; in Catford Street itself the steps were separated; though they were continual, they were—people's, thought Sparkey, the newspaper woman's little boy. He knew what he meant; in the High the steps were a noise, a crowd; here he could identify them with his eyes shut—man, woman, child, child skipping, man with dog; man, woman, child—and from everyone who passed there went up, though Sparkey was too young to know it, a little stream of thought, of plans and hopes and worries—in Catford Street it was mostly worries. "Is everyone unhappy?" the child Lovejoy was to ask Vincent in despair.

Vincent said, "Everyone," but after a moment, when he had thought, he added, "That doesn't prevent them from being happy."

Though Catford Street was in London it was a little like a village; to live in it, or the Terrace, or Garden Row, off it, or in any of the new flats that led off them, was to become familiar with its people; Sparkey, for instance, knew nearly everyone that passed, though he did not know their names. Sparkey had permission to sit on the steps of the house nearest the newspaper stand. He was delicate, one of those little boys who are all eyes and thin, long legs; he was always catching chills, and his mother put a wad of papers under him to keep his bony little bottom off the stone and wrapped a copy of the "Evening News" round his legs; even then he was mottled with cold; his nose was as scarlet as his scarf and kept on running, so that he had to wipe it with his glove.

He had objected to gloves. "Boys don't wear gloves!" he had said. "You will," said his mother. As he grew older and the gloves grew dirtier his face was gradually smeared with black and damp and began to chap; his hair felt as if it were frozen to his head, but he would not move.

"Why don't you go and play?" asked his mother.

"I like to watch," said Sparkey.

The newspaper stand was at the end of the Street, where it joined the High by the traffic lights and the bus stop. It was the busiest corner, with the queue for the bus, people waiting to cross with the lights, more people coming to buy papers. When the bus came it stopped just by Sparkey and sent out visible fumes of warmth and smell from under its red sides; it looked as if it were a live, big animal breathing. Sparkey watched the people file in; the bus looked comfortable with its paint, the pale steel of its handles, the glimpse of seats behind its glass.

It started with a harsh grinding noise, the people were carried away, and Sparkey's mother rattled the coppers in the pocket of her big newspaper sling; she rattled them, thought Sparkey, because the

conductor had rattled his in his bag. Sparkey liked the newspaper sling; it was crimson canvas, lettered "Daily Mail," and looked cheerful over his mother's old coat. Every gleam of color was cheerful in that plain street.

Some of the people in the bus queue had suitcases; of course, it was Saturday; Sparkey guessed they were going away for the weekend; some had babies and pale blue push-chairs that they lifted on to the bus. There was a girl in a black silk coat, her hair in a knot at the back of her head; she carried a small case, and her nails and her lips were bright red; Sparkey knew her and knew she was a dancer, going to rehearsal; he had heard her tell his mother. There were men with paper hats and green rosettes pinned to their coats; they had peaked, pale faces and their clothes were crumpled because they had been up all night; they were up from the provinces for a cup tie.

All down the Street women were scrubbing doorsteps ready for Sunday. There was a sound of barking and soon a man passed with two big dogs; Sparkey knew them; he had seen their kennels in the area of Number Sixty-nine; they barked when they were let out, which was not often; the fur had come off their elbows from lying on the area flags, and they smelt.

There were plenty of animals in Catford Street; Sid, the log man, kept his pony Lucy behind the last house, in a shed by the canal; all the children in Catford Street knew Lucy and her little cart painted with hearts and roses. Besides Lucy and the dogs, there were budgerigars, canaries, and cats, many cats.

In the very house where Sparkey sat on the steps, Mrs. Cleary and Miss Arnot kept fifteen cats; the two old ladies came creeping out every morning in old fur tippets and men's hats, their waists hung round with shopping bags to buy food for their cats; they bought fish-heads and horsemeat and then crept home again; presently the smell of the fish and meat cooking would seep out into the Street, and the cats that on fine days ornamented the window-sills and the half-wall of the portico would get up and stretch and go meowing in to dinner.

People passed all the time. There were women with perambulators and children tagging along, holding to the handles; most of the women said "Hello" to Sparkey's mother; most of the children, as they came from the shops, were eating something, an ice or a lollipop; Sparkey looked at them and his mouth watered.

Two girls came along with green coats, their hair tied with limp white ribbons; they were Yvette and Susie Romney and they had an orange lollipop to share between them; they took it in turns, three sucks each, each sharply watched by the other; in Catford Street one had to be sharp and strictly fair. Sparkey did not really look at them, though his eyes watched the lollipop. He was not interested in girls.

The children from St. Botolph's Home of Compassion came past; twenty-six little girls, walking two-by-two, with a nun at the end. Another kind of nun passed; her full blue cotton skirts made a sound that was like a quiet murmur of words, but her wooden beads rattled, and the sides of her starched white hat—Sparkey called it a hat—

To page 44



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(Above) From Book 196.



(Left) From "Busy Fingers," Vol. 3.

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What you should know about those DULL NAGGING HEADACHES



Dull, nagging headaches take the joy out of life. Your doctor knows that they are common symptoms of constipation—caused, in most cases, by lack of natural bulk in the soft modern highly-refined foods we eat.

More people are suffering from more headaches today than ever before — and Australians are among the world's greatest consumers of headache remedies. If you suffer from frequent, or even occasional nagging headaches, this could be one of the most enlightening articles you have ever read.

Can headache remedies harm your health? Reputable brands of headache powders and tablets, taken in prescribed doses, are completely safe. In fact, by "short-circuiting" pain, they tend to reduce after-effects. The sensible procedure is to first relieve your headache, then discover what has caused it.

Are headaches caused in many different ways? Yes, because a headache is not so much a disorder as the symptom of a disorder. Often it is your first intimation that something is out of order. Most of us recognize the type of headache which announces eye-strain or nervous tension; far too many people suffer from the dull, nagging type of headache without suspecting the cause.

Are "nagging" headaches hard to diagnose? Not for a doctor. A dull headache, accompanied by a heavy, out-of-sorts feeling, is a common symptom of constipation.

What causes irregularity? In most cases, what we eat — or, rather, what we don't eat. Today's soft, over-refined foods don't supply our systems with the natural bulk they must have for normal daily regularity.

Will a laxative help this type of headache? Only temporarily. Harsh laxatives shock your system into violent activity, but don't reach the cause of the trouble.

When headaches are caused by constipation, should we change our eating habits? That would be one way — but there's an easier, pleasanter way to put essential bulk back into your diet. All you have to do is include crisp, nut-sweet All-Bran in your breakfast menu. All-Bran is a delicious cereal made by Kellogg's from the vitamin-rich, mineral-rich outer layers of the wheat grain. It is a generous source of B vitamins, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron. Many people enjoy All-Bran sprinkled over their usual cereal, others like it by itself, with hot or cold milk and sugar or fruit.

Constipation remedies are often described as habit-forming. Is this true of All-Bran? No, because All-Bran is a food. Not a medicine, not a habit-forming drug. You buy it from your grocer, along with other staple foods. There is no mystery about the way All-Bran goes to work. It simply supplies the bulk your system must have for normal daily regularity.

Will All-Bran relieve long-standing cases of constipation? Thousands of unsolicited letters testify to the fact that people who have been enslaved by the purgative habit for many years never needed another "dose". All-Bran restores daily regularity the natural way, freeing you from such symptoms as headaches, skin blemishes and that always-tired feeling.

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Enjoy toasty All-Bran for ten days. Drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days, you are not completely satisfied, just send the empty packet to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

KELLOGG'S
NATURAL
LAXATIVE
CEREAL



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AB55-S

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

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flapped, and her boots squeaked; the fringe of her shawl had bobbles that danced up and down as she walked. She was interesting, with the constant movement of her clothes, and Sparkey watched as she turned in at the broken church steps and went up them, out of sight.

The third house down from where Sparkey sat was the priest's house, and next to it was where the Catholic Church of Our Lady of Sion had been bombed. Now the church was only a hut standing in a rubble of broken pillars and masonry; there was a notice board outside it, and on it in big letters, "Help to Build Our Church and Schools"; above the letters was a wooden aeroplane rising slowly up the scale—£2000, £3000, £4000; the aeroplane had stuck at that for a long time. "They need fifteen thousand pounds," said Sparkey's mother. "They'll never get that."

On Saturday morning the Catholic children went to Confession. There was no school, and the Street was full of children; some of them were soaping for their mothers, a great many had got on the bus for the children's show at the Victoria Cinema, some went down to the new chain store in the Wilton Road, and some of the boys, with carts made out of packing cases and old perambulator wheels, took a sack down to the gasworks for coke, but most were just playing.

There were little girls with doll perambulators, taggles of little girls; there were boys playing mysterious games with balls, or chalking on the pavement, and smaller boys with cowboy hats and cardboard chaps and metal pistols; they lurked round corners and shouted at one another. "Go and play with them," said Sparkey's mother again, but Sparkey was not interested in small boys; though he was only five, going on six, he was ambitious; he was waiting for Tip Malone.

Besides being ambitious, Sparkey was melodramatic; he frightened the other children. "Do you know what gravy is?" he would ask, hushed, and when they shook their heads he would say in a cold voice, "It's blood."

He would ask a small girl, "Do you see that man?"

The little girl would nod.

"If you met him at night he would take you away in a sack," said Sparkey.

"That's only old Mr. Isbister," the little girl would say uncertainly.

"That's what you think," said Sparkey.

"Perhaps it's being a newspaper child," Olivia was to say when she had had some experience of Sparkey, but Angela objected. "A child that age can't read," she said. Sparkey could not read, but the lurid pieces of the paper seemed printed into him; not long ago one of the Catford Street boys, the boy that Lucas had told Angela about, had been caught by the police; he had slashed an old lady with a knife. "Fr her hand-bag," said Sparkey with relish. "He got sent away. That was Maxey Ford," said Sparkey. "He was in Tip Malone's gang."

"I don't believe it," said Sparkey's mother. "Tip's a nicely brought up boy."

"He isn't," said Sparkey indignantly. Sparkey was an authority on gangs.

Sparkey had thought Tip might have been sent to Confession, but there was no sign of him; Sparkey sighed.

Just as one day the grown-up Sparkey was to know the face of his girl, his beloved, every mark and line, so now

he knew Tip's face, his face and all about him, his clothes, his voice, his doings, and his gang. The gang was not big, but it was choice. "Jim Howes, Tony Zassi, Rory Isbister, Puggy, Ginger, and John Rowe," said Sparkey wistfully. Tip was the biggest—"Well, he's thirteen," said Sparkey with awe. Tip was heavy and tough and square and wore an old torn sweater and battered jeans. "Wish I had jeans!" sighed Sparkey.

No one knew how many Malones there were. "There can't be more than nine," Angela often said, but they were so big and loud-voiced that the Street seemed full of them. They lived in the basement and top-floor flats of Number Seventeen, and no one would stay long in the flats on the other floors, if they could possibly find anywhere else to go, because of the Malones racing up and down the stairs.

They were all as alike as peas, all strong and well set-up and astonishingly handsome with well-shaped limbs, straight backs, clear skins, and thick brown curly hair; "The stock must be good," Olivia was to say when she came to know them. They had the traditional blue eyes put in with smutty fingers—"Irish eyes," said Olivia.

"Irish blarney," said Angela. Angela, as usual, was right.

"Tip's got a bowie knife," said Sparkey longingly. "Every kind of knife."

"Who told you so?" asked his mother.

"He told Puggy Carpenter and Puggy told Jimmy and Jimmy told me," Sparkey's mother sniffed. "He's going to have an air gun and he's got a space helmet and a bike with a dual brake control." Sparkey had faithfully learned all those difficult names. "He's going into the Navy, he'll be a sailor," said Sparkey as if he saw visions.

"It's not blarney exactly," said Olivia. "It's what they hope and believe is going to happen; it's a kind of faith."

Olivia was right, too; there was something in the Malones that not even their poverty and untidiness and shabbiness could hide.

Mr. Malone, who drove a coal dray, was a big, bragging, blue-eyed man, but the one behind the whole family was Mrs. Malone; she looked, fittingly, like the pod they came from; she was big and bulging and flabby. "She looks needed," said Olivia, whom nobody had ever needed. Mrs. Malone was firmly behind her children: when they got into trouble, and they had plenty of trouble; when they had accidents, and they were always being run over, or falling off buses or on to their heads out of windows, or being taken to hospital in ambulances and returning in bandages or plaster.

She was with them in their triumphs, and they took most of the prizes at school; with them in their enterprises, and they were always going off somewhere wonderful or doing something astounding; and she was with them, very often and personally, in their fights. Tip's nose had been broken in a fight. "He's a fighter," said Sparkey with pride.

It was not only because Tip had been with Maxey that Sparkey worshipped him; there was something in Tip that warmed the cockles of a little boy; Sparkey could not put it into words but, "He once pulled a face at me," said Sparkey.

"Why don't you pull one back," said his mother, which showed how ignorant she was.

"I couldn't do that," said Sparkey, appalled. "But," said reverently, "Tip knows me. Perhaps one day I'll be the gang."

"You can't be in a gang you're not six," said Sparkey's mother, "and that's that." Sparkey shut his lips, and his eyes looked a long way beyond her. Soon his mother would not know what he did.

It was a strange thing that up to the age of seven children were noticeable in Catford Street; the babies in their well-kept perambulators and the little boys and girls in coats and leggings sets were prominent, but after the age of seven the children seemed to disappear into anonymity, to be camouflaged by the stones and bricks they played in; as they were really the sparrows the Miss Chesneys called them they led a different life and scarcely anyone noticed them.

At fourteen or fifteen they appeared again, the boys as big boys that had become somehow dangerous—or was it that there was too much about them in the papers?—the dirty little girls as smart young women with waved hair, bright coats, the same red nails and lipstick as the dancer in the bus queue; they were slopping sling-back shoes and had shrill, ostentatious voices.

The Street prickled with the doings of these boys and girls as it had admired and petted the babies, but the children were unnoticed except by Sparkey; not even experienced mothers like Mrs. Malone knew all they did. "If the twelve Apostles themselves came down and asked him, Tip couldn't help them," said Mrs. Malone about Maxey. "Tip never even spoke to him," she said indignantly. Sparkey knew that Tip had.

There was no Tip this Saturday morning. The first evening papers had come in and were beginning to be sold, and now the crowd of people in the Street grew thinner. Sparkey's mother would soon take him away for dinner, leaving her papers to sell themselves; the perambulators were coming back from the shops, and the handcarts from the gasworks with the sacks stuffed with coke; Mrs. Cleary and Miss Arnot had gone, half an hour ago, into the house behind Sparkey, and now the smell of hot fish was coming out; the biggest cat, Istanbul, jumped suddenly off the portico wall, nearly on top of Sparkey, and walked in at the open door.

It was nearly twelve o'clock. Soon the clock from St. Botolph's in the Square would strike, and after that the Angelus. "He must have gone over the river to the park," said Sparkey. It was disappointing; there was nothing to do but look at the parcels.

Sparkey did not look at the heavy shopping bags; with their packets of cereals and tea and tinned peas, they were not interesting. He looked at the parcels belonging to the children and the big girls and boys. The girls walked together, talking and giggling, with their arms round one another; sometimes they walked backwards, showing off, and a knot of boys on the opposite pavement would whistle, rude, loud whistles.

Sparkey knew what the girls had bought; his mother, who was still pretty, bought the same things, and he had seen them all on chain store counters: a box of face powder, a spring flower in a pot wrapped with tissue paper, bobby-pins, ankle socks, sweets, a birthday card, tiny bottles

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of scent which they let one another smell as Sparkey watched.

Perhaps that was how he did not see the packet fall: someone must have dropped it; suddenly it was there on the pavement among the passing feet, an oblong cream-colored packet, sealed like an envelope, splashed with brilliant blue.

Sparkey did not know what it was, but in a flash he had unpeeled the "Evening News," darted down the steps, dodged among the people, and snatched it up. He nearly had his hand stepped on as a big girl almost fell over him, but he reached the packet and stood up with it in his hand; it was soiled with being trodden on but it was safe.

The blue splashes were pictures of flowers; Sparkey was only a little boy, and they caught his attention; instead of scurrying to the steps with what he had found, he stayed there in the open street to look. That was not wise. Somebody's hand came over his and switched the packet away.

Sparkey clutched at the corner as it went, giving piercing yelps to his mother, but she was busy with a customer; another hand joined the first, and small fingers began to prise his away. "Leggo, or I'll pinch you," said a voice.

Anyone could have told Sparkey he had no chance; the face that looked down into his was a pale, small mask with pale, set lips; it had an obstinate nose and eyes that seemed to be sealed with their lids. All the little girls in Catford Street could be baffling; if they did not want someone to know something they dropped their lids; when they raised them again they would speak breathlessly and brightly, and it was anything but the truth; but this little girl's face was more than sly; it might have been carved in stone; when she swore at Sparkey and opened her eyes they were as grey and cold as pebbles.

Her fair hair, which was straight and very fine, was cut in a fringe and fell to her shoulders; when she bent her

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

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head it parted on the nape of her neck; Father Lambert saw that as he came out of the priest's house; it was the only part of her that looked vulnerable, that small white exposed neck.

Sparkey knew her. She was Lovejoy, Lovejoy Mason from the restaurant.

"Nobody can be called Lovejoy," Angela was to say, but Lovejoy was.

"Your mother didn't give you a name like that," she was to say jealously to Tip.

"I don't think I want a name like that," said Tip.

What Vincent said was worse, but he did not know Lovejoy was listening. "No one who loved their child could give it a name like that," said Vincent.

Now Lovejoy and Sparkey began to threaten each other in the shorthand speech the Street children used. "Gimme," said Lovejoy.

"Smime," shrieked Sparkey.

He had steel tips on his little shoes and he kicked at Lovejoy's shins. "You little varmint," called Father Lambert, while Sparkey's mother shouted, "You! Lovejoy! You leave Sparkey alone."

"Fancy a big girl fighting such a little boy!" said a woman; but Lovejoy was not fighting, she was, simply, taking. Before Father Lambert or Sparkey's mother could reach them Lovejoy gave Sparkey a blow in his small stomach that doubled him up, ripped the packet out of his hand, and ran.

Lovejoy pelted down towards the river, then turned and dodged up Garden Row, past the iron gates of the canal dock and the blocks of the council flats with their lawns and concrete paths, down another side road until she found herself in just such another street as Catford Street, wide and shabby with drab, porticoed houses; she was out of breath but safe.

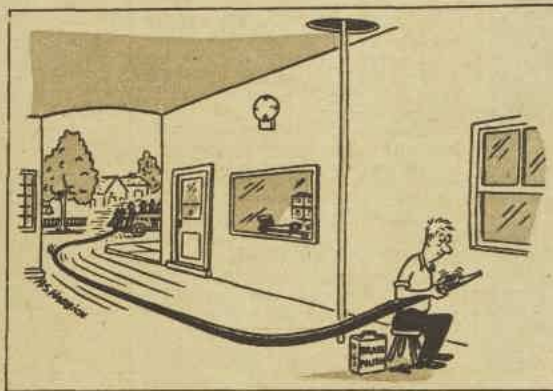
Older and more wary than Sparkey, she went into one of

the porticoes, where no boy or girl could come up behind her, tweak her hair or jerk her elbow, and snatch as she had snatched. She had no idea what she had taken; she was simply a little marauder.

It would have surprised Lovejoy's mother, Mrs. Mason, to be told that Lovejoy never had any pocket money; Mrs. Mason was always going to give her some but, somehow, it was always spent. "I meant you to have an ice-cream," she would say to Lovejoy in the teashop or cafe, "but look, I've

that to take money was wicked; nobody had told her that ice-creams and comics were money, and she was adept at taking a parcel out of a perambulator while she pretended to rock it, at making a small child look the other way and whipping an ice-cream cone out of its hand, at walking along by a shop counter, gazing innocently all the time at the assistant, and coming out with some sweets or a bundle of ribbon or a pencil-sharpener in her hand.

Now she looked at the packet, and her look changed to disgust. "Flowers. Seeds," she



only got sixpence for a coffee. Never mind. You can have the biscuit," Mrs. Mason said Mrs. Combie now, to provide Lovejoy with the necessities of life, but she did not pay enough to provide anything else.

Now and again Lovejoy had a penny for washing up or running errands, but a penny did not go far. "I can't go without everything, forever," said Lovejoy.

"I don't know how she managed," Olivia was to say when she and Angela were told everything.

"Managed by stealing," said Angela.

Lovejoy did not steal big things or money; she knew

said and she almost threw the packet down the area. Then she saw there was printing on it and she began to read.

Lovejoy, to her continual disgrace, could hardly read. "She has changed schools too often and missed too much," the inspector had told Mrs. Combie severely. That was true. When Lovejoy and her mother first began to come to Catford Street between their bookings, Lovejoy had appeared and disappeared so often in school that the teacher asked her, "Are you a canal child?" Canal children sometimes came to school if their fathers' barges had to go into the dock for repairs. Lovejoy

had said nothing but she had been mortally offended. "Do I look like a canal child?" she might have said.

"You think too much about how people look and much too much about clothes," said Mrs. Combie. Lovejoy did more than think about them; she had been trained in them as in a religion. "One must look smart"—that was her mother's creed, and Lovejoy was her mother's disciple. She had been the best-dressed child in Catford Street—"On top," Mrs. Combie said. "Her vests and pants were in tatters from the beginning"—but vests and pants did not show, and Lovejoy never wasted a thought on them.

She had a grey flannel suit with a pleated skirt for school, white blouses, and a red scarf; for best she had a black velvet dress, a black-and-white dog-toothed checked coat, and a black velvet tam-o'-shanter with a long black tassel. Lovejoy's clothes were her stock in trade, her tools, and she took great care of them. When she came in from school or a walk or shopping, she would slip into her old pinafore dress and an old coat that she had worn so long that it was like her skin, and carefully put her good clothes away, hanging them up on her small-size hangers, sponging off marks with a bit of rag, and pressing the pleats and lapels with Mrs. Combie's iron.

She washed her own blouses and white socks and gloves, and hung them in the window to dry; a clothes-hanger fitted with pegs was her most cherished possession, and she carefully hoarded the packet of soap flakes, the cleaning rags, and the pot of shoe-cream for her red shoes that Mrs. Combie gave her. "She's not a child, she's an old woman," said Mrs. Combie's sister Cassie. Cassie was a slattern, and Lovejoy's fastidiousness enraged her. "I suppose you think you're pretty?" she said.

"No," said Lovejoy certainly. She knew perfectly well she was not pretty; she had studied herself too often in the

mirror to have any doubts about that: she had a certain fineness and lightness, dear little bones, thought Lovejoy, but her slant eyes and flat nose were not pretty; all the same, she did not like Cassie any the better for saying it and she adopted a way of looking Cassie up and down, taking in the trodden-down heels of Cassie's shoes, the ladders in her stockings, the place where the hem of her cheap tomato-colored dress had come undone; her eyes went over Cassie's hair, golden but unwashed and bundled in a net, and the spots on her chin. Cassie ate too many sweets and smoked too much. She had stains on her fingers and teeth. Lovejoy saw the stains.

"What are you looking at?" Cassie would demand.

"Nothing," Lovejoy would say and would hum a little tune.

Lately clothes had been very difficult. "Too tight for you under the arms, isn't it?" asked Cassie spitefully, looking at the little grey suit.

"It isn't," said Lovejoy, but it was, and the scarlet shoes were too small now, as were her school shoes; they hurt and raised blisters; Lovejoy had five even blisters on the toes of each foot, and the blisters were turning into corns. She had had to tell Mrs. Combie about the school shoes, and Mrs. Combie bought her a pair of sand-shoes. "Sand-shoes," said Lovejoy in shame, and she set her teeth and bore the red shoes if ever she went out of the Street. "When my mother comes she'll buy me some new ones," she said, but it did not sound very certain.

"Where is your mum?" Tip was to ask.

Like all children, Lovejoy was often subjected to the inquisition of the Street, pecking.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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— WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO —

Below is the list of ten words each in a jumbled form and containing an extra letter. Problem is, to re-arrange the letters so that they form the correct word answering the given clue. Remember, each word con-

tains an extra letter that must be deleted. For Example; "A Good Score in Cricket," the letters given are TENCBURY. The correct word is Century, deleting the letter B. Now continue on in this manner.

£250 awarded to nearest correct entry. £300 awarded if any all-correct entries received

CONDITIONS: The cash prize of £250 will be paid to the competitor who sends in the nearest correct entry to the competition. The prize-money will be increased to £300, should any all-correct entries be received, and should two or more competitors send all-correct entries, the £300 will be equally divided amongst them. Only one winning entry will be recognised from any one address, and Post Office addresses are not acceptable. All words in the correct solution correspond to the given clue in Ogilvie's Imperial English Dictionary.

ENTRY FEE: TWO SHILLING POSTAL NOTE must be enclosed with your entry. Stamps 2/4 will be accepted, only if Postal Note unprocurable.

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NAME

ADDRESS

1. A Good Score in Cricket . . . TENCBURY

Century

2. A collection of maps . . . ASLTTA

3. A beast . . . EYTGRI

4. A teacher at a University . . FOREPASSOR

5. A story . . . TELGA

6. To stroll or saunter . . . NDAWDER

7. To frighten . . . SCUREA

8. A tree . . . ATKO

9. A painted picture . . . ROPSTRATI

10. To slumber or sleep lightly DVEOZ

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Blues in the morning

As the blonde's voice wavered uncertainly, groping for the note, Mitch shuddered, stopped playing, and swung round on his chair.

"Sorry," he said brusquely and twitched his black eyebrows. "Can't use you. Who's next?" He scanned the girls who sat holding their music. "Hurry, please."

A redhead uncrossed her perfect legs and flowed towards him. "It's a special arrangement," she said. "Can you manage it?"

Mitch stared ferociously into her green eyes, flipped open the manuscript, snorted briefly, and went straight into the introduction. The girl stood easily, picked him up right on the beat, and gave out in a cool, creamy voice. She caressed the last note lovingly, then smiled at him.

"Um," he said. "Been practising that for a month, eh?"

"No," she said, "not really. Would you like me to try something else?"

He picked up a sheet from the top of the piano. "Here—it's a number from the show. You can read, I suppose?"

"No need to be so dyspeptic, Mr. Mitchell!" The green eyes snapped at him and she thrust out her pert little chin. "Give your ulcer a chance!"

"Ulcer?" He turned red and his bushy eyebrows went up and down like a set of storm signals. Then he groaned and put his hand to his chest. "Oh," she said contritely, "I've upset you and you aren't well. Please forgive me."

"All right, all right," he snarled. "Let's get on with it! And, for your information, I've got indigestion, that's all." He launched stormily into the music.

She picked up the last note of the first time bar and went right through the song with him, finishing with her lush, full-throated power.

"Okay," he said, closing the piano. "That's all, girls. Thank you for coming." He turned to the girl at his elbow. "Report for rehearsals at three o'clock."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Mitchell!" Her eyes danced. "That's wonderful—and... Mr. Mitchell... I'm sorry I got mad at you."

"Forget it," he said. "The old Mitchell tummy is feeling the effects of the rush."

"Look," she said, reaching into her purse, "have you tried these?" She held out a blue and orange roll pack. "They're Quick-Eze. Made by the Walco people. Absolutely wonderful for indigestion! Here—pop these into your mouth and let them dissolve!" She slipped a couple of round, white tablets into his hand. "They'll fix you up in no time. That's the beauty of Quick-Eze—no messing about with powders and glasses of water: keep a packet in your pocket and take a couple wherever you are."

"Um," said Mitch, regarding her with a gleam in his eye, "nice peppermint flavour, too. Fix this indigestion and you'll get a special Mitchell Medal."

"Oh, they will," she cried earnestly. "Keep the packet. You can get Quick-Eze anywhere—milk bars, grocers, restaurants, kiosks—anywhere. And they only cost sevenpence!"

"No," said Mitch, "you keep 'em. If I want any more I'll ask."

"But—," she frowned. "I'm taking you to lunch, see," explained Mitch, a sudden grin cracking through the cragginess of his face.

"Why," she said, smiling. "Bless your gorgeous eyebrows! I was hoping you would!"

"Then," said Mitch, "let us away from this Thespian haunt and eat to our hearts' content."

"Now you know about Quick-Eze," she twinkled, "you can eat anything and not worry about indigestion or heartburn or dyspepsia or—"

"What did you say your name was, doctor?" asked Mitch, steering her to the door. "Tell the truth," he added, reaching for the lift bell, "it might be imagination, but I think my indigestion's gone already."

"Ah—I knew Quick-Eze would do it! It's so good for you!"

"And," said Mitch fervently, opening the lift door, "so are you!"



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EVERYTHING WALCO MAKES IS GOOD!

questions from sharp little
eaks.

"Where d'ya live?"

"Two hundred and three
Catford Street."

"That's the rest'raunt. No
one lives there."

"Mrs. Combie does," said
Lovejoy.

"Is Mrs. Combie your
mum?"

"No, she's not," said Love-
joy indignantly.

"Where is your mum?"

"She's away."

And then one of the child-
ren would cry. "Don't believe
you've got a mum."

"I have"—but Lovejoy said
it too fiercely, and they would
know and cry, "There's some-
thing fishy about her mum."

"What is this Mrs. Mason,
if I may ask?" said Cassie.

"She's a coloratura," said
Mrs. Combie in the elegant,
even voice which showed she
did not know in the least what
she meant. "A coloratura," said
Mrs. Combie firmly. "Her stage
name is Bertha Serita."

Cassie made a noise in her
nose; it was between a hiss and
a snort.

"Is there anything wrong in
being a singer?" asked Mrs.
Combie.

"If she is a singer," said
Cassie.

"She's in the Blue Moons,"
said Mrs. Combie. "They're
quite well known. You often
see their picture in the paper.
Look." And she went to the
dresser and took out a cutting
from a Bournemouth paper.

"Pierrots!" said Cassie, look-
ing. "Pierrots on the beach!"

"The Blue Moons are on the
pier too," said Mrs. Combie.
"or in the Winter Garden.
They're a concert party really,
high class. They wear mid-
night-blue dresses, real silk net
with silver ruffles. It looks
lovely with her chestnut hair,"
said Mrs. Combie.

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 45

"Her hair's dyed," said Cas-
sie.

"I know, but she's a beau-
tiful woman," said Mrs. Com-
bie, "though she is getting
plump."

"Fat," said Cassie.

"Plump," said Mrs. Combie,
"and she has a beautiful skin
and coloring."

"Out of a box," said Cassie
spitefully.

"Maybe, but it looks nice,"
said Mrs. Combie and she gave
a little sigh as she remembered
how her fingers had rasped on
the blue skirts when she had
gently touched them. "They
have hats like tiny satin flower-
pots with crescent moons,
Saucy!" said Mrs. Combie, and
a flush came on her sallow
cheeks.

"But why doesn't mother
take you?" Tip was to ask
Lovejoy. "She used to take
you, didn't she?"

"That was when I was
little," said Lovejoy. She told
that to Vincent too. "I used
to dance on the stage," she
said. When they found out, at
school, how Lovejoy danced,
they had wanted to give her
a part in the school panto-
mime, but like the children
from the Home, who could not
have parts either, there was no
one who had time to see to
her clothes. "I don't care,"
said Lovejoy, who cared bit-
terly. "I'm not like an orphan.
You don't care," she told the
other girls. "If you've danced
on the stage."

"I used to do a kitten dance,"
she told Tip and Vincent. "I
had a swansdown dress and
little swansdown gloves; and I
used to do a song with my
mother. In it she was dead,
but she came back at night to
see her child. I was the child,"
said Lovejoy. "I used to wear

a white nightgown and say my
prayers to her."

"Ugh!" said Vincent.

"It wasn't ugh," said Love-
joy. "People used to cry."

"But why did you stop?"
asked Tip. "Why didn't you go
on dancing?"

"My little teeth fell out,"
said Lovejoy.

To Tip, to all the children
in Catford Street, the coming
out of a first tooth was some-
thing to be proud of. "I got
sixpence," said Tip, "and three-
pence for each one after." For

I should like to spend
the whole of my life
travelling, if I could
anywhere borrow an-
other life to spend at
home.
—William Hazlitt.

most it was proud, but for
Lovejoy it had been a tragedy.

"Did you say she could leave
that child here?" Cassie asked
Mrs. Combie in her loud, ag-
gressive voice.

"She has to be left some-
where," said Mrs. Combie help-
lessly.

Lovejoy had come willy-nilly
to accept that. It could have
been much worse; Mrs. Combie
was kind. Vincent was very
kind, but for Mrs. Combie
there was really only Vincent
and for Vincent there was only
the restaurant. Lovejoy was a
little extra tacked on.

She had never heard of a
vortex but she knew there was
a big hole, a pit, into which a
child could be swept down, a
darkness that sucked her down

so that she ceased to be Love-
joy, or anyone at all, and was
a speck in thousands of specks
—"Millions," said Lovejoy,
and then there was something
called "no one."

She knew how easily that
could happen because once she
had been lost. I was only six
then, thought Lovejoy; she was
nearly eleven now, but she had
not forgotten it. She was lost
and she was a speck and there
was no one. It had been when
her mother was out of work
and they were moving restlessly
about. At the police station
they had asked Lovejoy ques-
tions.

"Where do you live?"

"We don't live anywhere."

"Where did you spend last
night?"

"In London," said Lovejoy
promptly.

"What place in London?"

"London," said Lovejoy.

"This is London," said the
woman police constable gently.

"No, this isn't London,"
said Lovejoy certainly. "Lon-
don was last night."

The constable tried again.

"You don't know where you
slept?"

"We don't stay," said Love-
joy gravely. "We can't, because
of the bill. They want us to
pay it so we go somewhere
else."

"Somewhere else?"

"Yes. That's where we were
going," said Lovejoy.

Nowadays she was left be-
hind; all she had of her mother,
most of the time, was a pack
of postcards she carried in the
pocket of her coat. When her
mother did come home—Cat-
ford Street had become home
now—Lovejoy was kept away
from school, though Mrs. Com-
bie had told Mrs. Mason about
the inspector. "What does she

care? She isn't here when he
comes," said Cassie.

Lovejoy was too useful to be
spared; she washed and ironed
her mother's clothes and
brushed her mother's hair; she
played the gramophone, ran
out for a paper of chips, fetched
in beer. Though Lovejoy's legs
were strong they ached by the
end of the day. "How do you
expect to get on?" her teacher,
Miss Cobb, would say when
Lovejoy appeared in school
again. Lovejoy, sadly, did not
expect to.

She took a long time, now,
to spell out the words on the
packet. Cornflower (Cyanus
minor)—she could not make
anything of that—double blue.
Double blue what? Hardy an-
nual, two and a half feet.
What's an annual? Very showy
for borders. In bloom from
June to September. Sow in
March or April—that's now,
thought Lovejoy—in any good
garden soil, raked fine. Cover
the seeds lightly. When the
seedlings come up, thin well.

When she had managed to
read through that, Lovejoy slit
the packet open; she was care-
ful not to break into the blue
painted flowers—cornflowers,
as she knew now. Inside was a
small, very small, white en-
velope. Blooming cheats,
thought Lovejoy, to put a little
one into such a big one. She
took out the small envelope and
felt it; it was filled with some-
thing that felt like grains, but
such tiny ones that, pinched
together, they felt soft, like a
tiny pillow, and yet they were
grainy.

She broke a corner of the
envelope and shook it out into
her hand; each seed looked like
an insect with a white-looking
body that had a white over-
skin, covering something dark,
and, at one end, a minute fuzz
of a head, golden color.

Lovejoy tried to crack one
with her teeth, but it was un-

expectedly hard. She looked at
it again. The seed is the dark
part, she thought. She leaned
against the pillar of the por-
tico; a patch of sun had made
it almost warm, and she felt
warm, too, and, now that she
was not out of breath from
running, comfortable and in-
terested. She looked at the
dark part of the seed again;
it was like knowing a person
was there under a disguise, she
thought. "Pooh, it isn't as big
as a pin," she said—she meant
the head of a pin. How could
it grow into a flower, a double
blue flower, two and a half
feet high? "I don't believe it,"
said Lovejoy.

She nearly threw the packet
away; but after a moment she
put the seeds back into the
envelope, put it in the packet,
and tucked that into the pocket
of her old plaid coat. Then,
because she, like all the child-
ren, found it easier to jump
and skip and hop than to walk,
she began to skip home.

If anyone observant had
been walking or driving down
Catford Street to the river,
he might have seen a little
restaurant; he would have had
to be observant because it did
not strike the eye; once seen,
it was remarkable.

At the river end of the Street
the houses were older than the
Victorian ones farther up with
their stucco and porticoes and
railed-off areas. The river-end
houses were built of small dark
bricks; most of them had ugly
shops built out to the pave-
ment, but the house with the
restaurant, flat-fronted and
pleasing, had been put back
as it was, and its door opened
on to a small forecourt paved
with cobbles. The restaurant
had two half-lantern windows
of rounded glass. "Twenty

To page 50

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SHOWPLACE IS CALLED "GARLAND OF FLOWERS"

● The showplace of New Plymouth, North Island, New Zealand, is "Tupare," Maori for "garland of flowers," the home of civil engineer and road contractor Russell Matthews.

THE house is two-storied, slate-roofed, and white-washed, with dark, heavy hardwood beams in the Tudor style.

It stands on a hillside overlooking the Waiwakaiko River valley, on a gravelled driveway lined with silver beeches and hydrangeas leading from the front gate.

Mr. Matthews' hobby is botany, and his special interest is the cultivation of rhododendrons. He has more than 150 varieties growing on the 8½ acres of "Tupare."

"We started building the house in 1933," Mr. Matthews said. "My wife and I always wanted to live near water, and we chose

this spot because of the river, and all the tree ferns growing on the hillside.

"We could see possibilities for landscaping on this hillside, even then, when it was just a jungle of blackberry bushes.

"I've always been keen on the Tudor period, but at the time we started building timber was a terrible price, and very hard to get.

"Then we had a stroke of luck. A wharf and breakwater were being built at Opunake, and there were great beams of Australian hardwoods—ironbark and jarrah—on the wharf.

"A terrible storm hit Opunake and washed out the breakwater," and the whole project was abandoned. The hardwood beams from



CENTRAL FEATURE of the master bedroom is the four-poster bed of carved oak, decorated with a floral valance. The bedroom window commands a view of most of the 8½-acre property and its 4000 trees. The placing of each tree has been carefully planned. Mrs. Matthews says her husband has replanted the trees at least four times.



GARDEN-ROOM, where the Matthews family dines during summer, leads through wrought-iron doors on to a verandah roofed by a pergola overgrown with wisteria. Russell Matthews designed the verandah with an additional roof of glass specially to protect the wisteria-vine from rain and hail during its flowering season.

This house took 12 years to complete

the wharf were sold for 10/- per 100 super feet. I bought them, and we started work.

"Two of my foremen, a carpenter, a day laborer, and I worked on the job, and it was hard work.

"We spread the work over 12 years, working in the off seasons, and as each room was completed we moved in.

"While we were clearing out the blackberries, my wife and I live in a corrugated iron shack where the tennis courts are now.

"I made a grand plan for the place before we started, but we've had to adapt it quite a bit. We originally planned to have a big attic for dancing, parties, and billiards.

"Then the children began to arrive, and we had to divide the attic up into more bedrooms, and sell the billiard table. There are seven bedrooms in the place now.

"We haven't kept strictly to the Tudor style. There are several periods in the house, and I think they blend quite gracefully. The furniture is of mahogany and fumed oak.

"My wife and I have collected bits and pieces for the house on our trips abroad. We've made three overseas trips since 1933, and have bought quite a few things—wrought-iron gates, studs for the front door, lanterns for the entrance in England, and in America we picked up wrought-iron hinges and old-fashioned door-latches.

"The house is just about complete now. It's comfortable and the sort of place we've always wanted, but there's still a great deal of work to do."



ELIZABETH GARDEN, named after the Matthews' eldest daughter, is surrounded by tall laesonianum hedges on two sides, with rhododendrons in flower against the hedge at back, and a narrow bed planted with small conifers interspersed with standard roses in foreground. The living-room and bedroom windows look down on a pond and stone bench.



ABOVE: Fireside ingle in the living-room is made from an old oak dresser bought for 5/- in Wales. Firewood is brought up from a wood-and-coke hole directly below the living-room, usually by Richard Matthews, 9.



LEFT: Front door of "Tupare" is heavy Tudor-grille type, made of oregon and decorated with iron studs. Azalea bushes grow in concrete troughs under the leaded narrow windows on sides of front door.

RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Matthews beside the lily pond in the Elizabeth Garden, a smooth stretch of lawn surrounded by conifers, Japanese maple, and laesonianum hedges at the rear of the house.



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Economy-size jar 8/11. (A whole season's protection from dry skin.) Standard jar 5/3. Handy tube 2/6.



Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

[from page 47]

pounds each, those cost," said Mrs. Combie.

"Twenty-three," said Vincent proudly.

Under the windows, standing on the pebbles, were two pyramid bay trees, their dark leaves fresh and clean. "He washes them," said Mrs. Combie.

"Washes them?" Cassie had never heard of trees being washed.

"With a spray," said Mrs. Combie. She was half bitter, half proud about those bay trees. "They get cut by the frost and that's the end of them," she said. "He spent seven pounds on those alone last year."

The little trees were astonishingly pretty; like the crimson sling Sparkey's mother wore, their color stood out in the Street; their shapes were well clipped, the bands on their oak tubs were freshly painted. Between the windows was a plate-glass door with a polished brass handle; it looked inviting, and at night an apricot light shone on to the pavement from inside. On the brown oak panel across the house front, in dim gold letters, was written "Vincent's." To anyone with accustomed eyes it looked a restaurant that might have been in Dover Street or St. James', perhaps in Soho, but very few people who came down Catford Street had eyes like that.

It had been a restaurant before, the Victoria Dining Rooms. Then it had belonged to Mrs. Combie's father and had had an ordinary ugly window like the other shops—"Only we didn't know it was ugly," said Mrs. Combie yearningly. Then it had the ordinary electric lights, as in the other shops, glaring down, and long tables with green-and-white oilcloth slips, and a slate in the window on which was chalked:

Eggs and chips . . . 10d.
Sausage, bacon, tomato, and chips . . . 1/9
Bacon, egg, and chips . . . 1/6
Steak pie, 2 veg. . . . 2/6
Cold meat and bubble 1/2
Good hot home-made dinners always ready from 12 o'clock.

Pull-up for car-men.

Mrs. Combie had cooked the good hot home-made dinners; she had thought she was a good cook until she met Vincent, who said she did not know how to cook at all. "English cooking is uneatable," said Vincent. Mrs. Combie knew that was not true, plenty of people had eaten hers, but there was certainly something magical in Vincent's.

"He takes a duck," she told Cassie, "and puts it in an earthenware cocotte—"

"What's an earthenware cocotte?"

"A deep oval pan," said Mrs. Combie, "made of earthenware. He puts the duck in whole, with butter—"

"Butter. For cooking?" said Cassie. "You mean lard." But Mrs. Combie was sure it was butter.

"He only half cooks the duck, it must be still red; in another pan he fries some button mushrooms—"

"With more butter, I suppose?" said Cassie sarcastically.

"More butter," said Mrs. Combie and sighed as she thought of the price. "Mushrooms and little onions and bacon cut into bits," she went on, "and herbs and seasoning; he lets them get nice and brown, then separately he makes a good brown sauce and puts in a glass of sherry."

"Sherry! Wine! What a wicked waste," said Cassie, impressed in spite of herself. "Then he cuts up the duck, on a dish so as not to lose any blood—"

"Ugh!" said Cassie with a ladylike shudder.

"—and puts it back in the cocotte with the mushrooms and onions and bacon and pours the sauce over it and shuts it up tightly and puts it in the oven."

"That's a nice expensive way of cooking," said Cassie. "Who does he think's going to pay to eat that?"

"People do," said Mrs. Combie.

"Not in Catford Street," said Cassie.

That was what nagged Mrs. Combie and would not go out of her mind. "I should have let him have his way and open somewhere else," she said. "Somewhere up West. But how could I?" she asked. "Even if we sold up here we shouldn't have had enough."

"You haven't enough here," said Cassie.

"We're on the river. The best people like the river," Vincent argued, but the river here was not the same river at Chelsea or farther up at Westminster, a polite stretch of river; here only a huddle of wharves and warehouses and sheds showed where it was, but Vincent would not give up hope. He used to come out every evening and stand at the edge of the cobbles, looking up and down the Street. "We must remember it's out of the way," said Vincent.

"Is it?" asked Mrs. Combie. As she had lived in Catford Street all her life—"Though we came from Cornwall once upon a time," said Mrs. Combie—it seemed to her right in the way.

The restaurant did not prosper; a few people drifted in from the block of flats along the river, and one or two came who looked, Mrs. Combie thought, as if they lived in the Square, but no one who, as Vincent said, really paid for a meal. "I told you, I should have started up West," said Vincent restlessly.

There was one regular client—Vincent liked to call them clients rather than customers—who came every Wednesday night and for lunch on Sundays. Mrs. Combie guessed that was when his housekeeper had her days off.

He was a thick, small man and his manners were strangely gross; he made loud noises when he ate, and spattered the tablecloth; his clothes were not spattered only because he tucked his napkin into his collar. "Why does he come?" asked Vincent irritably.

"I think he likes your cooking," said Mrs. Combie.

"Probably never has a decent meal in his own house," said Vincent.

"I think he lives in those flats along the river."

"All sorts of people live in them," said Vincent loftily.

His name, they discovered, was Mr. Manley. One night he asked if he could pay for his dinner by cheque. "He hasn't put an initial," said Mrs. Combie, looking lovingly at it. It was good to think of one pound, seven shillings, and ninepence going into the account.

"Thinks he's the only Manley in London," said Vincent. "Probably the bank will send

To page 54

GLAMOR IN NEW THRILLER

★ Glamor film stars Arlene Dahl and Rhonda Fleming ring the changes by tackling roles that are different in "Slightly Scarlet," R.K.O.'s widescreen technicolor thriller in which the beautiful ladylike Arlene plays a tough character and Rhonda shares colorful film romance with co-star John Payne.



TWO of Hollywood's prettiest redheads, Arlene Dahl (left) and Rhonda Fleming, play sisters in "Slightly Scarlet." They both become interested in John Payne, a special investigator in the story.



ROMANTIC TEAM John Payne and Rhonda Fleming. Payne, a popular action star, has the role of a smooth, fast-talking character who operates on the fringes of gangland in the new thriller film.

ARLENE DAHL cuts a trim figure wearing a leopard-skin one-piece bathing-suit in a film sequence. The lovely actress welcomed the chance to play an incorrigible girl at last, and hopes that Hollywood will offer her more interesting screen roles in future.



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after
night!

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MARILYN MONROE, back in Hollywood to make a new picture entitled "Bus Stop," poses in front of the house she has rented on Beverly Glen Boulevard in West Los Angeles for the duration of her visit.

Talking of Films

★★ *The Deep Blue Sea*
THIS screen version of the hit stage play "The Deep Blue Sea," a London Films production released by 20th Century-Fox, is a dispiriting affair.

Although it has been adapted for the screen by Terence Rattigan from his own play and given a broadened background of color CinemaScope, its theme of tangled human emotions lacks the power on screen to absorb and disturb.

Stark drama is the essence of the story of a neurotic woman, the former wife of a distinguished English judge, who is driven to attempt suicide when her runaway affair with a weak, extrovert test-pilot ends in failure.

Star Vivien Leigh, drifting through the picture, brings much less insight to the role of infatuated Hester Collyer than did Googie Withers in the same part on the stage during her recent Australian season.

Indeed, Miss Leigh rouses no audience sympathy at all. But versatile Kenneth More, repeating his meaty stage role, provides a vivid study of a weak, likeable heel.

As the third member of the triangle, noted English actor Emyln Williams is a quiet and thoughtful judge.

Two characters who shine against the background of a drab London boarding-house are Eric Portman's discredited

doctor and the flash floozy of Moira Lister.

★ *The Last Frontier*
NOT one actor stands out from the crowd in "The Last Frontier" (Columbia), a colorful widescreen Western with a cavalry - versus - Indian theme.

Victor Mature, Guy Madison, Robert Preston, James Whitmore, and blonded Anne Bancroft are the stars implicated in hewing a path for civilisation out of a remote frontier.

They impart no feeling of progress to the proceedings, but the rugged CinemaScope scenery is always rewarding.

The story tells how three primitive frontiersmen — Mature, Whitmore, and their Indian blood-brother (played by Pat Hogan)—become scouts at a fort which appears to be under the joint command of Robert Preston's psychopath colonel and the clean-cut lieutenant of Guy Madison.

Right away Mature, who gives a boisterous, hammy performance in a part he is too old for, anyway, wants to make the colonel's neglected lady (Anne Bancroft) his woman.

Restoring discipline within the fort and at the same time preparing for the colonel's final scrap with the redskins keeps everyone on the go for the rest of the time.

Overseas movie gossip

From LEE CARROLL, in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD has already started handing out Grace Kelly's assigned picture roles to other actresses. The first beneficiary is Eva Marie Saint, who gets the top role in the film version of the hit Broadway play "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."

ITALIAN star Gina Lollobrigida may be on her way to Hollywood. There's a report that La Lollo has been offered the role originally intended for Rita Hayworth in "Joseph and His Brethren,"

but so far nobody can confirm the rumor. At the moment Gina is busy filming in Paris. The film, "Notre Dame De Paris," is another remake of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 23, 1956



1 STARTLED when Monica (Mona Washbourne), his elderly wife, mentions signing a new will, Edward Bare (Dirk Bogarde) fears that she means to disinherit him, but actually he is her heir. That night he does away with her.



2 SUSPICIOUS of Edward's plan to go abroad, solicitor Phillip Mortimer (Robert Fleming), centre, tells him he owns the house but all the money goes to his wife's sister under an early will. Edward realises the mistake he has made.



3 IN BRIGHTON, Edward, his affairs in a desperate state, courts Freda Jeffries (Margaret Lockwood), telling her he is a man of means. At first Freda, a wealthy widow with a keen eye for fortune-hunters, is wary. But she is attracted to him and impressed in spite of herself when Edward drives her back to see his mansion home.

DRAMATIC THRILLER

★ British stars Dirk Bogarde and Margaret Lockwood team for the first time in "Cast A Dark Shadow" (Eros Films), a thriller in which Bogarde has the role of an impecunious young man whose insane desire for wealth causes him to marry an elderly woman for her money. Margaret Lockwood is the pretty widow whom Bogarde marries after disposing of his first wife when he mistakenly imagines that she is cutting him out of her will.

For a while he gets away with it, but his past then starts to catch up on him.

Making her film debut in "Cast A Dark Shadow" is Lita Roza, the British singing star. Her screen number is entitled "Leave Me Alone."



4 MARRIAGE of Freda and Edward takes place after he has gone to some trouble to soothe doubts, raised by his efforts to borrow money from her. Edward is later attracted to newcomer Charlotte Young, who flatters his vanity by flirting with him.



5 ALONE in the house while Freda is away, Edward asks Charlotte (Kay Walsh) to call. Then he tells her he knows that she is Monica's sister and boasts of his crime. As part of his plan, he tries to get her to die by her own hand.



6 RETURN of Freda unexpectedly saves Charlotte. But Freda refuses to believe her story and orders her to leave. Then Edward cheerfully admits to tampering with the brakes on Charlotte's car, which is bound to crash.



7 UNAWARE that Charlotte has met and brought Phillip back to the house, Edward, knowing that she cannot testify against him, tells Freda of his crime. Then, realising that he is trapped, Edward suddenly dashes out of the house into a car. It is the faulty one.

★ Lovely Australian Star in Hollywood

tells how to keep hair young and shining clean



Victoria Shaw—formerly Jeanette Elphick, co-stars with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story". Victoria is learning Hollywood beauty secrets but still follows the golden rule of hair care—never wash hair with soap—shampoo each week with 'Vaseline' Brand Liquid Shampoo.

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The charming Angel Face "Junior" Case — perfect to tuck in your pocket or purse. Only 5/3.



Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

[from page 50]

it back." But the bank passed it through without comment. Vincent was fastidious and he did not like serving Mr. Manley, but he should have known better; Mr. Manley certainly knew what food should be and he spent more money than anyone else on the ungrateful Vincent.

He always had a plain dinner, one dish, a chateaubriand or escalope de veau or tete de veau vinaigrette, a salad, properly dressed—"I always thought dressing was salad cream," said Mrs. Combie—cheese, Stilton or Camembert, and a bottle of wine.

He never praised Vincent, merely nodded if things were right. Vincent resented that. "Real people, of course, don't flatter," he told Lovejoy, but Mr. Manley hardly came into that category. For Vincent there were two races of humans, people and real people, "People who are Somebodies," he told Lovejoy reverently.

What Mrs. Combie found most difficult of all to understand was that he wanted the restaurant to be expensive. She had always thought cheapness an asset, but that, it seemed, was wrong, and it was wrong, puzzlingly wrong, to try to save money. "This kitchen's full of washing," Vincent often complained.

"I do it between three o'clock and six, George, when the kitchen's empty; the stove is hot and the things dry." If the washing were not hanging up it was being ironed. They had kept her father's big old-fashioned range, and, "I can heat the irons on the stove when it's hot, for nothing, George," said Mrs. Combie, but Vincent did not feel the charm of that. "It's squalid," he said, offended.

There was certainly a great deal of washing, but that, again, was Vincent, not Mrs. Combie; if the cloths and serviettes—he called them napkins—had a speck on them he would put them in the bag, and his shirts with their stiff fronts and collars were changed every day. "Send them to the laundry," he said in his lordly way.

"We can't afford the laundry, George."

"We must. Our linen must be white and glossy, starched, perfectly white and glossy. You can't get them like that."

"I will," said Mrs. Combie, but sometimes she failed. After a time, on Catford Street, the best washing turned grey, and then Vincent was almost mor-

tally hurt. "I can't wear them like that," he would say, his nostrils pinched. "What is the use of trying to have things nice?"

"I'll try again, George," said Mrs. Combie.

There were many women like Mrs. Combie in Catford Street; from most of the houses an incense went up, an incense of faith and courage, and part of the courage was in the day-long battle for cleanliness. It was fought for the houses, but also against the houses; some of them, like the restaurant house, had stood a hundred years in soot and fog and dirt; they were ingrained with grime. Every morning Mrs. Combie washed her doorstep, scrubbed and whitened it, and immediately the feet coming in and out made it black again.

Once a week she scrubbed down the three flights of stairs and turned out each room; she washed the curtains and cleaned the windows, and the smuts from the power station came in and blackened them all again, or, in the winter the fog came down, particularly here by the river, thick, grey-yellow fog, polluting everything. All up and down the Street the battle was fought and, usually, won. Out of those dark houses came babies with white clothes, starched white pillows, and pale pink and blue covers on their perambulators; the children playing in the Street were dirty, it was true, but if they were going out, to the shops or to school, they were clean from head to foot; the young men had glossy hair and boots, clean shirts, brushed suits; the girls came out in crisp cottons, white blouses, fresh collars and cuffs.

Angela often talked to her committees about the amazing dirt in the Street; she did not know how amazingly clean it was. "The women look so old," said Olivia. That was natural; the cotton frocks, the perambulator covers, even the boys' glossy boots, did not have the wear and the tear the women had. Mrs. Combie was sallow because she went out of the house only to do some quick shopping; her back between her shoulders looked small and frail and stooped, and her hands were big and knotted. "Oh, well," she said, "I never was pretty. Cassie was the pretty one," she said.

"You're much, much prettier than Cassie," said Lovejoy

vehemently, but added, "Cassie isn't pretty at all."

While Mrs. Combie wore slippers and a flowered overall, Vincent was always correctly dressed; he had dark trousers, a striped cotton jacket when he cleaned the restaurant or laid the tables, a white jacket for cooking, and for waiting a tail coat, white dress shirt, black butterfly bow tie, and a watch-chain that looked expensive, though Lovejoy knew it ended in a safety-pin. He changed at lightning speed; everything he did was quick and neat. He worked frantically and sometimes he looked so thin, so tired, his skin so transparent—like Sparkey's, who, they said, would not live to grow up—that Mrs. Combie's heart turned over.

He was a fine pale little man with a little moustache that looked like down, like two brown moths, thought Lovejoy, on his upper lip. He had grey eyes that could blaze with excitement; their pupils could grow small and dark if he were angry, which was often, and wide and bright if he were upset, which was more often; they were, if Mrs. Combie had only known it, a fanatic's eyes.

"You are really Mr. Combie?" Lovejoy asked him.

"No, I'm really Vincent," he said.

Lovejoy liked to be with Vincent. She used to watch him write the menus with a fine pen and mauve ink; he made such flourishes that hardly anyone could read what he had written. That disturbed Mrs. Combie.

"Shouldn't we put a card in the window to say what there is to eat and what it costs?" she asked.

"God forbid!" said Vincent.

Vincent liked to write an Italian menu. "Risotto di Frutti di Mare," wrote Vincent. "Costa di Manza al Vino Rosso."

"Well, really!" said Cassie the first time she saw one of these menus. "Really?"

"It isn't real," Mrs. Combie said hastily. "He only writes it."

"That's silly," said Cassie, but it was not silly. It was like a pianist exercising his fingers on a silent keyboard; it kept them in practice, and, with Lovejoy as an audience, it was as if the keyboard gave back a small sound.

"What is Costa di Manza . . . ?" she would ask.

"Rib of beef marinated in

To page 55

NOVEL EMBROIDERY MOTIFS



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red wine." And Vincent would explain it to her.

"What is Zabaione?"

"A sweet made of eggs and sugar and Marsala."

"Have you got Marsala?" asked Lovejoy, who was versed in the ways of the house.

"Of course," said Vincent. "Anything that keeps we have got."

"What will you do if they ask for the beef?" asked Lovejoy, troubled.

"I shall say, as I put the menu down, I'm sorry, the beef is all gone but the cutlets are very, very good." Cutlets are quick, you see," said Vincent, "and if I say something is all gone, they will think we are popular."

The cutlets would be very, very good. Everything he served was good, even the ordinary dishes, the omelets and steaks he cooked for the few customers he had; he dealt at the better-class shops in Mortimer Street off the High—Nichol the butcher's, Fenwick and Lay the poultryer's, and Driscoll the greengrocer's, the best and most expensive in the district.

"But there's good stuff on the barrows," said Mrs. Combie.

"Stuff's the right word for it," said Vincent.

He did not buy much, but every day he bought afresh, not only vegetables but meat or fish or poultry, and eggs and cream. "One day maybe we'll have our own farm," he told Mrs. Combie.

"Our own farm?" asked Mrs. Combie faintly. When she was frightened her voice seemed to reel away, and her breast palpitated.

"Why not?" said Vincent. "You don't know, Ettie," he would say, putting his arm round her shoulders, "you don't know the money there is in this; and not only money," he said, his voice solemn. "A really good restaurant keeper can be famous all over the world. One day you may be proud, Ettie, of being married to Vincent."

"I am, George, I am," said Mrs. Combie. She would not have had him think otherwise, but meanwhile—and she sighed. There was so much she did not understand, so much that seemed necessary. "I saw some lovely looking salami in the stores in the High for one-and-two," she told Vincent. "English salami." But Vincent shuddered.

"He only married you to get the restaurant," Cassie told Mrs. Combie. "And because you're soft."

"Yes, I married her because she's soft," said Vincent, and his eyes looked like an angry little dog's. "She has a soft voice, which you haven't. She feels soft." And he put his arm round Mrs. Combie and squeezed her; over Mrs. Combie's sallow, thin cheeks came her deep, pleased flush.

Lovejoy liked the restaurant, its quiet and its good looks; good looks were the right words; the small mahogany cash desk, for instance, looked good, it was solid and its color deep; the white damask cloths on the tables were so starched and white that they shone; they were laid with clean silver and glass, the napkins cocked; Vincent rolled them round his hand and tucked the ends in expertly in a second. There were specimen vases holding one or two flowers, roses, carnations, or camellias—Vincent picked them out himself.

The light was rich and dim; there was electricity in the restaurant, though there was gas in the rest of the house. A brass shaded light stood on the desk, but in the centre of the ceiling was a chandelier of apricot-colored stone. "Alabaster," said Vincent

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 54

reverently. He had bought it at a country-house sale.

Lovejoy often looked at it; gilt babies, flying out from the alabaster centre bowl, held the lights, though the bowl itself glowed. The babies were naked and had wings; Lovejoy admired their round little limbs, complete even to gilt dimples and folds.

"They're cherubs, supernatural babies," Vincent told her.

"Supernatural?"

"Things above, around, other than natural things," said Vincent; and, seeing that Lovejoy looked bewildered, he said, "Things we don't see."

"You mean not real?" asked the practical Lovejoy.

"Perhaps more real than real," said Vincent. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," he quoted solemnly.

Mrs. Combie did not like it when Vincent called her Horatio or Brutus or any name but hers, Ettie; it made her feel as if she were not there. Lovejoy, as one accustomed to the antics of grown-ups, accepted it, but now one word struck her. She felt in her pocket for the edge of the packet of seeds she had nearly thrown away.

"Mr. Vincent," she said, "what is good garden earth?"

When everything in the room was clean, a fresh starched tablecloth was put on the table, a clean white honeycomb counterpane on the bed—Mrs. Combie did not know how fashionable those had become—and a white crocheted runner on the dressing-table, and it was ready.

"Now don't you dirty anything," said Mrs. Combie. She said it as a matter of routine because Lovejoy was a child, but she knew Lovejoy would not dirty anything; far from it; the room would be dusted every day, the brass rubbed up, and Lovejoy would hardly dare to sleep in the bed for fear of rumpling it.

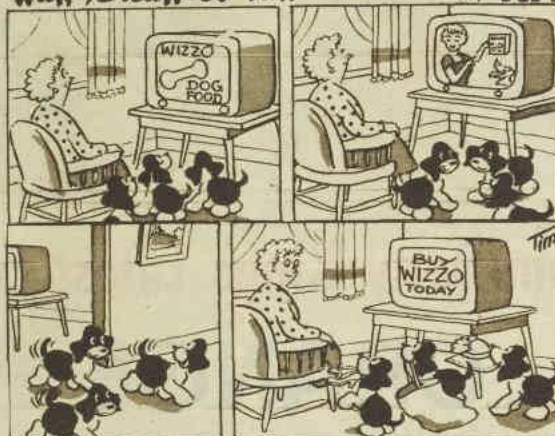
Even in Catford Street there were signs of spring; spring sun shone on the pavements, windows opened, and front doors were sometimes left wide; there was a strong smell of spring greens cooking, of soap and dampness from spring cleanings, of new paint. People bought bunches of primroses; they were only threepence a bunch on the barrows in the High, but the pale yellow of the flowers soon got sooty.

The smoke from the chimney-pots eddied this way and that as the breeze changed.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Strangely enough, Vincent could not answer this simple question.

No one knew when Mrs. Mason would appear in Catford Street; a postcard or a telegram would come, and next day she would arrive; once she had come without telling anyone. It might be at any time, but in March or early April she always came. "She comes to see me," said Lovejoy, "before she goes where we're booked for Easter." Lovejoy still said "we." "It might be any day now," said Lovejoy.

Mrs. Combie spring-cleaned the house, and Lovejoy helped her; last of all they turned out the Masons' room, the first floor back. The walls were swept down, the linoleum scrubbed, the brown rugs washed, the fireplace black-leaded round the gas fire, the heavy curtains beaten and shaken, the armchair beaten, too. On the armchair was a stain from some scent Mrs. Mason had spilled; the smell of it still lingered and when Lovejoy was more than usually lonely she pressed her nose against it and sniffed; as she sniffed she conjured up her mother. The brass rails of the big bed were polished; soon I won't be sleeping in it alone, thought Lovejoy, and she thought of the big mound her mother would make in it, a lazy mound but warm and soft to be against.

Children, playing, left their coats open and they seemed to have a new energy; they played hopping games in squares and oblongs chalked on the pavement; they skipped—skipping ropes were suddenly fashionable this year—and some of the boys had scooters, painted scarlet. Cats lay out on the sills, and Mrs. Cleary's and Miss Arnot's cats had two litters of kittens. The birds were working, sparrows and starlings flying with wisps of straw and fluff and feathers to make into nests that no one ever saw.

From the broken masonry of the Catholic Church came a continuous soft deep coo, a pigeon brooding, and Father Lambert heard it as he went into his makeshift church below the aeroplane, which had not moved an inch. Young girls who had kept with other girls as if they were glued all winter suddenly broke away and went with boys. Older girls announced their engagements; both Mr. Wix and Father Lambert had banns to announce.

Lovejoy's wardrobe was spring-cleaned, too, at least as far as she was able; she let down the hem of her old coat, though it took her a long time; the hem looked a different color from the other part, but at least it was respectable; she cleaned the sand-shoes with whitening, though she could guess what her mother would say when she saw them. "Never mind; she'll

buy me some shoes," she said.

She asked Mrs. Combie to wash her hair with her last remaining bit of green soap and brushed it for an extra five minutes every day, and every day she did her nails. "Anyone would think the queen was coming," mocked Cassie. Then one afternoon Lovejoy came in from school and found a letter on the mat.

Before she picked it up and turned it over she knew it was to say her mother was not coming. "She never writes, not a letter," said Lovejoy, looking at the writing on the envelope. Slowly she carried it to Mrs. Combie.

"Well, it's nice to change your plans and let other people know," said Cassie when Mrs. Combie had read the letter out. "I suppose you'll go on looking after that child?"

"She says they don't finish till the tenth and then go to Clifton for Easter," said Mrs. Combie, troubled. She appealed across the tea-table to Vincent. "She says the time's too short for the fare. Well, Scarborough is a long way," said Mrs. Combie.

"If I had a little girl," said Vincent, "I'd come from John o' Groat's to see her."

Lovejoy had retreated to the shadow of the stairs. Vincent had seen her standing out there in the side passage and had meant to show he sympathised, but when Lovejoy heard what he said she leaned her head against the banister knob and shut her eyes; she shut them tightly, but two small fierce tears came spurring out. Vincent saw the tears and turned his head away.

In the four years since the Masons had come to Catford Street, Vincent had come to like and respect Lovejoy. Can one respect a child? Yes, one can, thought Vincent. Respect and like. "She's as hard as nails," Cassie said of Lovejoy; Vincent knew she was not.

At first all that he had known of her was that Ettie's new and abundant-looking lodger had a little girl of whom he caught glimpses when she passed the restaurant on an errand or on her way to school and back; a child in a plaid coat—"Yes, I had it even then," said Lovejoy—so often he hardly noticed her; after a while he noticed the quietness. "Ettie, should a child be as silent and still as that?"

Mrs. Combie had not thought about it. "She's no trouble," she said uncertainly.

Vincent thought vaguely that a child ought to be a trouble. "There's something wrong," he said. Then one afternoon he had come out of the restaurant and found Lovejoy sitting on the stairs.

It was three o'clock and the restaurant was closed; in any case there had been no one in for lunch and the kitchen was empty and tidy; this was the time Mrs. Combie did the washing or changed her slippers for shoes, took her purse and a black oilskin bag, and slipped out to the house shops while Vincent made up his accounts at the desk in the restaurant, wrote the evening menus, and perhaps dozed off in the quiet. It was uncommon for him to stir, but that day he had left an account book in his room and came out to fetch it. He had opened the glass door from the restaurant quietly and came lightly up the first flight of the stairs and along the landing to the second flight; there he almost stepped on Lovejoy.

It was always twilight in that dark house, and Vincent had not seen much of her; there was only a glimmer of paleness from her hands and face, but he made out that she was sitting with her elbows on her knees, her chin on her

hands; the way she sat was patient, patient and brooding. She looked small against the height of the stairs, and Vincent was moved in a way he was not usually moved with children. "Hello," he said.

She lifted her head and said, "Hello."

"What are you doing here?"

"Waiting."

"Is your mother out?"

"No, she's in." And she went back to her waiting in a way that prohibited further talk. Vincent went on upstairs.

He saw her there once again—on guard? thought Vincent. He knew there was a man there in the room and he knew that Lovejoy knew he had guessed it. "Who are these gentlemen who come and take your mother out?" he heard Cassie ask her.

"Gentlemen," said Lovejoy and walked away.

"I believe they go into her room," said Cassie.

"That they don't do," Mrs. Combie flared up.

"You don't know," said Cassie, "and Ettie, I think you don't want to know."

Vincent opened his mouth to say, "It's only twice," then shut it. Was it only twice? thought Vincent. Still, even if they were in the room I don't know they did anything wrong, he argued, and kept quiet, but he did not like it for the little girl. There were other things he did not like. Her mother sent her to the Crown; Vincent knew nothing about children, but he thought a child, especially a little girl, should not be sent into a pub.

He watched Lovejoy more than he knew; when her mother went out, which was almost every night, Lovejoy waited up; she turned down the bed and put a glass of orange juice beside it, and waited. Sometimes Vincent was moved to take her a glass of hot milk. "You go to bed," he said. "She'll come." Sometimes, if he were there, Lovejoy did go to bed, but Vincent knew that when Mrs. Mason came in she would make a noise, and laugh and flash on the light, while he had seen Lovejoy steal out of the room in the mornings with her shoes in her hand so that she would not wake her mother. "She's not the one who is hard," said Vincent.

Now when Vincent had gone into the restaurant Lovejoy came and stood by Mrs. Combie. "I should only be half fare," she said. "Couldn't I go to Scarborough and see her?"

"Dearie, she's staying with a friend," said Mrs. Combie. "Friend in trousers," said Cassie.

Lovejoy had turned away to the sink, where they had been peeling potatoes for the dinners. She picked up the potato knife and threw it at Cassie.

"I couldn't blame the child," Mrs. Combie told Vincent. "Cassie shouldn't have said that," but, at the time, she did blame Lovejoy sharply and sent her to bed.

Lovejoy lay in the double bed, trying not to look at the room, its immaculateness, its starched covers, the vase she had put ready for the left-over flowers from the restaurant tables; Vincent had promised them to her. She had had no tea and she was cold and presently she crept out of bed and fetched her coat and huddled it round her.

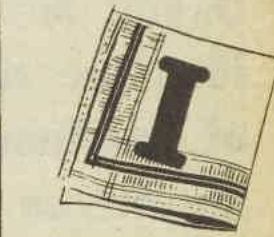
As she lay, she let her fingers go over its warm wool roughness; it was familiar, friendly, her own, and mysteriously it made her heart a little less sore. Then her fingers met something stiff in the pocket; it was the packet of cornflowers.

To be continued

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INGREDIENTS:

8 oz. (1 cup) sugar, 3 eggs, 8 oz. (2 cups) self-raising flour, Grated rind 1 large orange, 1 level teaspoon salt, 4 oz. Copha shortening, 5 tablespoons milk.

METHOD:

Place sugar, eggs, orange rind and half sifted flour and salt in basin. Melt Copha over gentle heat. It should be warm, not hot. Add milk to Copha. Pour liquids on to ingredients in basin and beat four minutes. Add remaining flour and beat one minute longer. Pour into

two greased and floured sandwich tins (7"). Bake in moderate oven 30-35 minutes. Fill and ice when cold with Creamy Orange Icing.

TO MAKE ICING:

Place in basin 8 oz. sifted icing sugar, 2 tablespoons orange juice and 1 level teaspoon grated orange rind. Melt 1 oz. Copha over gentle heat. It should be warm, not hot. Pour on to ingredients in basin. Mix to a thick, creamy consistency before spreading on cake.



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Debbie makes an apple charlotte

DEBBIE, our teenage chef, this week makes a delicious apple charlotte in a pressure-cooker.

The sweet is cooked in a dry pressure-cooker, without pressure, and with the rubber gasket removed.

Used in this way, the cooker is converted into a miniature oven.

A cooker with a rubber safety valve is best, because the dry heat tends to melt the fusible metal valve of some cookers.

The charlotte may be iced when cold and cut into wedges as illustrated at right, or it may be served as a hot-dinner sweet.

Here is the recipe. Note that all spoon measurements are level.

APPLE CHARLOTTE

Two cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 2½ table-spoons sugar, ¼ cup milk, 2 cups cold cooked apple pulp (sweetened), squeeze lemon juice, cinnamon, extra sugar, lemon-flavored icing, chopped walnuts.

Remove rubber gasket from cooker. Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Knead lightly on floured board, divide into two portions, one larger than the other. Roll both to ¼ in. thickness, and use the larger piece to line a 7 in. sandwich-tin. Fill tin with apple pulp flavored with lemon juice. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Place smaller piece of pastry on top, press edges together, trim off excess pastry, and pinch edges to form a frill. Heat cooker on top of stove without water, but with lid on, for 10 minutes. Place charlotte on rack in dry, hot cooker. Replace lid, gasket removed, and cook, without pressure, 15 minutes. Remove from cooker, turn carefully on to cake-cooler, then turn so that top is uppermost. When cold, top with lemon icing and chopped walnuts.



RUB shortening into sifted flour, add sugar. Mix to a dough with milk. Knead, cut in two pieces, one larger than the other, roll each to ¼ in. thickness. Use larger portion to line a 7 in. sandwich-tin.



FILL the lined tin with cooked and cooled apple pulp, sprinkle with cinnamon mixed with the extra sugar. Apple pulp should be prepared well ahead, so that it is quite cold before it is used in the sweet.



MOISTEN the edge of the dough lining the tin, then carefully place the second portion of dough on top. Press edges together, trim neatly, and pinch a frill around edge. Prick top 3 or 4 times with a fork.



PREHEAT cooker without water and without rubber gasket, but with rack inside and lid on. Allow 10 minutes over medium heat. Place prepared charlotte carefully on rack and replace lid.

WHEN charlotte is cooked and cold, ice top with lemon-flavored icing and sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Allow icing to set thoroughly before cutting into wedges for serving.





UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

the satisfying breakfast

and you serve 3 plates for 4d.

another new RECIPE

SPICED FRUIT PIE WITH UNCLE TOBY'S OATS PASTRY

PASTRY: 4 ozs. butter or margarine, 3 tablesp. boiling water, 1 oz. sugar, pinch salt, 2½ cups Uncle Toby's Oats, 3 ozs. S.R. flour.

METHOD: Pour boiling water over chopped shortening. Mix with 34-1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablesp. grated lemon rind, finely. Mix with 34-1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablesp. grated lemon rind, cinnamon, ½ tablesp. nutmeg. Pack tightly into tart case, pile high, allowing for shrinkage. Dot with butter. Cover with 2 level tablesp. plain flour. Glaze, sprinkle with sugar. Cut steam slits. Bake in hot oven 10 mins., reduce to moderate for further 40 mins. Serve hot or cold.

FILLING: 1½ lbs. rhubarb and apple (or other fruits) cut into 1 inch cubes. 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablesp. grated lemon rind, 1 tablesp. nutmeg. Pack tightly into tart case, pile high, allowing for shrinkage. Dot with butter. Cover with 2 level tablesp. plain flour. Glaze, sprinkle with sugar. Cut steam slits. Bake in hot oven 10 mins., reduce to moderate for further 40 mins. Serve hot or cold.

"care for mustard?"



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IRISH RECIPE WINS £5

● A reader from County Antrim, Northern Ireland, sent us the recipe which wins this week's main prize of £5.

THE recipe—for braised pork chops—was prepared and tested in our kitchen and was voted a worthy prizewinner.

Spoon measurements are level in all recipes on this page.

BRAISED PORK CHOPS

Four lean pork chops, 2 sliced oranges, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, ¼ cup raisins, 1-8th teaspoon allspice, 1½ cups hot water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ cup orange juice.

Wipe chops, coat with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown in a thick frying-pan. Place orange slices on top. Mix sugar, cornflour, and spice. Gradually stir in the hot water. Put into a saucepan and stir over low heat until thick. Add lemon and orange juice and raisins. Pour over the chops, cover, and cook over low heat for 1 hour. Serve chops on hot dish and pour sauce over.

First prize of £5 to Miss N. Richmond, Bally Taggart, Bally Money, County Antrim, N. Ireland.



BRAISED PORK CHOPS, rich and easily prepared, make a delicious main dinner dish. The recipe wins the main prize in this week's contest.

STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE

Three-quarter cup sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg; mix well. Lastly fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spread half the mixture over base of greased 9in.-square

tin, sprinkle with half of streusel mixture. Cover with remaining cake mixture, sprinkle with balance of streusel. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 35 minutes. Allow to stand a few minutes before removing carefully from tin.

Streusel Mixture: Combine ½ cup brown sugar, 3 or 4 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 tablespoons melted butter, and ¼ cup chopped nuts.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Smith, Box 93, Bunbury P.O., W.A.

Tony's luxury dish

Saute Casablanca

"CHICKEN is always popular and can be served in many ways," says famous Sydney chef Tony Clerici. "This method is particularly good."

For four persons you will need: One large roasting chicken 2½lb., 2 medium-size potatoes, 1 shallot, 1 cup chicken broth or stock, 6 slices fresh pineapple, 4 bananas, 4 tablespoons Madeira wine, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons salt.

Clean and cut the chicken into quarters. Put three tablespoons of butter into a casserole, add chicken, and bake in a moderate oven, basting frequently, for approximately 25 minutes. Peel and seed the two tomatoes and chop the shallot very finely. Melt remaining butter in a small saucepan and add the shallot and the tomatoes. Allow to cook down over very low heat. Add the chicken stock, a little at a time, and let it reduce and blend with the tomatoes. Cut the pineapple into small cubes. Melt two extra tablespoons of butter in a saucepan and fry the pineapple cubes until delicately browned. When browned on all sides add the tomato mixture, which has been rubbed through a sieve. Let this simmer with the pineapple for 3 minutes. Fry the bananas in a frying-pan in extra butter until nicely browned on all sides. Remove the cooked chicken from the casserole. Add the Madeira to the casserole juices in which the chicken has been roasted, then add it all to the pineapple mixture. Pour over the chicken, arrange the fried bananas around the dish. Serve very hot with or without boiled rice.

FAMILY DISH

TRY lamb's fry cooked this way to tempt those in the family who say they don't like it. This dish is very tasty, serves four, and costs 4/6.

LAMB'S FRY EN CASSEROLE

One lamb's fry, 2 tablespoons bacon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tomatoes, 2 onions, 1½ cups meat or vegetable stock or water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, chopped parsley.

Soak lamb's fry ½ hour in warm water. Dry thoroughly, cut into ½ in. slices. Coat with seasoned flour, brown on all sides in hot fat. Remove, place in ovenproof dish. Add balance of flour to pan, brown lightly, stir in stock or water and Worcestershire sauce. Stir until boiling. Arrange sliced tomato and onion over lamb's fry in dish; pour in gravy. Cover and cook in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Serve topped with parsley.

FAT IN BABIES' DIETS

By Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse

FAT is an important factor in the diet, especially that of all growing youngsters, when the body is using more energy.

As well as being the most concentrated of all energy foods, it also contains valuable vitamins A and D.

The fat that the body does not use at once is stored in the

fatty tissue under the skin and also helps to protect various organs such as the kidneys.

Fat is the most difficult of the food components for a very young and artificially fed baby to digest, so that every mother has to be most careful how she introduces it into his diet. A very rich milk, like Jersey milk, used for the milk

mixture usually upsets his digestion.

Some infants have an intolerance to fat. In such cases expert advice should be sought.

Expectant mothers often have to adjust the amount of fat they take, especially if they have nausea or heartburn or are putting on too much weight during pregnancy.



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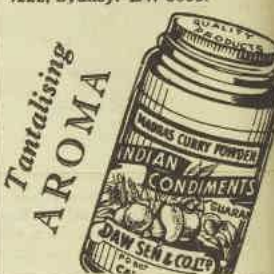
I am safe now from winter COLDS...

"I'd always had a lot of colds in the winter and usually one really bad one. I almost used to wait for them to come. Last winter I tried a preventive treatment, to see if it would help. Luckily I had heard about Anti-Bi-San and, although I didn't expect too much, I was delighted with the result—not one cold all winter. I've taken Anti-Bi-San each quarter regularly and I'm confident of protection from colds." In the great majority of cases Anti-Bi-San provides protection against colds within 10 days of the start of treatment.

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Here's the secret of richer-flavoured, more nourishing soups. All you do is this —

Packet Soups: Follow the directions on the packet, making one-third of the liquid required Carnation Milk and two-thirds water.

Home-made Soups: Where the recipe calls for milk, use one-third Carnation and two-thirds water.

Tinned Soups: Follow the directions on the label. Where milk is needed, use diluted Carnation (one-third Carnation, two-thirds water) to make up the quantity. With tomato soup, heat but do not boil. And here's an extra special recipe from Mary Blake, the Carnation Home Economist . . .

SPICY TOMATO SOUP

- 1 cup Carnation Milk; 1 tin Tomato Soup; 1 cup water; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; 1 level teaspoon curry powder; Several slices crisp fried bacon, chopped finely. Heat all together without boiling, and serve.

RECIPES



WELSH RAREBIT CARNATION STYLE

1 cup Carnation Milk, undiluted; 2 cups grated cheese; 1½ teaspoons salt; 1 teaspoon prepared mustard; ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper; 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce; 2 eggs, slightly beaten.

Heat Carnation in saucepan to just below boiling point. Add cheese and stir until melted. Add salt, mustard, cayenne and Worcestershire sauce. Stir in beaten eggs, cook 1 minute longer, or until thickened. Serve on hot buttered toast.



BAKED RICE DELIGHT

1 large can Carnation Milk; 1 cup water; 2 eggs; ½ cup sugar; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon nutmeg; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 2 cups cooked rice; ¼ cup coconut.

Beat Carnation Milk, water, eggs, sugar and flavourings until smooth. Place rice in a deep casserole, add ½ cup coconut and pour milk mixture over the top. Place casserole in a pan of water and bake for 30 minutes at 350° F. Stir lightly and continue baking for an extra 30 minutes. Top with remaining coconut during the last 7 minutes of cooking. Cool before serving.

Place these recipes in your Cookbook.



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New ORANGE FLAVOURED Lane's
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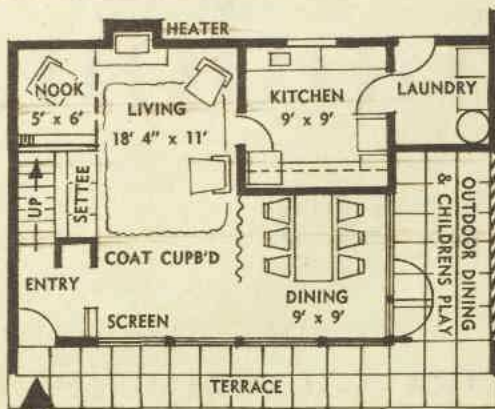
Children love the new orange flavoured Lane's Emulsion. And every spoonful does them good 3 ways—(1) with Cod Liver Oils, rich in vitamins, (2) with tonic Hypophosphites, (3) with the EXTRA nourishment of fresh farm eggs. Start Lane's now, to build up healthy bodies, resistant to coughs, colds and winter epidemics. From chemists and stores (plain or orange flavoured), 4/6.

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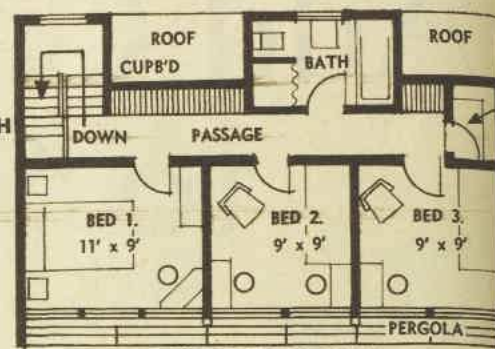
Lane's Emulsion

Architect's
diary

ROOMY BUT ECONOMICAL



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

TWO PLANS (above) of the ground floor and first floor of a family house illustrate how economical planning can keep a house within the bounds of a limited budget and yet produce an attractive, roomy family house.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook (the name is mine) had a limited building budget and were restricted to a house of 10½ squares. With two children, a boy and a girl, they needed at least three bedrooms.

MRS. COOK preferred two-storied houses with steep-pitched roofs, and thought that the roof space could be economically used to house the bedrooms in semi-dormer fashion.

"I notice in the sketch plan," said Mr. Cook, "that you have reduced the ceiling level over portion of the bedrooms on the first floor. Would that be allowed by the council?"

"A maximum of 1/3rd of the ceiling area of any room can be below nine feet with most councils," I said.

"C a r r y i n g part of the ceiling down to door height in a roof of this type means economy in the roof framing, and also protects the windows.

"The roof adjacent to the hall can be economically used for cupboards.

"Another thing, too," I said, "the bathroom would project beyond the roof like a dormer window.

"The effect of size in the living-room would also be increased because the stairway has an open balustrade, and this space would look like part of the living-room.

"Underneath the stair landing a low ceiling nook with a set of bookshelves provides a quiet retreat and further adds to the interest and size of the room."

by Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

"I suppose having a glass screen between the entrance lobby and the living-room has a similar effect," Mrs. Cook asked.

"Yes," I replied. "This screen would be framed in 8in.-deep shelving with clear glass fixed between so that pottery and small indoor plants could be displayed to provide a touch of color to the entrance and the living-room.

"Other advantages are that the terrace is roofed over by the first-floor bedrooms, and a louvered screen on the western side would give privacy from neighbors and protection from the westerly winds."

"What material do you recommend for the outside?" Mr. Cook asked.

"Vertical cypress boarding with small moulds covering the joints provides an interesting change from the usual horizontal treatment.

"The side walls are carried forward of the front wall and, with the eaves, provide a frame completely surrounding the north wall, which is otherwise almost all glass except for a strip to sill height on the first floor.

"A pergola running the full length of the house at first-floor level would provide protection for the living-room from the summer sun and would be roofed over at the entrance to form a porch at the front door."



SKETCH of the house (see plans above). Note how the top story juts out to form a shelter for the outdoor dining and children's play area.



LOVELY wedding bouquet is made of shells which look like real orange blossom. Right: Bridesmaids can wear matching flowers.

SEA-SHELL FLOWERS

THE bridal bouquet, spray, and headdress are all made of artificial flowers, which are made from tiny shells of different kinds. All you need to make similar flowers is a little patience and some inexpensive materials.

These instructions were given to us by Mlle Odette Hoppe, of Ettalong Beach, N.S.W.

Select a small cup-shaped shell for the calyx of the flower, make a hole in the centre with a stiletto by tapping gently, thread a bead to the end of some wire and pass through the hole in the shell.

Wind green cotton around the stalks, fill the calyx shell with liquid cement, and place shells around it to form petals. Stand upright in a container until dry.

To make leaves, tap a hole at the base of a shell, thread the wire through, twist it to form a stem, and wind green thread around it. Paint the shell green.

PRETTY SPRAY of shells looks like tiny forget-me-nots, and is ideal for wearing on winter suits as a change from other types of artificial flowers and sprays.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4106.—Beginners' pattern for an infant's lace-trimmed christening robe. Size infant. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and ¼ yds. 4½in. lace edging. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send Money Orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



F4106

F4122.—Smart belted coat designed for the not-so-slender. Size 36 to 44in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4121.—Matron's one-piece dress styled with a flattering crossover bodice and a slenderizing skirt-line. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4116.—Chic sleeveless sheath dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4117.—Oriental-inspired jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.



F4122

F4121

F4117

F4116



F4113

F4114

F4167.—Small girl's party dress can be made with a short or floor-length skirt. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Requires dress with long skirt 2½ to 3½ yds. 36in. material; dress with short skirt 2½ to 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F4112.—Glamorous short-skirted evening dress styled with a moulded bodice-top and belted-out skirtline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4114.—Prettily styled evening jacket has an oval-collared neckline and three-quarter-length cuffed sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F4167



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

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Long-sleeved shirt obtainable cut out ready to make in fleecy-backed cotton tartan. The color choice includes Royal Stewart, McDuff, Prince Charles, McBeth. Sizes: 3 to 4 years 14/9; 5 to 6 years 15/6; 7 to 8 years 16/9; 9 to 10 years 17/3. Postage and registration 2/- extra.

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Mercolized Wax
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Continuing . . .

The Man Jones

from page 5

responsibility! Though I must admit she was nice about filling in for Jane."

Jim's spirits, though scarcely bleeding for the loss of the eager Jane, were depressed by this juggling of partners. It was typical of the confusion — the absence of savoir-faire — that he had expected from Earline.

"Shall we shove off?" Earline said. "On with the dance, let joy be unrefined!" She jabbed her elbow into Jim's ribs. "Huh, Mannie?"

Jim made no attempt to smile. "Where do I call a cab?" he inquired.

Earline hooted. "What kind of gold-digger do you take me for? A walk in the nippy air will tune up our blood pressure."

Before long, fox-frotting with Earline in the crowded ballroom, Jim understood why she had wanted a preliminary workout. Earline was a person in whom physical exercise excited the instinct for competition.

"I believe you're winded," she said to Jim when the orchestra had stopped playing. "Relax!"

"Shall we sit the next one out?" Jim asked.

"Oh, the next belongs to Barbara," she told him. "Here she is, Johnny-on-the-spot, to claim you now." She grabbed Jim by the arm and spun him around. "Barbara Davis. Mannie Jones."

Barbara was a slightly built girl, five feet three or so in height, with quiet, regular features, a pale complexion, and very soft, shiny brown hair, which hung just clear of her shoulders. In broad day, with his faculties collected, Jim would have thought her pretty; in the dim light of festivity, dizzy from Earline's whirls and gallops, he saw her as the pure, incarnate principle of beauty.

She stood so still. She was so undemanding. Her lips were curved in a half-smile, amiable but aloof. Everything about her — her fragile white shoulders, the hollow at the base of her clavicle, the way she tilted her head, and even her dress, which was made of some foamy black stuff with pink shimmering through it — seemed serene and poised, and veiled in the filmy mystery of dream. She was, in brief, notably unlike Earline Fitch.

Barbara did not struggle for supremacy in the dance. Leaning on Jim's chest ("Light as a leaf on the wind," he thought), she seemed to float with him to the time of the music. She did not chatter, but by dint of direct questioning Jim learned something about her.

She was from New York — "the city, not the suburbs." (Jim sneered with disdain at commuters' families, skulking in New Jersey.) She would like to live in Paris someday — or maybe Rome or Vienna. She guessed she was a gypsy at heart. (Jim decided definitely on foreign diplomacy instead of medicine.) She had never been to Amity (her tone implied familiarity with Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, and the Service Academies), but she understood it was steeped in tradition. A civilised oasis, she said.

"Would you come down to my class prom next Friday?" Jim asked. He was shocked by the temerity of his question, blurted out bluntly with no civilised prelude.

Barbara said why, yes, she'd love to come if he really meant it. "Only," she added, "you'll have to tell me your name. I can't very well call you what Earline did when she introduced us!" She began to laugh, noiselessly but uncontrollably, so that she was obliged for a

moment to hide her face against his waistcoat.

"What did she call me?" asked Jim with death in his heart.

"She called you 'the man Jones!'" Barbara told him. She choked and began to laugh again. "That's what she said — 'Barbara Davis. The man Jones!'"

"Is that what she said?" Jim never listen to poor Earline," said Jim. "My name's Jim."

"I like Jim," Barbara said. "It's a virile name. Last summer I saw this revival of an old movie called 'Lord Jim'. It was a scream in parts — you know how those old movies are — but Ronald Colman was wonderful. I knew you reminded me of somebody."

And now, Jim thought as he approached Room 202, Barbara wasn't coming! Well, why should she? Why should a girl with the Ivy League at her feet climb on the smelly local train called the Hedgehopper and ride for three hours, stopping at every wide place in the road, to attend a freshman dance with a boy from the up-country of Georgia?

It was out of sheer kindness — the reluctance to give pain — that she'd agreed to come in the first place. (He had read somewhere that beautiful women were invariably kind, frequently to their undoing!) Her letter would be kind, too. It would say that she had a cold or a quiz to study for or maybe that her family wanted her home for some special party at the Stork Club or "21."

He was not angry with Barbara. She was remote from human anger, like a classic myth. He was angry and disgusted with himself. He recalled several rich phrases in which he had described the girl's charms to his friends and several optimistic hints as to the favorable light in which she regarded him.

He remembered the government bond that his uncle had sent him on his eighteenth birthday, which he'd cashed to defray the expenses of the weekend; the new white dinner coat hanging in his locker at the gym; the orchid, selected and paid for, at the florist's; the table for two reserved at the Stromboli Tavern and the tip he'd added to the cover charge as tacit insurance against the management's querying his age when he ordered drinks.

The thought of all that elaborate preparation for what should have been to a young man of reasonable sane-froid a routine occasion was mortifying to Jim. Like the charwoman's pity, it flayed him. It put his sentiment for Barbara into a mawkish category, along with his uncomfortable memories of the time he had stayed after school and cleaned the blackboards in order to be alone with a buxom teacher named Miss Myrtle Stubbs. (He had picked jonquils for Miss Myrtle — early February ones that bloomed in the sheltered corner of the dining-room ell — and his mother had fitted a lace-paper d'oyley around their stems to make them look like a valentine.) Jim winced. He opened his door.

The letter lay on a strip of bare floor between sill and rug. Against the dark wood the white envelope looked as bleak as an old bleached bone. But as Jim, sweating, forced himself to stoop for it, he saw that it could scarcely contain a message of doom. It was post-

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 23, 1956



Lovely Sydney model and bride-to-be, Janice Minslowe, has a fitting for her wedding gown — an exclusive Hannie and Andre creation in pearl satin. Chatting with her is Mr. A. H. Pycraft, Lipton's Head Tea Blender, who is helping to keep everyone calm with welcome hot cups of his new Yellow Label Tea. This delightful, new blend contains some of the world's finest teas and gives an especially refreshing, delicious brew. Read below how Janice loves it.

Bride-to-be finds wonderful refreshment in Lipton Man's flavoursome new tea

"What a thrilling day it's been," sighed lovely Sydney model and bride-to-be, Janice Minslowe. "But with all the business of dress-fitting, I've been dying for a good cup of tea. This is heavenly! What makes it so nice, Mr. Pycraft?"

"So glad you like it, Janice. I select specially flavoursome mountain-grown leaf to give this new Yellow Label Blend that brisk, lively quality," explained Lipton's Head Tea Blender.

"Is it true you go all the way to Ceylon and India on buying trips?"

"Yes, frequently. You see, Lipton's select leaf on the spot and import direct, because we've proved that better teas in the blend give better taste in the tea."

"These better teas," continued Mr. Pycraft, "include the fragrant mountain-grown Maturata leaf; the bright-brewing, aromatic Bandara Eliya leaf from Lipton's own tea gardens in Ceylon; and the rich, strong Assams from North West India."

Have you tried Lipton's new Yellow Label Blend yet? It costs no more than your usual order. Why not try it for a change this week?

Priceless flavour of the world's best teas
Trust Lipton's who have been growing and
blending tea for three-quarters of a century,
to bring you the priceless flavour of the
world's best teas.

NEW YELLOW LABEL BLEND

Lipton
TEA

Better teas in the blend
— better taste in the tea.



L149.WW144c

marked Apex City and addressed in the sloping, Palmer-method hand of his mother, to Mr. J. Manigault Jones!

Relief did not come to Jim by degrees, as it comes to time-worn people who must absorb it gradually into veins long torpid with chronic anxiety. It hit him full force, flooding him with a lovely, sanguine warmth. (He had a nebulous vision of Barbara. She sat leaning towards him at a small table illuminated by a single candle. Something glittered like a spangle of stars in her hair. As she gazed languorously at him above a crystal cocktail glass, the orchid he'd sent her rose and fell on her breast. He saw himself in his white coat guiding her through an intricate maze of dancers; over the shoulders of their commonplace partners his jealous classmates eyed him with respect.)

He tossed the letter, unopened, upon the dresser. Humming a few bars from "Some Enchanted Evening" he went into the adjoining bathroom, where he arranged the jonquils in his toothbrush glass.

aspect. But it was clean. Its bed was smoothly made. Its general effect could be called civilised.

Jim tried to imagine how that room — that celibate cell — would look after the dance. He conjured up a vague, intoxicating impression of diaphanous garments flung over a chair and of a girl's gently curving form swelling the covers on the bed. The girl's face was indistinct, but her hair made a shadowy mist on the pillow, and one shoulder — veiled in black lace — was visible above the blanket. "Are you warm enough?" Jim whispered.

The scene changed. Years had passed. Jim sat in a closed compartment on a train that sped through the wine country of France. He was hard and lean. His eyes were shrewd. In his brief-case reposed the record — in code, of course — of an investigation that would point the way to international peace for a generation. His papers were complete save for one scrap of information. One missing link. And he would get that. He always got what he wanted.

Or did he? Had he? He was a lonely man.

The door of the compartment opened. A cold thrill shot along Jim's nerves, but his hand remained so steady that the long ash on the end of his cigar was undisturbed. Silently as a shadow a woman entered the compartment. She was veiled and wrapped in

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exotic furs. She tossed a fine linen handkerchief upon Jim's knee. Its monogram, Jim saw at a glance, provided the clue; it was the missing link.

"Do you not know me?" the woman asked. She spoke with the faint foreign accent of the expatriate, but the timbre of her voice was familiar. It took Jim back, back, back.

The fish dwell in the depths of the waters and the eagles in the sides of heaven; the one, though high, may be reached with the arrow, and the other, though deep, with the hook; but the heart of a man at a foot's distance cannot be known.

— Burmese Saying.

Dance music. Spring. A handful of simple golden flowers.

He laid down his cigar. He rose and lifted the veil that hid the face of his visitor. It was a face that showed the ravages of passion and danger, but its bones had stayed beautiful. Its lips were curved in the old, half smile. "Well, Lord Jim," said Barbara. She closed

the door. She snapped off the light. "We are no longer children, Lord Jim!"

The clock in the tower of Amity College Library struck the half hour.

"Whew!" Jim said. He moved to the looking-glass above the dresser, half expecting to find his own face marked by the ravages of life. Observing that it was still round and sleek he sucked in his cheeks to encourage in himself a lean-jawed look. Then with a start of alarm he saw his mother's neglected letter. Why had she sent it special delivery? Was something wrong at home?

He ripped open the envelope and drew out a folded sheet of paper, inscribed closely on both sides. A five-dollar bill — an old, soft bill that wouldn't crackle and advertise its presence — lay in the fold.

"Gosh!" Jim said with the feeling of unworthiness that his mother's small attentions always gave him. He pictured her fingers as they'd smoothed the bill and as, immediately afterwards, they'd seized a pencil to jot down "five dollars" under "Miscellaneous" in a black leather account book. He read her letter.

"Dear Mannie," she began. Jim stiffened. He had told his mother as tactfully as he could that he deplored being called Mannie—that it sounded babyish, like "Sonny" or "Bud"

but she had never been willing to see his point. It was short for a distinguished name, she had argued. His Manigault

ancestor had been a Huguenot, a man who had sacrificed advantage to principle. It was a name to revere. Take it easy, Jim advised himself. She's too old to learn new tricks. She means well. She sent you five dollars. He began again:

"Dear Mannie: "This is just a line to let you know I'm thinking of you on the eve of your first big college dance and that I'll be with you in spirit, enjoying the sound of revelry by night. Earline wrote her mother that you'd asked a mighty pretty Benson girl to be your partner. Naturally, I'm a trifle disappointed that you didn't ask Earline" (Jim groaned) "because I've always liked the way your wholesome friendship with her expressed itself in work as well as play. You were pals on the debating platform as well as in the swimming-pool. And then it would have been polite after she made the first move. I'm afraid the Fitches may be wounded."

(Blow the Fitches, said Jim.)

"Earline doesn't think this girl — Barbara, isn't she? — is quite your intellectual or spiritual equal, but then Earline can't judge for you" (You're right she can't! said Jim) "and I know you could never be ensnared by mere physical appeal. I'm thankful we discussed the mating instinct long ago" (I merely asked the girl to a dance, Jim said indignantly) "and I'll always cherish the recollection of the clear-eyed way you looked at me after we had everything straight and said, 'Biology is as neat as

algebra, isn't it?' I hope you'll never forget that, either."

Would that I could, thought Jim. The "frank discussion" to which his mother referred had taken place three years before, when he was only fifteen, but every wretched word of it haunted his memory. He had been setting out for a Hi-Y hay ride — Earline Fitch was his date — when his mother had urged him to sit down and have "an intimate little chat" with her.

He recalled the scene objectively now — a plump, earnest woman in a Boston rocker, and a blob of a boy, himself, sitting pigeon-toed on the edge of a Victorian love seat—but not so objectively that he failed to recover a sense of being trapped. His hands, resting on his knees, had seemed limp and heavy and grossly over-sized; his mother, in her determination not to whisper, had spoken more loudly than usual.

She had begun by asking Jim if he had noticed that his voice was changing and if he recognised that change as Nature's way of telling him he was growing into manhood. She had gone on to say, in a booming voice, that she'd heard that some boys and girls, being uninstructed and confused by their budding instincts, didn't always conduct themselves sensibly in a truck full of hay — with the chaperon, no doubt, sitting up front with the driver.

She wished Mannie to be

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VELVET SOAP'S "HAPPY FAMILY" £2,000 SNAPSHOT CONTEST

1ST PRIZE £1,000 2ND PRIZE £250
5 PRIZES OF £50 EACH 50 PRIZES OF £10 EACH

The judges are looking for a snapshot of a happy family group, such as those shown. Contestants are asked to go through their snaps and select those they wish to enter, or take a photograph at the next opportunity. But remember, studio portraits are not eligible.



Mrs. Curran of Herne Bay, N.S.W. says: "I've found that nothing can touch good, pure Velvet Soap for washing. Velvet's extra soapy suds bring the triplets' clothes up like new. I don't know what I'd do without Velvet".

Mrs. Callaghan of Sassafras, Vic. says: "With Velvet's extra soapy suds we wash-up in no time, and gentle Velvet is so kind to my hands".



Mrs. Maclean of Annandale, N.S.W. says: "Velvet Soap helps the family budget by making clothes last longer — and Velvet is unbeatable for the extra dirty parts."



RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

1. Contestants are required to send in a family snapshot.
2. Contestants should then select from the following Velvet features the one they feel is the most important:
 - (a) Velvet washed clothes last longer.
 - (b) Velvet keeps hands soft and smooth.
 - (c) Velvet's suds are extra soapy.
 - (d) Velvet makes dishes and glass-ware sparkle.
3. The selected feature should be

written on a sheet of paper together with contestant's name and address, and attached with a Velvet Soap wrapper* to the snapshot.

4. Judgment will be based on originality of photograph submitted and selection of the Velvet feature which research shows to be the most popular choice of housewives. Neatness will also be considered.

5. Entries must be posted to VELVET "Happy Family" Contest, Box 7067,

G.P.O., Sydney, to arrive not later than 26th May, 1956.

6. All prizewinners will be notified by mail and major prizewinners announced over "Give-it-a-Go" on Monday, 11th June. Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with this contest.

*Wrappers are not required from residents of any State where the enclosure of such wrappers would contravene the law of that State. V.22.WW86g

forewarned, so that if the proximity of Earline's young body should give him a queer sensation, he would know what it was. He mustn't be frightened, though. The desire to mate was a healthy, holy thing, so long as it was controlled.

Glassy-eyed with chagrin, Jim had known that he had to say something—and something in his mother's vein—before he could escape. With the algebraic analogy, he had bought his freedom. He was morally certain that his fatuous remark had been widely quoted in P.T.A. circles; also, it had effectively nipped Jim's incipient interest in higher mathematics.

"Forgive me for clucking (the letter continued). I know you're a man now and I want you to make your own independent decisions. Maybe you can ask Earline another time. I hope the enclosure will ease the strain on your allowance. With love always,

MAMMA."

Jim put the bill into his wallet. It would take more than five dollars, he reflected wryly, to ease the strain. Amity wasn't like Apex City, where a girl was satisfied with a drive-in movie and a bag of popcorn. But he'd eke out. He'd heard some of the fellows say you could sell your blood to the hospital for fifty bucks a pint.

The library clock struck the third quarter. Jim went into the bathroom. He tore his mother's letter into fine fragments and flushed it down the toilet.

Jauntily, he walked along the hall, descended the gleaming stairs, and left the building. The cleaning woman, in a brown hat and coat, was leaving, too.

"You look like your news wasn't so bad," she said. "Everything's rosy," said

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Jim. "Just a spot of dough from home."

At the moment, he meant what he said. But as he loped down the path that led to the Zoology Building, Jim realised that the true substance of the letter had not gone down the drain. It stayed in his consciousness and smirked at him. Its moralistic baby talk—such expressions as "wholesome friendship"—and "mere physical appeal"—reduced the daring of the imagination to childish grandiosity.

He would never, he was now persuaded, seem distinguished to a girl like Barbara Davis. He would never smoke an expensive cigar as he was borne through the wine country of France, or do anything beyond the ordinary. He would finish college (possibly with a B average), serve his time in the Army and go back to Apex City and sell real estate. He would marry a local girl. (But not Earline!) He would lead, like other men, a life "of quiet desperation."

Yet, only a short time before, the future had been his particular peach. And his mother had put a blight on it!

Jim's parents had been middle-aged when he was born. His father had died shortly thereafter, leaving his son's upbringing to his widow. He could not have left it in more consecrated hands. Mrs. Jones was a wonderful mother. (All Apex City said so, and until recently Jim had not dreamed that anyone would question the consensus.)

Self-reliance, she had claimed, was her desire for her son, and she had consistently refused to weaken that quality by acts of over-

protection. Other toddlers, when they skinned their knees, were gathered to maternal bosoms, there to howl against cosmic injustice; all little Jim got from Mrs. Jones was a cheerful "Upsy-daisy" and a stinging dab of iodine. Later, when problems of personal conduct arose, Jim was refused the support of hard-and-fast rules.

On such matters as church attendance, playing marbles for keeps, and reading comic books, Jim was told to think things out and be guided by his conscience. (That his conscience generally led him down paths that Mrs. Jones approved had seemed a happy accident.) When he began, now and then, to take the car out at night, his mother never sat up for him. Turning in to the driveway after a Scout meeting or a school party, Jim often saw her lighted bedroom window go dark; next morning she would say, "I slept like a log, Mannie. I didn't hear you come in."

That transparent lie had always touched Jim, but when, in a nostalgic, confidential mood, he had related it to his friend the psychology major, he had regretted doing so.

"Why did she wish to deceive you?" the psychology major asked.

"To keep me from knowing she worried," Jim replied, surprised by his friend's obtuseness. "To make me independent."

"Not to render your chains invisible? Not to deprive you of the incentive to rebel?" the psychology major suggested.

"Ahhh. baloney!" Jim re-

torted. "I was just a kid. Naturally, she worried."

"If it was natural, why was she ashamed?"

"She wasn't ashamed," said Jim.

"No. Your insight tells you that much," the other student said, slowly and significantly. "She wasn't ashamed, but she was making sure you'd be ashamed if you ever stepped out late."

"Nuts!" Jim scoffed. "I told you I was just a kid."

"Well, unless you want to remain a kid you'd better get wise. You're in danger. You'd better make your break while there's time. Ruthlessly."

"You don't know my mother," Jim told him. "If she wanted me chained, why did she help me leave home? Why did she send me to college—he checked himself; he had been about to say 'up North,' the way they did in Apex City—in the East?"

"Any numbers of reasons. Guilt. Prestige." The psychology major shrugged. Then he whistled, as if in pain. "But, boy, the light going off in the upstairs window—that was practically Machiavellian!"

Jim had laughed. The notion of his innocent mother employing a fine Italian hand had been plain funny.

Now, beneath the budding elms of Amity, Jim was not inclined to mirth. His friend had not exaggerated. He was in danger. "Ah want y'all to make y'all's own independent decisions," he muttered between his teeth, with a contemptuous distortion of his mother's Southern accent and diction. "Maybe y'all kin ask Uhlne another time!" He knew he had to act.

He cut across the sprouting turf of the quadrangle and went to the post office, where he bought a stamped air-mail envelope. Then he went to the college snack bar. He bought a milk shake, took it to an empty booth, sat down, and opened his loose-leaf notebook.

He furrowed his brow. (Anyone seeing him would think him too deeply absorbed in scholarship to brook interruption.) After a while, when his anger had crystallised into sentences, he took his fountain-pen (one that his mother had given him when he won the Kiwanis Medal) and started writing.

"My dear Mother," he wrote, making his letters dark and vertical: "Thank you for the enclosure. Your generosity was unnecessary but not unappreciated. The big dance, as you put it, does not seem overwhelming to me. I expect, however, that it will prove diverting. Miss Davis, who is to be my guest, is from a prominent family in New York City—not the suburbs. She is not intimate with Earline Fitch nor does she care to be. She would be amazed to know that she had been discussed by Mrs. Fitch.

"I shall have to ask you not to bandy the names of my friends around the neighborhood. Who I take to a dance is absolutely none of the Fitches' business. It is the business of nobody but myself and the other party involved. After mature consideration, I trust you will see that at my age, any other state of affairs would lack valid reality.

"In the future please address your letters to James M. Jones. Here in the East pedigrees are taken for granted and unusual middle names are not impressive.

Jim lit a cigarette. He pictured his mother reading his communication. She looked older than she had at Christmas, and lonelier, like a patient woman on a Mother's Day card. Her face wore a blank, puzzled expression.

I'd better soften it, Jim thought. He added a postscript: "I must be cruel in order to be kind."

But the quotation, apt as it was, didn't seem to help much. It would not console his mother; it would only persuade her that her son had gone crazy. Why, she was liable to get right into her car—the old green car that Jim had learned to drive in—and come straight to Amity.

He could see her driving down the main street, sitting very straight and wearing the fierce, dedicated expression that she always wore in the face of illness. "Could any of you gentlemen direct me to Wendell?" she would call out to a group of students on the sidewalk. "I'm looking for Mannie Jones."

Jim tore the sheet from his notebook, crumpled it into a ball, placed it in his ash tray, and struck a match to it. He would have to do the thing over again a different way, he thought, as he watched the little conflagration flare and die out. He must say exactly what he'd said, but in his mother's native tongue.

This time, Jim wrote slowly. Now and again he paused, trying out phrases in his mind and often shuddering as he set them down on paper. Short though his letter was, its composition consumed the better part of two hours.

"Dear Mamma," he wrote: "Pardon this notebook paper. I'm in the snack bar guzzling a malted to rebuild my tissues

Aff'y, Jim."

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IN THREE SIZES
2/5, 3/9, 6/12,
FROM ALL
CHEMISTS AND
BETTER STORES.

Just two drops will prove it! Pour two drops of Trushay on the back of one hand, smooth in with the back of the other. Massage gently with palms. Instantly your hands will feel luxuriously soft . . . will look velvety smooth.
Buy two bottles of Trushay—one for your dressing table, one for where you work. Use it—use it often—and let Trushay keep your hands romantic hands.

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

Trushay

for romantically lovely hands

1. TRUSHAY protects your hands—even in hot sudsy water. Just think! 27 times a day (or more!) your hands are in water . . . hot sudsy water that robs the skin of its natural oils. You can't avoid "water jobs" but you can avoid drying damage by using Trushay. Smoothed on "beforehand," Trushay guards hands in hot sudsy water and detergents . . . even in "hard" water.

2. TRUSHAY prevents wind'n'-weather chapping. Tho' never sticky or greasy, Trushay is rich in protective beauty oils. This fragrant petal-pink lotion smooths right into upper skin layers, supplementing natural oils. Trushay keeps your hands supple and smooth, guards against roughness, cracking and wind'n'-weather chapping.

3. TRUSHAY keeps romance in your hands. Never let it be said (or thought) that you have "workaday" hands—hands that tell how useful you are, but never how lovely you are! Yet it's so easy to hold romance in your hands when you rely on Trushay to keep them smooth, soft and velvety . . . lovely to look at and to touch.



after a day of intellectual (?) labor. It was swell of you to send me a fiver and I can really use it! The prom is going to be terrific. We've got Buzz King's orchestra — Buzz used to play trombone with Guy Lombardo — and at intermission we'll have strawberry punch and home-made cookies served by the wives of the pros on the Freshman Advisory Council. My date is an awfully nice girl, a real slick chick, named Barbara Davis. She's from New York. The city, not the suburbs. She's a better dancer than Earline. She lets me lead.

"And now I have to say something I reckon most mothers couldn't take. But you and I have always been frank so I know you won't be hurt. It's this, Mamma. Please stop being inquisitive about my date-life. You see, I've reached a stage in my development where I need to achieve emotional independence. Even if I make mistakes.

"Do you remember how it was when I first started driving the car? Other guys came home and found their families sitting up for them, ready to put them through the third degree. But you never did. Gee, I felt proud when I found the house dark and you asleep. I knew you trusted me. Well, that's what I can use now, Mamma. Not questions. Not advice. Just Trust that's too big for words."

Jim read over what he had written. It was ghastly. It reminded him of articles concerning the problems of adolescence that appeared in the women's magazines, which his mother read and often left (by design, perhaps?) in the bathroom.

It was no less priggish—and infinitely less polished—than what he had said before the Hi-Y hay ride. But, as he had been obliged to escape then, so he was obliged now. His mother would understand this letter.

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What was more, she would respect it. She would let him alone.

"Your loving son," Jim wrote. He sighed. He might as well go whole hog. "Manigault," he signed himself. Sadly, with the air of a poet forced to speak the vernacular of the masses, he folded the sheet of paper and put it into the stamped envelope, which he addressed and slid into his inside coat pocket.

A freshman stopped at the booth. "Missed you in lab," he said.

"I wasn't in the mood," said Jim.

"Neither was I, but with this shindig tonight I couldn't afford a make-up. Sometimes I wonder if women are worth it."

"My ma sent me a little extra dough," said Jim.

The boy looked impressed. "My people have hearts of stone," he said. "Your girl come yet? Mine was due on the bus an hour ago but I guess she's wending her own sweet way to Wendell. She's my brother-in-law's kid sister."

"Mine's coming on the four-twenty," Jim said. "The Hedge-hopper." As he spoke, he realised that, with the lab period over, it must be close to four. He rose, stretched, and feigned a yawn. "I'd better get along over to the depot."

Jim arrived at the station a few minutes before the train was due. In the waiting-room two of his classmates sat, half reclining, on the wooden bench. Their eyes were closed; their legs, looking boneless and bored, were thrust far into the public passageway. Jim considered taking a place beside them, but an unwelcome twinge of honesty deterred him.

The fashionable ennui that to most of his friends (so he

thought) was as natural as skin would never be more than a thin, protective glaze on him. It was safe to assume that neither of those boys had just written home begging his mother to trust him!

Jim went out on to the open-air platform and paced up and down. A switch engine was backing and filling on the track. The fireman lifted a hand in salute to Jim; Jim lifted a hand to the fireman, as he'd done a hundred times, waiting at the grade crossing in the centre of Apex City. He was glad that only a baggage porter observed his small-town gesture.

In the distance a diesel engine grunted.

"There she blows," the porter said.

"On time, for a change," Jim said with an air of indifference. A bell clanged. The Hedge-hopper, a comical little train composed of a converted steam engine and a short string of antiquated coaches, charged into the station and shook itself to a stop.

The two boys emerged from the waiting-room. "Pawing the earth, Jones?" one of them said. "That's right," said Jim. Panic chilled him. Suppose she hadn't come! But there she was, alighting from the last coach!

She wore a light coat, and a plaid scarf hung around her neck. She looked much younger than she had at Benson. She gave the curious impression, which Jim took as spurious, of being scared. But her hair was the same. Her hair and the way she stood—stiller than most girls, with her chin raised a little.

Jim hurried to her. "Hello, Barbara," he said. He had

meant to say something cleverer than that.

"Hello, Jim," said Barbara. Her voice sounded relieved. She smiled in a broad, shy, delighted way that made her face look plump. "Lord Jim!"

"Were you afraid you wouldn't know me?"

"That you wouldn't know me!"

"Never fear," Jim said. "This your bag?"

"Yes," Barbara said. "Only—listen, Jim. It's utterly ridiculous, but I promised my mother I'd mail her this the second I got here." She handed Jim a post-

card upon which the single word "Safe" was written in a dark, vertical, sarcastic-looking hand. "I can't imagine what dire thing she thought could happen to me on the Hedge-hopper!"

"I guess people in cities get the habit of being cautious," Jim said. "Just wait where you are."

He sprinted to the railway post-box. He dropped Barbara's card through the slot and was about to follow it with his own letter when he was pierced by a shaft of sweet and humorous tenderness for his mother.

The manifestations of her nervous love that had sickened and seemed to threaten him

earlier were now clothed in natural dignity. They were universal foibles, common to all parents—even to those who chose to dwell in the heart of a metropolis. He stuffed the letter back in his pocket.

He was filled with a heady and perfectly wonderful sense of buoyancy. The evening lay ahead, bright with orchids, with candle flame at the Stromboli, and with the agreeable envy of friends.

Beyond the evening, the world—his peach—hung suspended from a golden bough, ripening, ready to drop at the proper moment into the palm of his outstretched hand.

(Copyright)

ADAM AND EVE

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

TOGETHER with some flower-loving friends I was invited to a screening of color films taken in New Zealand. The host put on the slides and gave the commentary.

When the lovely floral clock at Christchurch appeared, all the guests gave gulps of admiration.

The narrator began:

"This is Christchurch. See that fleet of red buses in the foreground? They're Bedford's, with Chev engines, and can do 20 miles an hour round curves. They took us everywhere in New Zealand."

£2/2/- to Mrs. C. B. Harris, Box 100, Penola, South Australia.

Address your entries "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman" and send them to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

AFTER much consideration I said to my wife: "I think we should call our house West Wind, seeing that we get a strong westerly both winter and summer."

When she was leaving to have the name printed I impressed her with "West Wind," and told her not to get it mixed up. We are protected from the south wind by the hill, but the west wind comes all the year round.

When she arrived home with the nameplate, it said, "The Four Winds."

"Oh," she explained, "I forgot whether you wanted to call the house South Wind or West Wind, so to be on the safe side I called it The Four Winds."

£2/2/- to A. Hunter, Main Rd., Cardiff Heights, N.S.W.



Up to her neck in froth of lace...
and warm as toast
in her **BOND'S** Interlock Nightie

Time was, if a nightie was pretty, you could count on freezing solid in the night. But Bond's have changed all that. They have added this lace-lavished charmer to their collection — knitted it of soft, warm cotton, dyed it in lovely pastels, given it a deceptively demure high neck and tight-at-the-wrist sleeves to keep out any hint of chill.

Then they added inches of delicate lace to the flattering yoke and inches more at the wrists. The result is a beguiling nightie that will keep its warmth through dozens of washings. And for all its glamour, this nightie is tagged with the traditional low Bond's prices

In peach, ivory, sky and maize.
Size SW-XOS. Priced from 47/11.

BOND'S

Deep-scoop spencer that stays a secret under the most daring décolletage, gives you the cosy warmth of Bond's Interlock, too.
In peach and ivory.
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trusting eyes. "Where's your mother?" Kim asked softly.

He went on down the lane, leaving his bucket amongst the primroses, his small hands clasped tenderly about the wriggling duckling. Rounding a corner, he saw Great-aunt Gertrude's gate. It was open, and, beyond the lawn, Kim saw a coop with ducklings.

Reluctantly (because he wanted to keep the duckling), he walked up the path. Patsy opened the door wide with a welcoming gesture.

"I've found your duck," Kim said.

"I don't think he's ours. He's too small."

"You mean he doesn't live here?"

"I don't think so," she said.

"You see, I don't live here, and I came only last Tuesday."

"Oh, we're staying, too. We came yesterday. From Glasgow. I had measles."

He looked earnestly up at her, and she saw the wistful longing in his eyes.

"We'll put the duckling in the coop with ours," she said.

"You can come and play with him, and we'll try to find his owner." She smiled, her eyes soft, and he knew that she understood exactly how very much he wanted it.

They put the duckling amongst the others. Patsy fetched food and Kim fed them.

"My aunt is reading," Patsy said, "and I've nothing to do. If you like I'll go down to the beach with you."

There was no one else on the beach, and they lit a bonfire of driftwood and played Robinson Crusoe. The sea sparkled like sapphires in the spring sunshine, and theirs were the only footprints in the sand.

"Hello! So that's where you've got to!"

They swung round and Patsy saw a tall man standing on the rock behind them.

He was dark and hard-look-

ing, and much too bony. He wore old flannel trousers and a green sweater that needed mending.

"Hello," Kim said, without much enthusiasm.

The man held out a spade and bucket. "I found them in the lane on the way down. What are you doing?"

"We were playing Robinson Crusoe," Patsy said quickly.

"It's kind of you to play with Kim," the man said. "But I'm afraid I must take him away now. His dinner is ready."

Obediently, Kim put on his sandals and followed, dejection in every step. When they reached the road he turned and waved. He looked forlorn.

Patsy collected her shoes and stockings and sat on the rock to put them on. Then, angrily, she kicked sand over the bonfire. What a horrible man Kim's father was!

Remembering the wistfulness in the boy's eyes, and the sensitive, too serious mouth, she wondered if his mother were equally unfeeling.

She was glad when, after tea, she found Kim at the door.

"I've come to say good-night to Dugald, my wee duck," he said. "Do you think it's a nice name? Has he had his supper yet?"

"No, You're just in time."

They carried food out and Kim knelt on the grass and held Dugald.

"I wish he could sleep in my bed," he said.

"Does your father know you're here?" Patsy asked.

"I never had a father! Uncle Jock's busy. He writes books. How old do you think Dugald is?"

"Six or seven days. How about your mother, then?"

"I never had a mother, either," Kim said. "There's just

You Came Along

from page 3

me and Uncle Jock. He used to be a sailor," he added proudly.

Patsy sat beside him on the grass. "Will Uncle Jock mind you coming here?" she asked.

"Of course not! Anyway, when he's writing he forgets all about me. If I were at home Mrs. Bennet would have sent me to bed by now. That's why I like just being with Uncle Jock. He forgets about bed, and washing behind my ears."

Patsy put her arm round the small boy, feeling maternal. "Did you tell him about Dugald?" she asked.

He nodded. "On the way back this morning. But he won't come here. He doesn't like women. He says you can't trust them."

"You can trust me," Patsy said.

"I know. I told Uncle Jock you were different. You're like Mrs. Bennet, who looks after us in Glasgow."

Patsy walked up the lane with Kim, to the shepherd's cottage where he and Uncle Jock were staying. Somchow, Uncle Jock seemed less unpleasant now. But he must be blind not to see that Kim was very lonely!

Kim spent most of each day with Patsy and inevitably she saw a good deal of Uncle Jock. Even the most confirmed woman-hater could hardly avoid her all the time, when Kim was so attached to her.

And then there was Great-aunt Gertrude. She took a liking to Uncle Jock, told him bluntly that he was much too thin and that she had decided to fatten him!

Whenever he passed she called him in for a snack.

One day, when he opened his wallet to show her a photograph of Kim as a baby, a snapshot fluttered to the floor. Patsy picked it up, and, as she handed it back, she saw that it was a picture of a fair girl, lovely, and slim as a wand. So that was the type of woman he liked!

Kim's parents had been killed in a road accident soon after he was born, and Uncle Jock, his only relative, had left the Navy and come home to look after him.

Great-aunt Gertrude could worm anyone's family history out of them. But she failed to discover what had been the cause of his dislike for women. Patsy often wondered about the girl in the snapshot, and then, without warning, she developed an unaccountable longing to darn Uncle Jock's green sweater.

She thought a good deal about her grandfather's stories of patterns. Was there a pattern? Had some miraculous weaver brought her from the south of England, and Kim and Jock from Glasgow, and Dugald from no one knew where, to weave them together, under and over, under and over, in an endless and eternal chain? Or would they all go home, sailing over the Firth of Clyde, never to meet again?

It was Aunt Gertrude who suggested taking a picnic basket to the mountains on a cloudless day, when the island was yellow with daffodils.

They went to Glen Dubh and climbed the Sheeans (the Fairy Hills) and every time Patsy looked at Jock her heart danced and she was wildly happy, so that she knew she had fallen in love.

They scrambled about on Torr na Sheean, played hide-

and-seek, and ate their lunch. Then Jock said that he was going to climb higher. Presently Kim wandered slowly after him and Patsy rolled over and lay watching them.

This, she thought, feeling drowsy, is the way to get fatter and fatter. Lying dozing in the sun. After a while she scrambled to her feet and went after Kim, feeling vaguely uneasy about him.

She was almost level with him, but several yards away, when she heard Jock shout. For a second she saw nothing, and then, horrified, she saw the rocks sliding down the mountain, faster and faster, towards Kim. He was standing quite still, watching them, as though hypnotised. He would be killed.

She rushed to where he stood and grabbed his hand.

"Run!" she panted. "That way, Kim! Quick! Go now—

at once!"

He ran and she followed him. He ran much faster than Patsy. When a small rock hit her leg and she fell, she knew that he was safe. She lay, covering her head with her arms, hearing the rocks slide past her, wondering if this were the end of her pattern.

Her leg hurt so much that she knew she couldn't move. Stones showered over her and something large thundered by, only an inch or so beyond her forehead, and then it was all over. All was quiet and she looked up.

Kim was watching her, his face very white.

"I'm all right," she said, shakily. "I've just hurt my leg." She tried to sit up—and fainted.

When she opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was the hole in Jock's sweater. He was holding her and calling her his "brave Patsy."

"You risked your life for

Kim!" he said, his voice full of wonder.

"What did you expect me to do? Stand there like a stuffed owl and watch him killed?" she teased.

He shook his head. "I've loved you ever since that first day! Will you marry me, Patsy?" he said.

She nodded, torn between pain and joy. Presently she touched the hole in his sweater. "I'll mend this tonight. Where's Kim?" she asked.

"He's gone for help. Does your leg hurt very badly?"

"I can bear it, like this."

He stroked her hair. "Patsy," he said, "when I was a sailor I was engaged to be married. To the girl in that snapshot. You saw it? Well, when my brother was killed and I took Kim she jilted me. She said she couldn't cope with babies, especially other people's."

She closed her eyes and Jock bent over her anxiously.

It was a long time before they saw help coming, a little party of men, and Kim.

"He's a good boy," Jock said. "And but for him I'd never have met you!"

"He's part of the pattern," Patsy told him. "And so is Dugald. I wonder where Dugald came from?"

"Don't you see, Jock? Grandfather was right. There is a pattern. We can't see, but it's there, all the time. Gentian and rose, violet and jade and gold, weaving in and out and under and over, with no loose end. For ever."

He thought that she was just delirious with her pain; he kissed her again, and told her that she was brave.

She looked up at his face and smiled.

"Jock," she said, "do you know, I think our thread is gold!"

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MR. CORK'S SECRET

MONSIEUR ALOYSIA, a plump but well-made man in black jacket and striped trousers, came out of the gilded lift on the first floor of the Paradise Hotel, followed by two electricians in blue overalls.

As he stepped into the passage he gravely pointed out that one of the illuminated colored lights on the Christmas tree flanking the lift-gates wasn't functioning. But he didn't stop. He walked on, turning right and left from one anonymous corridor to another, until he reached a room numbered 143.

He pulled out a master key and turned the lock. The door wouldn't open. Keeping his hand on the key, he placed his shoulder to it and gave it a gentle shove. The door moved, but slightly.

"Shall we break it down, sir?" said one of the electricians.

M. Aloysia looked at the young man in mild rebuke.

"When you 'ave been in the 'otel business as long as I 'ave, Perkins, you will learn that an 'otelier's first regard is the comfort of 'is guests."

He spoke in a well-fed whisper. But, although he looked solemn, there was a mischievous gurgle in his voice. The

way he spoke made the two electricians grin.

"Then what are we going to do, sir?" said Perkins. "It's obvious he's blocked the door."

"We'll try next door. You're an agile young fellow. You can slip through the window and climb along the ledge."

Outside the adjoining bedroom, M. Aloysia knocked. Only when he was sure that the occupant was out did he use his key. The electrician, anxious to make a good showing in front of the manager, opened the window.

He looked down at the semi-tropical gardens for which the Paradise, "a West End hotel in the West Country," is so

justly famous. Then he threw his leg over the sill. He found a footing on an ornamental stone ledge running along the outside of the building. Clutching at the smelly foliage of the ivy which clothed the wall, he felt his way gingerly across the gap.

M. Aloysia occupied himself tightening a dripping tap in the wash-basin and looking under the bed to see that the maids were doing their job properly. The other electrician stood dreamily at the door.

Perkins wasn't gone long. When he swung himself back into the room the

Continued overleaf

Our long complete novel by MACDONALD HASTINGS

color had drained out of his cheeks, and he licked his dry mouth with his tongue.

"What's the matter?" There was no change in the casual tone of the manager's voice.

"He's still living, sir," gasped the electrician, "but he's bashed about something awful."

"Thank you, Perkins." For answer, the electrician fell flat on his face in a faint.

"He'll come round in a minute," said the manager to the other man. "You come with me."

Returning to Room 143, M. Aloysia held back the latch and put the full weight of his square frame into the door. The electrician helped. The pattering creaked under the pressure. Then, with a tearing crash of woodwork, the obstruction fell clear.

The surviving electrician pressed forward to climb through the mess. But, when he saw the inside of the room, he faltered. The manager patted him sympathetically on the shoulder.

"Mr. CORK'S SECRET," by MacDonald Hastings

"You wait 'ere," he said. But when he had manoeuvred his way over the wreckage of the wardrobe into the bedroom, he himself gave an exclamation of horror. "Get the door free quick," he said over his shoulder. "If the news of this leaks out it'll ruin the Christmas business."

Pushing his way through the disordered furniture, he grabbed a towel from the rail of the wash-basin and wrapped it hastily round the battered head of the man on the floor. Whatever the electrician thought, he was a corpse, and a very messy one. M. Aloysia looked ruefully at the spreading stain of blood on the new carpet.

"You and Perkins," he ordered, "will go straight 'ome. You will talk to nobody in the 'otel about this. Understand? Nobody. Maybe, in due course, the coroner will need

you to give evidence. All right. You will tell 'im what you have seen. Now get cracking. Use the staff lift."

The bemused electrician collected his mate and the two of them left. M. Aloysia shut himself inside the bedroom. Then he picked up the telephone.

"Allo, Miss. This is Mr. Aloysia. 'Ow are you, my dear? Splendid! Now be a good girl and put me through to Mr. Gaston in the reception. Gaston, is that you? Comment ca va? 'Ave you got rid of the Press people yet? Sol! You've told them we know nothing. Good! No, we've 'ad no news from Mr. de Raun at all.

"Listen, Gaston. We've got a bit of trouble 'ere in Room 143. Ring through to the police, ask them to use the staff entrance as usual, and get out the gentleman's dossier. Bill outstanding, I suppose? Pity! No, Gaston, I'll never pay it now."

As soon as Gaston cut off, M. Aloysia tapped the receiver again.

"Put me through to the housekeeper . . . Ah, Mrs. Macpherson, 'ow are you and 'ow is your maid? You've sent 'er 'ome? Excellent! Yes, Mrs. Macpherson, it wasn't 'er imagination. It's a great nuisance and we shall 'ave to do all we can to keep the news from our other guests. The police will be 'ere soon. When they've gone, I shall 'ave to trouble you for a clean carpet from the store."

He glanced accusingly at the corpse.

"I'm sure I can leave it to you, Mrs. Macpherson," he went on evenly. "Of course, of course. Goodbye."

He put down the receiver thoughtfully. Almost at once the bell rang again.

"Yes, Aloysia 'ere," he said wearily. "Who wants him?"

As he heard the name his voice changed.

"Mr. Montague Cork? Put 'im through at once, Miss. 'Ow are you, Mr. Cork? This is indeed a pleasure. And 'ow is Madame? But, of course . . . The Paradise is at your complete disposal."

Yet, as he listened to the august voice of the most celebrated insurance man in the world his pink face crinkled with anxiety. It was the pride of the Paradise that, on many occasions, Mr. and Mrs. Montague Cork had been its guests. Mr. Cork was at once one of the most respected and wealthy men in the City of London and, as the general manager and managing director of the Anchor Insurance Co., he was a national figure. It was said of him that he had exposed more cases of insurance fraud than Scotland Yard.

His big nose and mournful eyes were as familiar in the popular papers as the faces of the film stars. And, unlike the film stars, Mr. Cork always paid his bill in full.

M. Aloysia was in a quandary.

"If only you 'ad called me a week ago," he said hopelessly, "I could 'ave given you and Mrs. Cork the loveliest suite in the 'otel, with private sitting-room and a terrace overlooking the sea. Marvellous! But now we 'ave nothing, not even for you, Mr. Cork. It's Christmas. We are booked full up like an egg. Yes, we would do anything for you and Madame. But it is Christmas Eve . . ."

In his desperation he looked to the corpse for inspiration.

"But wait . . . I 'ave an idea, Mr. Cork. What time would you and Madame be arriving from London? But that is perfect. I 'ave a guest who is leaving us unexpected. The room is not what I could

wish for you, but . . . Thank you, Mr. Cork. We shall be delighted to welcome you again at the Paradise."

He replaced the receiver. In spite of the studied calm of his manner, M. Aloysia was a worried man. Only twenty-four hours ago he was congratulating himself on the prospect of the best Christmas business for years. The hotel was booked right up and, to crown it all, Anton de Raun and his new bride, Fanny Fairfield, the film star, had booked the bridal suite at the Paradise for their honeymoon.

They should have arrived after the wedding yesterday; but, so far, they hadn't turned up. They'd disappeared without a word and left him to wrangle with the droves of reporters and Press photographers who crowded the cocktail bar and carried on as if the hotel had lost them in the wash.

And, after that, there was this. This was much worse. If it were only one of the familiar suicide cases he could have dealt with it quite easily; but this was obviously murder. If as much as a whisper got round the hotel, he knew from experience that he'd lose half his bookings.

It would call for all his skill to get the police out of the way and the room cleaned up

If you shut up truth and bury it under the ground, it will but grow and gather to itself such explosive power that the day it bursts through it will blow up everything in its way.

—Emile Zola.

before Mr. and Mrs. Cork arrived from London. But, from every point of view, the effort was worth it. And for him, Aloysia, the best hotel manager in Europe, nothing was impossible. It was Christmas Eve. Even the police were human. A bottle of whisky could work wonders. The story was bound to come out in the end, but, by the grace of Heaven, there were no newspapers for another two days.

He was much too disgusted with the corpse for dislocating the business of the hotel to be more than mildly interested in what had happened. That was the affair of the police. He only hoped the case was as simple as it looked. Judged by the disorder in the room, the motive was robbery. Presumably, the murderer had climbed up the ivy from the gardens and entered, and made his exit through the open window whose curtains still flapped furiously in the sea breeze.

The victim had been brutally battered to death and the weapon, which had been thrown down on the floor, looked like a heavy tyre lever. It was wrapped up in a roll of newspaper. The only other object which attracted his attention was a large and elaborate leather jewel case, made in the shape of a heart. It lay on the floor, open and empty, showing the milky white silk of the lining spotted with the blood of the dead man.

There was a knock at the door. M. Aloysia opened it just enough to see who was there.

"Good morning, sir. I understand you've got a spot of trouble. I'm Sergeant O'Flaherty, of the C.I.D. The coroner's clerk will be here shortly."

For M. Aloysia it was a day of triumphant deception. The police had co-operated magnificently. He'd smuggled them in—the inspector, the photographer, the doctor, the fingerprint expert, and the rest — without a breath of suspicion that anything was amiss. And he'd got the corpse taken out by concealing it in an ottoman carried by undertakers' men wearing green baize aprons. He had reported the discovery of the murder at 9.30.

By cocktail time the same evening the police had carried away the carpet and the other contents of the bedroom they needed, and Mrs. Macpherson, bless her, was organising the refurnishing of the room. He hadn't got rid of the inspector, who was busy interviewing various members of the hotel staff in the little office behind the reception desk. But Gaston was keeping an eye on things there.

The manager stood serenely under the crystal chandelier near the reception desk, with hands clasped on his breast, bowing fatly to his customers as they drifted through on their way to dress for dinner or stopped to admire the seasonal decorations which dripped from every gilded alcove and twinkled in an avenue of Christmas trees arranged along the entire length of the main foyer. People came to the Paradise Hotel to see life. It was M. Aloysia's business to make sure that they saw only what they wanted to.

His triumph was indeed complete when, at the very moment he saw the grim figure of Mr. Cork arriving through the revolving doors of the main entrance, a tiny page-boy, in powder-blue uniform, brought him a message on a silver salver. It was from Gaston. Mrs. Macpherson reported that Room 143 was ready for occupation again.

Several people looked up at Mr. Cork as he strolled across the hall to the entrance desk. His face, with its heavy features and deep lines, was unmistakable. But, characteristically, Mr. Cork himself was quite unaware that he was a celebrity. He was only vaguely aware of the fact that his criminal cases had made him a public figure.

As he waited for his wife, he lit a cigarette and examined his chin critically in one of the mirrors in the hall. He'd have to shave again when he dressed for dinner. If he didn't, Phoebe was certain to complain about it. It was odd that, as he entered his sixties and the hair on his head was getting thinner, his wretched beard was sprouting more strongly than ever.

"Welcome to the Paradise, Mr. Cork."

"Hello, Aloysia. 'Noel joyeux' to you; that's the French for it, isn't it?"

They shook hands.

"Where's Madame?"

"She'll be here in a minute. She's giving Christmas presents of warm woollen socks to some of your linkmen outside. Amazing woman, my wife. Collects friends everywhere. By the way, I'm sorry I couldn't give you longer warning. We only decided to come down here at the last moment."

"Such a pity! A week, even a few days, could have made so much difference. The room we have for you, it is not what we could wish for you and Madame."

M. Aloysia gave a disappointed shrug.

"Never your mind, Aloysia. It was good of you to fit us in at all. I'm not surprised you're so full. I hear you've got celebrities in the bridal

suite. My wife's eating her head off to see Fanny Fairfield."

"I'm afraid I have a disappointment for her."

"Oh?"

"The bridal suite is booked, but so far Mr. and Mrs. de Raun have not arrived. We are still expecting them. Mr. de Raun's secretary phoned us only yesterday morning to confirm that they were coming. But, so far, we have had no further word. Ah, Mrs. Cork!"

Mrs. Cork appeared in a pink coat, with a pink face and an armful of parcels. She was as plump and smiling as a feminine Santa Claus. And as M. Aloysia relieved her of her parcels she bubbled gaily with laughter.

"Has this dreadful husband of mine told you what he's done? At the very last minute, Mr. Aloysia, when I'd got everything organised for a family Christmas at the farm, he suddenly decided he was coming to the Paradise instead. So here we are. Have the film stars arrived?"

"Aloysia has just told me that they haven't turned up."

"No Fanny Fairfield. Oh, I am disappointed!"

"We are expecting them hourly, Mrs. Cork. The bridal suite is reserved."

"The bridal suite! That sounds terribly romantic. What do you think's happened to them?"

"No use asking me," grumbled Mr. Cork.

"I know," said Phoebe. "I expect the poor dears are trying to hide away from all the publicity."

"If they had wanted to avoid publicity, Phoebe, they wouldn't have booked a suite in the Paradise and advertised the fact in every newspaper in the country."

"The trouble with you, Monty, is that you're getting a crusty old man. You've forgotten what it means to be a young person in love."

"You seem to be in a sentimental haze about this wedding, you and every other woman. May I remind you, Phoebe, that these 'two young people' have both been married several times before; this is Anton de Raun's fourth honeymoon and Fanny Fairfield's third."

"No, dear, it's only her second."

"Well, whatever the score is, she's hardly a blushing young bride. And it's a lot of nonsense to suggest that these two, who've spent most of their lives making baboons of themselves in the public eye, are now sheltering shyly in a love nest under the stars. Come on, we're keeping Aloysia waiting."

M. Aloysia had listened to the conversation with an urbane and self-effacing smile. Privately, he was heartily in agreement with Mr. Cork. Anton de Raun was a playboy who was said to have made three fortunes, married three and lost all six. Now he was starting on Fanny Fairfield's bank balance. Still, it was good for business.

He personally escorted his distinguished guests to Room 143, protesting his apologies all the way for the inadequacy of the accommodation. He could only hope that Mrs. Macpherson had had time to fix the flowers.

He needn't have worried. When he bowed in Mr. and Mrs. Cork, every stick of furniture had been changed. There was a new carpet, a luscious bowl of flowers on the dressing-table and a basket of fresh fruit by the twin beds. Gaston had sent up the champagne, all ready on the ice, for Mr. Cork and there was a present of perfume for Mrs. Cork waiting for her on the bed.

"But this is charming," said Phoebe. "And you've given us one of the nice rooms with

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a view of the sea. It's lovely, isn't it, Monty?"

Mr. Cork gave one of his grim smiles.

"I see you remembered the champagne, too, Aloysia."

The manager bowed in delighted satisfaction. When he closed the door behind his new guests he looked at the number and smiled with the contentment of a milk-fed cat.

Mr. Cork was bathed and shaved. As she knotted the bow tie of his dinner jacket for him, Phoebe said:

"Why did you want to come here? It's not business, is it, Monty? Not at Christmas?"

"Don't ask leading questions."

"Then it is business. Another of your hunches?"

"Only a hunch, Phoebe. If I'm wrong, we can still have a good time."

"Then I hope you're wrong."

"There's somebody at the door. You answer it, dear. I'm going to open the champagne."

Phoebe went to the door and collected a floppy parcel wrapped in crackling brown paper from one of the little pages.

"What is it?"

"I don't know, dear."

"Then open it and see."

"Great Heavens! It's a pair of pyjamas. I'm sure they're not yours, Monty. You've never left your pyjamas behind when you've been here, have you?"

"After thirty years, Phoebe, you ought to know that I don't wear pyjamas like that."

"How do I know what you get up to when you're out of my sight? They are rather sweet, aren't they? I love the frogging across the front."

"They must have been sent up here in error. Give the valet a ring."

Phoebe pressed the bell. But she went on admiring the pyjamas.

"It's French silk, I think. Oh, yes, here's the man's name on the collar. That makes it very easy. What a funny name it is! Andre Guydamour. That's obviously French, isn't it?"

"Mr. CORK'S SECRET," by MacDonald Hastings

Mr. Cork was raising the champagne cork out of the bottle with the pressure of his thumb. He looked across at Phoebe with sudden interest as the cork popped out and hit the ceiling.

"What name was that?" he said sharply.

The champagne foamed out of the neck of the bottle over his hand.

"Look what you're doing, Monty."

"Never mind that! What was the name?"

"Guydamour."

"Give me those pyjamas." He returned the champagne bottle to its bucket of ice and, settling his half-glasses on his big nose, he examined the name carefully.

When the valet answered the call he went to the door himself.

"Did you send in these pyjamas?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did they come from?"

The man looked puzzled. His eye flickered to the number on the door.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I thought the other gentleman was still here."

"What other gentleman?"

"The guest who was in your room last night, sir. He asked me to get these pyjamas washed and return them when I came on duty this evening. He must have moved his room. I'm sorry to have troubled you, sir. I'll take them away immediately."

"You haven't troubled me and you needn't take the pyjamas away. I'll hand them in myself at the desk downstairs."

"Very well, sir."

The man hesitated as if he wanted the pyjamas back, but the authority in Mr. Cork's voice made him think better of it. After all, it hardly mattered who turned them in downstairs.

"You are a funny old boy," said Phoebe. "What's biting you?"

Mr. Cork poured out a glass of champagne for both of them.

"When you were reading all about Fanny Fairfield, did you notice any reference to the fact that her new husband was giving her as a wedding present a valuable necklet of rubies and diamonds?"

"But, of course. Someone called Alouette had owned them."

"Exactly, a collection of

the sale to de Raun. He's somewhere in the hotel. Anton de Raun is expected here with his new wife. It's evident that Guydamour has come over from France to deliver the collection."

"That sounds quite natural. Why are you worried, dear?"

"Too much publicity, Phoebe. Every popular newspaper has been gossiping, day after day, about these jewels. De Raun has told everybody that he's giving them to his wife as a wedding present. Furthermore, he's announced to all and

gentleman whom these pyjamas belong to."

"But certainly, sir," said the clerk.

After years of experience of the eccentricities of hotel guests he knew better than to register surprise.

"Have you noticed that strange man whose following us?" whispered Phoebe.

Mr. Cork nodded.

"I wonder who he is?"

"I haven't an idea. Let's think about dinner."

Hermann, the head-waiter, raced half the length of the crowded dining-room to be there to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Cork as they came in.

"Everything is arranged," he insisted. "Monsieur Aloysia's personal orders. We have a special table for you and a dinner which is a poem."

To emphasise his conviction, he pressed thumb and index-finger together and waved them in the air.

"Smoked salmon and a little caviare. Sole en broche with bay leaves and just a hint of onion. Roast partridge with a bottle of Mouton Rothschild."

But, before they had reached their table the reception clerk, pale-faced, touched Mr. Cork on the shoulder.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, sir, but Inspector Trelawny, of the C.I.D., would like to see you immediately in the manager's office."

"Tell the inspector I'll join him shortly."

He saw Phoebe to the table. They exchanged a message with their eyebrows. Otherwise, neither of them made any comment.

"Start your dinner, dear, and I'll be with you as soon as I can."

The maitre d'hotel looked on with baffled resignation. It was such an exquisite dinner that he had prepared for them.

Inspector Trelawny rose from the manager's desk to

greet Mr. Cork. The tell-tale pyjamas lay crumpled up on the blotting-pad in front of him. M. Aloysia, all serenity gone, fluttered with agitation at his side.

"Well, Aloysia, what's all this about?" said Mr. Cork severely.

"Perhaps I can explain," said the inspector.

M. Aloysia shrugged his shoulders miserably.

"Will you have a seat? My name's Trelawny, of the County Constabulary."

"My name's Cork."

"The introduction on your side is quite unnecessary, sir. It's a very great privilege meeting you."

The inspector waited respectfully until Mr. Cork sat down.

"I hope you'll forgive my bothering you just as you're starting dinner, but I'm engaged in making investigations into a rather serious business."

"Robbery?" asked Mr. Cork.

The inspector looked at him sharply.

"You knew?"

"Call it an inspired guess."

"Your guess is the correct one. But that's not all. It's murder, too. A particularly brutal murder."

Mr. Cork took a cigarette from his heavy gold case. The inspector got up from the desk to light it for him.

"These pyjamas, Mr. Cork?"

"They were delivered to my room in error by the valet."

"Not in error. The night valet, who washed them, was under the impression that the room was still occupied by the same guest who was there yesterday."

"So I gathered."

"I have to tell you that he was the man who was murdered and robbed in the hotel last night."

"In my room?"

"It was the only room I had available, Mr. Cork. It was the only way I could fit you in."

"Never mind that now, Aloysia. All I have to say

To page 71



"Poor Mary, George won't let her keep her job after they're married!"

jewels which were supposed to have belonged, at one time, to the French singer Alouette."

"Have we insured them, Monty?" she said with unusual seriousness.

"We've granted temporary cover and we've laid off the risk with half-a-dozen other companies. It's a big sum, Phoebe. Seventy-five thousand pounds."

"What's that got to do with the pyjamas?"

"Andre Guydamour is the Paris jeweller who has made

sundry that he's spending his honeymoon here."

"But he hasn't turned up."

"No, but the jeweller has. They're inviting a robbery, Phoebe."

"So that's why we're spending Christmas at the Paradise."

As he and Phoebe walked past the reception desk, Mr. Cork pushed the pyjamas in their brown paper across the counter to the clerk.

"My compliments to Mr. Aloysia," he said. "Tell him that I would like to meet the

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to you is that Mrs. Cork must never know about it."

"But of course, of course. I would do anything not to alarm Madame."

"May I go on?" said the inspector coldly.

"Certainly."

"When you handed in these pyjamas to the reception desk, you said that you wanted to talk to their owner. Naturally, I'm interested. He registered at the hotel when he arrived yesterday morning under the name of Franklyn. We now know, from his passport and various other papers, his real name."

"Andre Guydamour."

"Precisely. The name on the tag on the collar of those pyjamas. What can you tell us about him? We need help badly, Mr. Cork."

"He was a Paris jeweller and clockmaker."

"We've checked that with the Surete."

"My interest in him is simply that my company have had dealings with his firm in connection with a very important insurance cover. Guydamour, the vendor, supplied us with the valuation and description of a collection of jewels which we are underwriting. Because I was dissatisfied with certain aspects of the risk, I telephoned his firm in Paris yesterday morning. I learnt that Guydamour himself was in England. I had reason to believe that I might find him here."

"And the reason?"

"His purpose in coming to this country was to deliver the jewels in which we were interested to my company's client, Anton de Raun."

"De Raun? You mean Fanny Fairfield's new husband?"

"Since you read the popular papers, you can also guess the nature of the jewels he was carrying."

"You mean the Alouette collection?"

"You obviously do read the papers."

"Oh, Heavens," said the inspector, burying his head in his hands.

"I should have thought the Surete could have told you about the jewels."

"Mr. CORK'S SECRET," by MacDonald Hastings

"That's the trouble, the whole trouble," said the inspector wildly. "We can't get any information out of anybody. It's Christmas, Mr. Cork. The whole of our investigation is foxed and bewildered because everybody is thinking of Christmas."

"You've got the ports watched, I hope?"

"We're supposed to have warned every port of exit," said the inspector bitterly, "but even our own people are human. After all, all Aloysia here can think about is the Christmas business. The murderer has nearly twenty-four hours' start on us. If he's got the necklace, and he probably has because we've found a large empty jewel-case, he could be half-way across Europe by this time."

"So you've found the case. What's it like?"

"It's a large two-decker affair in the shape of a heart."

"Large enough to hold a complete collection—necklace, earrings, bracelet, tiara, and so on?"

"Yes, it's big enough for that. By the way, have you got a picture?"

"We've got a full description. I understand that there's also a painting in existence of Alouette wearing the jewels in their original mounting in the Theatre Elysees in Paris."

"I'll get it copied."

"It might help. May I use the phone?"

He went on talking with his hand over the mouthpiece.

"Do you know where de Raun is?"

"So far we haven't made any inquiries."

"What can you do to find him? Can the newspapers help?"

"There are no newspapers for another two days."

Mr. Cork got his number.

"Hello. This is Montague Cork. Is that Mr. Smithson's home? Yes, Smithson. Can I speak to him? It's Smithson speaking? Why, man I didn't

recognise your voice. What's the matter with you? Can you hear me? Speak louder. That's better. Now listen carefully."

"It's about the de Raun policy. I want you to pass the complete description of the jewels we got from Guydamour in Paris to Scotland Yard immediately. What are you giggling for? There's nothing funny about it. Smithson, you're drunk. I know it's Christmas, but this is serious. It's serious. Smithson..."

Mr. Cork irritably flashed the exchange.

"What happened?"

"He's cut off."

Surete wired for fullest particulars about Guydamour and his background.

So far, there were no significant clues as to the murderer. It was evident that he had got into Guydamour's room by climbing up the ivy. He had battered his victim to death with a tyre lever which he had kept hidden in a roll of newspaper. Subsequently, it seemed that he had barricaded the door with the wardrobe while he searched the room for the jewels. He then left the empty case on the floor and got out the same way as he had come in.



"You see what we're up against," said the inspector blandly. "It's Christmas Eve."

For another ten minutes the two men talked earnestly together. Infected by the force of Mr. Cork's personality, the tired inspector tackled his case with new vigor. A police message asking Anton de Raun, or anybody who had news of him, to make immediate contact was put out to the B.B.C. Scotland Yard were asked to contact Smithson, the Anchor's claim manager, at his home, and take him to the office, however tight he was, to collect the full description of the jewels. The

The murder, according to the police surgeon, was committed some time between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m. Suspicion was not aroused until the chambermaid brought morning coffee just before nine o'clock. It was reported to the police by the Paradise shortly after.

Trelawny's theory was that Guydamour had been followed from Paris. He said the job had the marks of one of the gangs, or an individual out of one of the gangs, who had been terrorising the South of France. He had already warned the police in Marseilles.

Mr. Cork was much more

interested in two telephone calls, one incoming and one outgoing, which had been taken and made by Guydamour. The first was easily remembered by the operator at the hotel. Almost as soon as he arrived, she'd accepted a call from Paris.

Subsequently, he himself had phoned London. The London call, a six-and-ninepenny one, was recorded on his unpaid bill. It had been traced to a West End hotel. The hotel was the one where Anton de Raun was staying up to the time of his marriage at the Registrar's Office to Fanny Fairfield.

As they talked, Aloysia stood about the office, wringing his hands and mopping away the perspiration with his handkerchief. He had given up all hope of saving the Christmas business. The way events were shaping he'd be lucky if he had any customers left at all for the colossal celebrations he had planned for New Year's Eve.

"I think that's all we can do for tonight, Inspector."

"I can't tell you, sir, how grateful I am for your help."

"You forget I have a personal interest."

"I don't think I should feel over-anxious about the jewels if I were you, sir. I can't believe that the thief can hold on to a hot packet like that for very long. The strings of rubies are said to be among the finest in the world, aren't they?"

"Guydamour described them as the most exquisite collection of Siamese gems ever assembled."

"Then the moment the thief tries to shift them, we've got him."

"I hope so."

"By the way, what's the value?"

"It's been very difficult to make a figure. Alouette was said to have insured them for a million francs when francs were twenty to the golden

sovereign. We were asked to give cover of £100,000. We agreed to £75,000."

"Where did Alouette get them?"

"I thought you read the papers. The story goes that they were given to her, in the days when she was the toast of Maxims, by Izzy Loup, the South African millionaire. When she died in the South of France during the war, Goering tried to lay hands on them for his own collection. But nothing more was heard of the collection until the papers published the story that they were safe and that the complete set was to be offered for auction in the London salerooms. Subsequently, Anton de Raun, announcing his engagement to Fanny Fairfield, said that he'd purchased them by private arrangement as a wedding present."

"I'd like to know where he got the money."

"So would I," said Mr. Cork enigmatically.

He looked at Aloysia.

"You appreciate, I suppose, that I must have another bedroom for my wife. She mustn't sleep in that room."

"But we are full, Mr. Cork. We are stuffed right up. I've nothing, not even an attic."

"You've said that before. You'll have to think again."

M. Aloysia looked at Mr. Cork with the eyes of a trapped rabbit. The inspector smiled.

"The de Rauns haven't turned up. Why not put Mr. and Mrs. Cork in the bridal suite?"

"But suppose they arrive unexpected? What do I do? They've reserved."

"So much the better," said Mr. Cork. "If Mr. de Raun arrives unexpectedly, I shall have an early opportunity for a private conversation with him."

M. Aloysia, the best hotel manager in Europe, threw up his hands in total surrender.

The dance floor was crowded with sad-looking people in tinsel hats. Clouds of balloons

Continued overleaf



by Dorothy Summers, Home Economist

How one mother stepped up to a new way of living

How to live within a limited budget...with costs up, four children to look after, and a house to keep! That was the problem confronting Mrs. Jim Clark, of Rosedale Avenue, Bankstown, Sydney. It's a problem that most of us face today, for it seems increasingly difficult to live economically, yet still cling to standards we have set ourselves.

"But economising," says Mrs. Clark, "was not my only worry. With four children, mine was a 120-hour week. What I wanted was to make things easier for myself."

The Clarks' personal revolution came when they invested in a home freezer. Mrs. Clark has always been interested in bottling...but now, unlike bottling, she can keep practically all food on hand, ready for use whenever she wants it. Cooked dishes, vegetables, bread, meat, soups were easy to freeze, and they stayed fresh—even for months.

"It's so wonderfully convenient," said Mrs. Clark, as she was showing us some of the types of food she banks away. "I used to go shopping every second day—it's a long walk, too, especially with the babies. Now Jim and I do the major part of the shopping at the market every fortnight."

On the economy side, the Clarks claim that their home freezer—a Kelvinator—pays for itself. Take meat, for instance, which they buy in bulk. The cutting is done by Mr. Clark himself. A 12 lbs. side of lamb is a common purchase. Their last side cost 30/- whereas the equivalent amount, bought in separate cuts from the butcher, could

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Choose from two models

Kelvinator Chest-type Home Freezer (right) holds 210 lbs. of food. Capacity, 6 cubic feet. Offers latest American designed freezer features: special section for fast freezing...two large storage baskets for easy storing and food removal...five-sided refrigeration for effective and dependable freezing...spring action lid—springs up, stays up...powered by famous "Polaris" sealed unit. £185.

Kelvinator Upright Home Freezer (left) holds up to 312 lbs. of frozen food—capacity, 10 cubic feet—yet takes up same space as average-size refrigerator. Features three fully refrigerated storage shelves—all food is within 61" of a freezing surface...large storage basket for food-packages of assorted sizes... "Polaris" Sealed Unit. Price, £199/10/-.



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"Mr. CORK'S SECRET," by MacDonald Hastings

floated down from the ceiling and the diners who were left behind at their tables solemnly amused themselves blowing out paper tubes with feathers on the end and making shrill blasts with wooden whistles. The English, in their way, were having a gala night.

Mr. Cork threaded through the tables to the corner where Phoebe was waiting quietly. He smiled at her as he sat down.

"I suppose the news is bad," she said.

"Not entirely. We're moving into the bridal suite."

"Oh, why?"

"De Raun hasn't turned up, so Aloysia thought we'd like it. Aren't you pleased?"

"I've got something to tell you, Monty. You know that man who followed us when we came down from our room? He has been sitting by himself over there watching me all through dinner. He's gone now. He went off as soon as you came back."

"Never mind him. I want something to eat."

Phoebe was curious, but she was much too experienced a wife to pester him with questions. As they talked in a desultory way while he had his dinner, she noticed that half the time he wasn't listening.

"Here comes Mr. Aloysia," she said after a long silence.

"I expect he's going to show us our suite."

"It is all prepared," said Aloysia with something of his old spirit. "Your luggage has been moved and your suite is ready, Madame."

"Thank you, Mr. Aloysia."

"No, Mr. Cork, please. No bill. Tonight, you are the guest of the Paradise."

Preening himself, bobbing his head to his favored patrons, the manager led them through the restaurant, along the avenue of Christmas trees, to the gilded lift. The suite was only half a floor up, but the entree had to be arranged in style. Remembering him only a little while ago in the manager's office, Mr. Cork couldn't help admiring the manner in which the born hotelier was making the best of a bad job.

"Your suite, Madame."

M. Aloysia threw open the door which led into the lobby, and the second door, which opened up into the sitting-room. Out of the corner of her eye, Phoebe saw the tessellated bathroom with its sunken rose-hued tub and ivory-capped taps.

The sitting-room, with french windows opening on to a balcony overlooking the bay, was dressed with huge bowls of white and pink carnations and baskets of long-stemmed rosebuds in a froth of bows of white ribbon. Even Phoebe, accustomed to luxury, was impressed.

"So this is how film stars live," she said.

M. Aloysia made a gallant bow.

"It is a setting more befitting to a grand dame like yourself, Madame."

With open palms he backed his way out of the suite.

"Well!" said Phoebe contentedly.

But almost at once she started and gave a cry of surprise. Mr. Cork, who was peeping through the curtains towards the sea, looked over his shoulder with raised eyebrows. A little man in a crumpled suit, dusted with cigarette ash, had detached himself from the deep comfort of an armchair. It was the same man who had shadowed them into the restaurant and

kept a watch on Mrs. Cork throughout her dinner.

"Who the devil are you?" growled Mr. Cork. "How did you get in?"

"I bribed the luggage porter," said the man unconcernedly. "My name's Chris Sparrow. I expect you've heard of me."

"Of course I haven't heard of you."

"But I have," said Phoebe.

"You write in one of the papers, don't you?"

"That's me," said Chris Sparrow. "Do you mind if I pour myself a drink?"

He didn't wait for an invitation. Mr. Cork made a rumble in his throat like an awakening volcano.

"Blast your impudence," he exploded.

"Granted," said Chris Sparrow.

"My wife and I have noticed that you've been following us throughout this evening. You admit you've bribed your way in here. Before I have you thrown out I want an explanation."

"That's exactly what I'm here to give you. To be quite honest, Mr. Cork, I smell a good story."

"You've discovered my name?"

"It's in the hotel registrar. I also know you by reputation. To be quite frank..."

"That's courteous of you."

"I came here on the de Raun-Fanny Fairfield story. It's a flop because they haven't shown up. The other Press boys have cleared off. Suits me. It means I've got a beat on the stiff found in the hotel this morning."

Mr. Cork glanced anxiously at his wife, but it was evident that she was uncomprehending.

"Phoebe, dear," he said. "I'd like to continue this conversation in private. Would you mind going to the bedroom?"

Mrs. Cork smiled her acquiescence.

"Don't stay up too late," she said.

Her husband waited grimly until she had closed the bedroom door behind her. Then he glared at Chris Sparrow.

"You needn't interpret that," he said, "as an invitation to extend this conversation. I am simply anxious to spare my wife the knowledge of the grisly information which you seem to have ferreted out of the hotel. Bribery again?"

Chris Sparrow grinned.

"Maybe a little palm-greasing here and there."

"You still haven't explained what you want with me."

"That's easy. This morning, a murder. This evening, the biggest noise in the insurance world, that's you, arrives from London. You immediately go to the room where the stiff was found. Later, you're in conference with Trelawny. Tonight, you take over de Raun's suite."

"Well?"

"It must be a big story to bring you here on Christmas Eve."

"So that's your excuse for breaking-in to my private apartment. I suppose you expect me to give you a sensational interview."

"That's the ticket."

"You must be mad."

"I'm not, you know."

He poured himself another drink.

"I hear you're looking for Anton de Raun."

"How do you know that?"

"Contact of mine."

"You seem to have some unpleasant contacts."

"This one has the unpleasant habit of keeping the radio on all day. He heard the police

message you put out for de Raun about a quarter of an hour ago on the B.B.C."

"Do you think you know where de Raun is?"

"I have a theory."

"You lost him after the wedding."

"Granted. He pulled a fast one, I don't know why. He meant to come here. Something must have changed his mind for him."

"Have you waited twenty-four hours to decide that? If you're as smart a newspaperman as you act to be, I should have thought you'd have tested your theory long before this."

"I've told you why I haven't. I've smelt a bigger story here. Besides, I rather like the Paradise."

"What's this theory of yours?"

"Not so fast, Mr. Cork. If I can put you on to de Raun's track, what will you do to help me?"

They both lit cigarettes for themselves.

"I must warn you of the dangers of withholding important information from the police, Mr. Sparrow. This is a serious business."

"So the story is as good as that, is it?"

He blew the ash off the end of his cigarette as it dangled in his mouth. He studied Mr. Cork's face with bright-eyed concentration. Then he chuckled.

"How much are they insured for?" he said.

IT was impossible for Mr. Cork to sleep. He stewed round and round in his bed, listening to the muffled music of the sea, rising and falling, as the rollers curled over the beach outside his bedroom window. His brain was rolling as restlessly as the waves.

The office had given cover on these jewels before they'd consulted him. Not that the office was to blame; on the face of it, they'd done a good stroke of business. As the Anchor's own experts couldn't examine the gems until they were actually in de Raun's possession, they'd very properly knocked 25 per cent. off Guydamour's estimated value, raised the premium to 1½ per cent., reinsured heavily and granted temporary cover only.

But, temporarily, de Raun was covered. When Smithson had brought him the file and he realised that the company was committed to carrying the risk on these over-publicised jewels, he knew in his bones that even a few days was too long. He'd tried to contact Guydamour in Paris, but he'd already left for England.

The brokers had attempted to get hold of de Raun, but de Raun was getting married. He'd followed them both to the Paradise, but it was already too late. Guydamour was murdered, Anton de Raun had gone Heaven-knows-where. The company was liable on the evidence of a dead man for the theft of valuables they'd never even seen.

It was an unholy alliance that he'd entered into with this newspaper fellow. But Sparrow had proved that he had a nose for information and if he could get a line, any sort of a line, on de Raun's whereabouts he could have his story, and welcome—de Raun... de Raun... the very sea seemed to be hissing his name.

He must have dozed. When he stirred again, the luminous dial of his watch showed three a.m. He lay on his back, smoked a cigarette, and longed

for daylight. Unwilling to waken Phoebe, unable to contain himself any longer in bed, he fumbled for his dressing-gown and slippers. Tip-toeing through the darkness, he felt his way towards the door of the sitting-room.

He turned the handle as quietly as he could. He did it so quietly that the man with a torch who was feeling the tumblers for the combination of a safe hidden behind a picture in the wall never noticed him.

Mr. Cork stood mouse-still until, with deft, gloved fingers, the man swung open the door of the little safe and groped inside.

"How did you know there was a safe there?" said Mr. Cork. "I didn't."

Half-turning, the man plunged his hand instinctively into his pocket. Mr. Cork flicked on the lights. Dazzled by the sudden glare, the man crouched down with the cornered concentration of a rat in a drain.

"From the gesture you made just now, I imagine that you're armed," said Mr. Cork, "but it's quite unnecessary to invite the attentions of the hangman by shooting at me. The window by which you entered is still open. There's nothing to stop you leaving by the same route that you came in."

"This is a frame-up," muttered the man hoarsely. He used the American phrase with an affected American accent.

"I rather think it is," said Mr. Cork, "but I'm not the framer. Would you like a drink? You've been working very hard."

"What's the game, guv?"

In his surprise, he'd relapsed into Cockney.

"I want you to tell me, if you will, what you were looking for in that safe and who put you up to it?"

"I ain't touched nothing, guv. Honest, I haven't."

"I know. The safe's empty. Have a drink? Come on, you've got nothing to lose, and you can do yourself a bit of good by talking to me."

"Are you going to turn me over?"

"You haven't stolen anything—that's not your fault, but you haven't—and I'll forgive you personally for breaking into my apartment in the middle of the night. If the police pick you up, and they probably will, they'll have very little to charge you with; that is, if you take the precaution to throw away that pistol."

"O.K., guv, you can 'ave it."

He handed the pistol over like a guilty child. Mr. Cork placed it gingerly in his dressing-gown pocket. In return he gave the burglar a whisky-and-soda.

"There was a murder in the hotel last night," he said casually.

"Murder, did you say?"

"Yes, murder."

"No wonder yer copped me. I must get out."

"Don't hurry. You may be able to help us."

"I know nothing about it. Across m'heart I don't."

"Yes, you do. You and the murderer were both after the same loot. I want to know how you yourself got on to the fact that you might find the Alouette jewels in a private safe in this sitting-room tonight? Who gave you the tip?"

"Chap I met."

"Where?"

"South of France."

"You're operating there, are you?"

"Mostly. I got left there after the war."

"Deserter?"

"Mr. CORK'S SECRET," by MacDonald Hastings

"You said you'd give me a break, guv."

"I said nothing of the sort. I said if you helped me it might do you a bit of good. Who was this chap?"

"Dunno his name. He was a sailor off one of the English yachts at Cannes. Yacht called Vera, I think it was. The name was on his jersey."

"What precisely did he tell you?"

"He told me that if I wanted to do a plumb easy job, this was it."

"When was this?"

"Six weeks ago."

"You mean me to believe that an unknown sailor off an English yacht at Cannes told you that if you came to this specific apartment on the night of Christmas Eve you'd find a safe behind that picture..."

"That's right. With the stuff inside."

"And you believed that story?"

"It was in all the papers."

"Naturally you believe everything that you read in the papers."

"I swear I'm telling you the truth, guv. I don't 'old with murder."

"I think you are telling the truth. I'm only astonished at your incredible stupidity. You opened that safe with a certain skill, but you fell for a conspiracy which wouldn't trick a child."

"Arf a mo, guv. Nobody can make a sucker of me."

"But they have. Now get out the way you came. If you're making for France, I warn you that all the ports are watched. If the police pick you up I'll put in a word for you."

The burglar looked from Mr. Cork to the window and back again.

"No, guv, I won't do it. It's a fair cop and I'll take my chance with the police."

"You've got more sense than I gave you credit for."

"My name's Harry. Don't tell 'em about the pistol, will yer?"

Mr. Cork smiled.

"Give yourself another drink," he said.

Chris Sparrow, yawning and unshaven, arrived in Mr. Cork's apartment looking more unkempt than ever.

"This is a fine time to turn out on Christmas Day," he said. "Who's this?"

"He's a friend of mine named Harry. Harry, this is Mr. Sparrow."

The two shook hands.

"You keep early hours, don't you?" growled Sparrow.

"Harry works on a night shift," said Mr. Cork quickly. "He's helping me on this case. Do you want a cup of tea to wake you up?"

"I could do with it."

"Don't make too much noise. My wife is still in bed."

"Where we all ought to be. What have you dug me out for at this hour? I haven't got any news yet."

"But I have, Sparrow. I think you can help us. Do you know the South of France?"

"Ought to. I've written enough about it."

"Have you ever heard of a big luxury yacht there, name of Vera?"

"Might have. Who does it belong to?"

"That's what we must find out."

"Soon check that."

"At this time on Christmas morning?"

Chris Sparrow tapped his nose with his finger.

"There's one place that never shuts," he said, picking up the phone. "Get London, Central 7440."

"What do you know about this fellow de Raun, Sparrow?"

Chris Sparrow looked over the top of the mouthpiece.

"Handsome playboy living on his wits. Good athlete; drives racing cars, rides the Cresta Run, always marries rich film-stars, does a bit of yachting..."

"Yachting?"

"I see what you're getting at. Hello, Press Association? Happy Christmas to you. This is Chris Sparrow. Can I talk to the news room? O.K. Howdy, pal... Be a good chap and look up Lloyd's Register of Yachts for me. I want to know who owns a big girl called Vera. Yes, I'll wait."

"You said you had a theory of your own about de Raun's whereabouts?" Mr. Cork went on.

"Yep, I know where he's garaged his car."

"Where?"

"Not far from here."

"Are you sure it's his car?"

"You haven't seen the car."

"That means he came as far as Exquay although he didn't come to the hotel."

"That's the way of it... Hello, P.A. That sounds like it... Motor yacht of 100 tons... Southampton... Who's the owner? Who?... That's the ticket... Thanks, chum... I hope I can do the same for you some time... Happy Christmas."

"Well?" said Mr. Cork.

"Vera belongs to Vic Dimitri, the film producer. He was the best man at de Raun's wedding."

"Can we get Dimitri on the phone?"

"He won't like it, but we can try."

They traced him to a number in Elstree. A sleepy voice answered the call. "Yes, it is Vic Dimitri; who the devil is that?"

"Tell him the police want to contact de Raun. Can he help us?"

Chris Sparrow echoed the question.

"Sure, he's honeymooning on my yacht."

"Where is she?"

"How should I know?"

He cut off.

"Ring the district officer of the Coastguards."

"He might have headed across the Channel."

"He might; but it's been blowing hard, and with luck he's had to hug the coast."

"How do you ring Coastguards?"

"I imagine you just ask for them like the police."

It worked. Another sleepy voice promised to check with the lookouts. Within a quarter of an hour he called back. Vera had been sighted off Plymouth at dawn the day before yesterday. She'd also been logged by an amateur watcher off Falmouth. She hadn't been sighted at Penzance. She was probably sheltering from the gale in one of the anchorages beyond Falmouth.

"Try Cowrie Cove."

It was still half-light when Mr. Cork backed his silver sports car out of the hotel lock-up. He'd left a message with the police telling Inspector Trelawny to follow him to Cowrie Cove as soon as possible.

He'd assured Phoebe that he'd be back in time for Christmas presents after lunch. He was accompanied by one very bewildered burglar and one very jaded newspaperman.

They were climbing into Dartmoor, circling Plymouth to avoid the ferry which, at the crack of daylight on Christmas Day, was hardly likely to be working. A rim of frost silvered the winding, unwellcoming road. Dank mists swirled in the hollows and blotted out the hills. Nothing moved except the buzzards swinging lazily from the fence posts to make way for the passing car. Chris Sparrow was fast asleep in the back seat. Harry sat stiffly at the side of Mr. Cork.

"You know where we are, don't you, Harry?"

"No, guv."

"Then, in your professional capacity, I hope you never become better acquainted with it. This is Dartmoor."

"The Moor."

"Yes."

"Where are you taking me to?"

They nearly overran it. The signpost was half effaced by the wind and weather. It hung over a narrow lane choked with dead brambles and bracken. It was a cart-track, not a road at all. But Mr. Cork bulldozed into it and, bumping Chris Sparrow into wakefulness, pushed the car over the frozen, rutted ground through windswept pasture into a steep descent towards the sea.

"Is this where we're meant to be?" asked Sparrow.

"This is where the Coastguards told us to look."

"If de Raun's here, he's certainly picked a quiet hide-out. You're not taking the car much farther, are you?"

Chris Sparrow, completely imperturbable in the artificial, air-conditioned surroundings of the Paradise, was as nervous as a lost child now that he faced the unknown perils of the open countryside.

"We'll park here," said Mr. Cork.

An area of grass, close-nibbled by the rabbits, indicated where the tourists left their cars in the summer. Through a ragged, narrow gap in the cliffs they glimpsed a slice of the white-crested sea. Mr. Cork ran the car over the humpy turf until he found a spot where it was hidden from the road. Then he stopped. He buttoned up his overcoat and, followed by Harry, he stretched his legs out of the car.

The salty wind came up to meet them with an inquiring, penetrating lick. Harry, pecked, sunk his head in his coat-collar. Chris Sparrow remained obstinately in the car.

"Are you coming?" said Mr. Cork gruffly.

Sparrow groaned.

"How I hate fresh air," he said.

But, reluctantly, he got out of the car.

"Have we got far to walk?"

"You can see the sea."

Together, the ill-assorted trio stumbled down the rocky lane, a trench walled in dry stone, to the shore. They passed a padlocked, non-roofed hut advertising minerals and ice-cream. At the beginning of a stone wall running down to the beach they saw a heap of rotting lobster-pots. Then they twisted through a dripping gutter in the grey stone cliffs on to the sandy beach.

In summer Cowrie Cove is a Cornish beauty spot. In December it is as lonely and hostile as a desert island. The gulls, screaming with the anguish of lost souls, and the painted oyster-catchers, piping in shrill alarm, underlined the desolation. Chris Sparrow hung back with the air of one in the presence of his Maker.

They stood there, like three castaways on the shore, gazing wide-eyed at the vision in the cove. A slim white motor yacht, with tapering bows and a tracery of fittings on her superstructure as delicate as a cobweb, was nodding like a graceful white ghost under the wall of the cliffs. "Vera" was painted in gold on her stern.

Beyond the shelter of the cove, the wind whipped the sea into a white fury. Inside it, behind the protecting arm of a curved headland, the sea lapped in oily quiet. The yacht was riding serenely in the embrace of a natural harbor. Her companion-way, lying fore and aft, was down. A sleek motor-boat, with engine turning, was moored at the foot of it.

Mr. Cork drew his two companions behind a boulder

Continued overleaf

"I think he's trying to tell us something."

"Don't sound so anxious. You're on the side of the law this morning. I'm giving you the chance to make things straight with the police. It may not be pleasant."

"I'll take my chance."

"We'll make an honest man of you yet. Now listen. You've heard from my conversation with Mr. Sparrow that we're going to a cove in Cornwall where we hope to find the motor yacht Vera. Aboard it, you may recognise the seaman who gave you the information which tempted you to burgle the Paradise. If you do, give no indication of it until I give you the signal. Is that clear?"

"O.K."

"Now I'll take a chance. If you'll put your hand in my overcoat pocket you'll find your pistol. Put it in your own pocket. You won't produce it unless a pistol is drawn on us. You won't fire except in self-protection."

"Are you sure this is a straight job?"

"It's one of the dirtiest jobs I've ever had to deal with. But, for once, you're on the clean end of it."

On empty roads, the fast car silently swallowed the miles through Two Bridges, Tavistock, and Callington to Falmouth. Mr. Cork, who ordinarily never drove faster than thirty miles an hour, cruised at sixty and hardly noticed it. In his moments of serenity, his caution was exasperating. But, when he had a case, he could be as rash as a hunter on the brush of his fox.

Beyond the narrow, deserted streets of Falmouth, the car stretched herself on the coast road to Penzance.

"Look out on the left for a signpost to Cowrie Cove. According to the map, we're almost on it."

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125 "TOOTH-SAVERS" FOR 3/9—ALL CHEMISTS

"Mr. CORK'S SECRET," by MacDonald Hastings

sticky with seaweed where they were out of sight of the yacht.

"As we may not be welcome," he said, "we'll wait here until somebody comes ashore with the launch."

It wasn't a long wait. A figure, wrapped in a duffle-coat, who was presumably one of the hands, came down the companion-way and, casting off, put the motor boat into the shore. As he tied up on a ring-bolt in the stone wall, Mr. Cork walked up to him.

"Good morning," he said. "I have urgent business with Mr. de Raun. No doubt you picked up the police message for him on the radio last night."

"Radio's out of order," said the hand.

"Indeed? Then that makes it all the more important that I should see Mr. de Raun immediately. Will you put us aboard?"

"Are you the police?"

"The police are on their way here. For my part, I have some urgent business to discuss with Mr. de Raun before they arrive."

"You're not Press, are you?"

"No, it's a business matter."

"Do these other gentlemen want to go aboard, too?"

"They're with me."

The seaman scratched his head.

"We're not supposed to do it without orders."

"I assure you that Mr. de Raun will want to see us. I've already spoken to Mr. Dimitri. This is a serious business."

The hand wavered.

"Is it Mr. Dimitri's orders?"

"Mr. Dimitri told us Mr. de Raun was aboard."

"O.K., I'll run you out. After all, Mr. Dimitri's my proper boss and the sooner this rotten Christmas cruise is over the better."

THEY got into the boat and the hand started the engine.

"When did you start out?"

"Two days ago, just as we were on the point of going home for Christmas. Got orders to sail down to Exquay to pick up this party."

"When did they join you?"

"Two nights ago. We had to lay off the harbor for 'em. They came aboard about midnight; or, rather, she did. He turned up later. We were supposed to set course for Monte Carlo, but the weather turned nasty, the lady got seasick, so here we are. Nice place to spend Christmas Day, I don't think."

Chris Sparrow shuddered.

"If this is the way the film stars live, they can keep it."

As the seaman held the launch steady at the companion-way, Mr. Cork pressed a pound into his palm.

"I'm obliged to you," he said.

The seaman winked his thanks.

A tall, well-built man in a thick roll-necked sweater and corduroy trousers appeared out of the cabin as Mr. Cork came aboard.

"What's all this?" he demanded.

He had blue eyes, sandy hair and a lean suntanned face. He was probably over forty but he looked thirty-five, and he hadn't an ounce of spare flesh on him.

"Mr. de Raun?"

"That's me. I hope you're not reporters?"

"No, sir, this is a business matter."

"But on my honeymoon. Can't it wait?"

"I'm afraid not."

"All right," said de Raun resignedly. "Come into the saloon."

As he held open the door for them under the covered sundeck, he glanced suspiciously at Harry and Chris Sparrow, following in hangdog fashion, Mr. Cork's wake. But he made no comment.

"You're sure you're not newspaper men," he said good-humoredly. "That's what we came aboard this boat to avoid."

"One of us is," said Mr. Cork. "Mr. Chris Sparrow here."

"I expect you've heard of me," said Sparrow.

"Indeed I have," de Raun replied vaguely.

"But Mr. Sparrow isn't here today in his journalistic capacity."

"Thank Heaven for that. Fanny and I have had too much publicity, you know. After the wedding we both felt that we simply had to escape. So, as we both like yachting, we chartered this one of Vic Dimitri's. We've had it before down in the South of France. Do you know Vic, Mr. Sparrow?"

"Sure, nice feller."

"A very nice fellow. Do sit down, all of you. I'm sorry my wife isn't about. I'm afraid she's had a touch of seasickness."

"I don't feel so good myself," said Sparrow.

"There's no movement to make you sick now. By the way, how did you find out where I was?"

"Dimitri told us."

"Dear old Vic, eh? But surely he didn't know where we were sailing?"

"We checked with the coast-guards."

"Indeed? Why so thorough?"

"There was a police message out for you on the radio last night."

"For me?"

"If your radio hadn't broken down, you'd have heard it."

"Yes, that was my fault. It's one reason why we're laying in here. The radio wasn't working properly, so I started tinkering about with it and got the wires crossed. But never mind that. What's been happening in the great big world?"

The man oozed charm. His ease of manner was somehow sickening. As he talked, he admired his long-fingered hands and played casually with his signet ring. A smile which was almost a sneer played perpetually over his features.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you," said Mr. Cork, "that the jewels you were to have given your wife as a wedding present have been stolen."

"Stolen? Where? When? I haven't seen them yet."

"You won't now. Did you have an arrangement with your jeweller to deliver them to the Paradise Hotel?"

"Not necessarily to the Paradise. Guydamour simply arranged to contact me, either at Exquay or in London, when he arrived from Paris. We thought it just as well not to advertise his movements too widely."

"Guydamour took the precaution of registering at the Paradise under an assumed name."

"Good for him."

"But it didn't save his life. He was murdered—battered to death with a tyre lever—two nights ago."

"Guydamour murdered? But this is ghastly. Why didn't you tell me sooner? I simply can't believe it."

"I'm afraid it's true."

"Where did it happen?"

"In his bedroom at the Paradise."

"Have the police any clue as to who did it?"

"They suspect one of the gangs operating in the South of France."

De Raun gave a thoughtful nod.

"That's quite possible. Those jewels had altogether too much publicity for my liking. I told Guydamour so."

"Yet you yourself made the announcement that you were giving the Alouette collection to your wife?"

"Yes, it slipped out over a drink with one of the Press boys. At that time, I confess, I didn't realise what a song-and-dance would be made of it. It's amazing what you chaps can dig up, isn't it, Mr. Sparrow?"

For answer, Chris Sparrow gave an ominous hiccup. The movement of the yacht might be slight, but his own discomfort was real enough.

"Is there somewhere I can go?" he said, with a green smile.

"Certainly," said de Raun. "The second door astern of this one. Don't lean over the side; it'll make a mess of the paintwork."

"Thanks."

"He phoned your London hotel all right," said Mr. Cork quietly.

"Did he? Well, he never got through to me."

"I can quite understand that, at the last minute, you decided against going to the Paradise Hotel. But I'm surprised you never told them."

"Really, that's my own affair," laughed de Raun. "But, if you must know, our idea, my wife and I, was that if we kept the hotel guessing we'd keep the Press guessing too. Still, you'll be glad to hear that I'm putting them out of their misery today. I've sent one of the hands ashore to telephone. As soon as the weather improves we're setting course for a warmer climate."

"I hate to spoil your honeymoon, Mr. de Raun, but I fancy the police will want you to remain here, certainly until after the inquest."

"You talk as if Guydamour's death was my personal concern. I'm terribly sad about it but, apart from the loss of the jewels, it's none of my business. Frankly, I think Guydamour was very unwise not to take fuller precautions. By the way, I suppose there's no doubt that robbery was the motive; I mean you've got evidence that he had the jewels in his possession?"

"An empty jewel-box was found in the room with the body."

"A heart-shaped case with a double-compartment—and Fanny's initials on the lid?"

"I don't know about the initials, but the rest of the description fits."

"Then it's a bad business all right. That's the case. We had it designed specially."

"I suppose you realise that there'll be a lot of publicity about this."

Anton de Raun threw up his hands in mock dismay.

"Poor Fanny," he said. "She's worn out with it."

He poured himself some more coffee.

"Well, I think that's all," he said, getting to his feet. "In view of your sad news, I won't weigh anchor until I've given the police all the information I can. But I don't think there's

"Had you known him long?"

"A few years on and off. I remember I met him first in the Casino at Monte Carlo."

"So he was a gambler?"

"He liked a flutter like most of us."

"Did he play high?"

"I can't say I ever noticed. Why do you ask?"

"I just wondered what sort of man he was. But it doesn't matter. The Surete are checking up on him."

"Ah, here's the coffee. How do you like it? Milk or black?"

"Milk," said Mr. Cork. "And my friend, too."

"We must keep some for poor old Sparrow. He'll need it."

"Did you ever see the jewels?"

"But, of course," smiled de Raun. "Many times. I bought them, you know."

"Has your wife seen them?"

"Certainly not. They were to be a surprise. You know, Mr. Cork, it's my own view that they'll be recovered. No thief could get away with a collection like that for long."

"That's the opinion of the police, too. I hope you're both right."

"I think you said the police have put out a message for me. I shall, of course, be delighted to see them, but I don't know that I can be of much help. I didn't actually know that Guydamour had arrived at the Paradise. In fact, I was wondering what had happened to him. He was supposed to contact me on the morning of the wedding."

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To page 76



Quick tricks for your weekly menu

"Kraft Cheddar is so handy and so economical for all kinds of meals"

— says Elizabeth Cooke,
famous Kraft cookery and nutrition expert.

There are so many delicious ways of using nourishing Kraft Cheddar—from savouries to sweets—for sandwiches, salads, snacks and main-course dishes of all kinds. Here are 7 quick, tasty ideas—for Kraft Cheddar cooking. You'll find they're simple to prepare and you get the same perfect results every time.

Cheese omelettes are always popular for a quick, nourishing snack—sprinkle finely shredded Kraft Cheddar lavishly along the centre of the omelette while it is cooking. You'll make your most flavoursome omelettes yet.

Have you tried adding some shredded Kraft Cheddar to mashed potatoes? This simple version of a well-known French dish is well worth a trial.

Thin strips of bacon wrapped round small blocks of Kraft Cheddar, grilled quickly, and served at once, makes a tasty hot savoury.

Kraft Cheddar gives essential food values, too!

Using Kraft Cheddar right through your menu is sound economy. You save money—at the same time give your family that extra nourishment they need—and that delicious flavour they always enjoy.

Did you realise, for instance, Kraft Cheddar is richer than sirloin beef in nourishing protein. And Kraft Cheddar gives you essential food values you

In the tomato season, try this for an economical and quickly prepared breakfast: grill some halved tomatoes until nearly soft, and then top them with sliced, smooth-melting Kraft Cheddar. Grill again until the cheese is bubbling and golden. This smells as good as it tastes!

Serve slices of Kraft Cheddar with apple pie.

As a supper dish, try Kraft Cheddar melted in the top of a double-boiler with a little milk, and poured over quartered hard-boiled eggs on buttered toast.

Cheese sauce makes a wonderful difference to boiled marrow or cauliflower. Just melt some diced Kraft Cheddar in the top of a double-boiler with a little milk, and pour over the vegetables just before serving.

Get Kraft Cheddar today and try one of these "certain success" ideas tonight.

HOW TO MAKE

Cheese Risssoles



Garnished with parsley, and served with vegetables in season, these Cheese Risssoles look really inviting. And they're really simple to make. Here's all you need: 2 cups cold meat, minced; 1 medium onion, finely

chopped; salt, pepper; a little butter or dripping for frying; 1 cup mashed potatoes; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; 4 oz. Kraft Cheddar, sliced thinly; a little plain flour. And, now, here is the simple preparation:



1. Combine all ingredients except Kraft Cheddar and flour.



2. With well-floured hands, form into 8 patties.



3. Fry lightly on both sides in hot fat for about 10 minutes.



4. Place a thin slice of Kraft Cheddar on each risssole.



5. Place under a hot grill or in top of hot oven until cheese is lightly browned.



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"Mr. CORK'S SECRET," by MacDonald Hastings

much more that you and I can say to each other."

"Would you think me impertinent," said Mr. Cork, "if I asked to meet the crew of this vessel before I leave?"

"What an extraordinary request. What on earth for?"

"If they're the regular crew, it's possible that my friend here may be able to identify one of them. If he can, it's of great importance to our case. That's so, isn't it, Harry?"

"It isn't necessary, guv," said Harry warily.

"Why not?"

"Cause 'e's 'ere. The chap what tipped me off on the job was him."

He pointed accusingly at de Raun.

De Raun gripped the edge of the table with long, strong fingers. He half rose from his swivel chair at the table.

"You keep odd company," he said to Mr. Cork.

"When I'm in odd company, I suit myself to circumstances. Please sit down."

De Raun dropped stiffly into his chair.

"Are you sure you're right, Harry?"

"Cause I'm right. He knows it, too. Him and his gentlemanly ways. He was dressed as a seaman when I met him."

De Raun smiled again.

"I can't think what this fellow's talking about, but it's hardly likely that I should associate with a cheap little crook like him."

"How did you know he was a crook?" asked Mr. Cork evenly. "No, it's not your first mistake de Raun. Your first mistake was when you said you didn't know that Guydamour had arrived at the Paradise, but you did know Guydamour put through a personal call to you at your hotel in London on the morning of your wedding."

"It wasn't an ordinary call. It's recorded on the hotel bill that the call was completed. What did he tell you? All right, I'll tell you myself. He informed you that the insurance company was getting suspicious. He told you that he'd just had a call from Paris warning him that I'd been asking pertinent questions. He'd got cold feet. But you wouldn't call it off. You arranged to keep a secret rendezvous with him that night in his bedroom at the Paradise."

"I can't prove that yet, but the murderer was careless about fingerprints, because he never doubted that a celebrated honeymooner like himself would ever be suspected. Indeed, he was even stupid enough to use a tyre lever as a weapon which probably came from his own car. I've no doubt Guydamour made you a prearranged signal to show you his room as you waited in the gardens."

"You forget. I was with my newly married wife."

"Not at that moment. You sent your wife away to the yacht in the motor-boat while you held back on the excuse of parking the car or something of that sort. It didn't take long to accomplish the plan of yours. Guydamour, your accomplice, was waiting to welcome you. When you shinned up the ivy he opened the window and held out his hand."

"All of which goes to show to what limits insurance companies will go to evade paying a claim. I don't want your rotten money. Everybody knows that I'm a well-to-do man."

"You mean everybody knows you've got a well-to-do wife."

"I can afford to ignore your cheap insults. What you don't explain, in this cooked-up story of yours, is what possible advantage it can be to me to lose the jewels and accept rather less than their proper value as compensation from the insurance company."

"I don't believe you paid a farthing for the jewels, de Raun. Guydamour was in the conspiracy with you. You made a plot together to defraud my company. A very clever plot, too. By virtue of your social position, and your engagement with Fanny Fairfield, you agreed with Guydamour to pretend to buy the Alouette collection. You undertook to insure them and you'd taken it on yourself to see to it that they'd be burgled the moment you got them. But you meant to do it properly. You wanted a real burglar and a real burglar. So you picked on poor little Harry here, a clever cracksmen but a stupid man, as your tool."

"Because you were anxious not to introduce a third person into your plot, you took the foolish risk of dressing up as a seaman and tipping-off Harry yourself. You gave him the know-how on a plate, even to the position of a secret safe in the wall. You knew that, after the event, you could deal with Harry."

"In the end, Guydamour lost his nerve. But you couldn't afford to. So you made an even better job of it. You murdered your own accomplice. And you might have got away with it if you hadn't previously done such a good job with Harry. Because there were no newspapers, Harry knew nothing of the murder. Because I couldn't sleep I caught him red-handed. Harry led me to you."

"Have some more coffee," said de Raun coolly. "That lot's cold. I'll ring the bell for some more."

He put his hand under the table. When he lifted it again he held a small automatic.

"I'm sorry to do this," he said, "but you're talking rather dangerously."

"Don't move, Harry," said Mr. Cork over his shoulder.

"Wise advice," said de Raun.

"I must remind you that the police are on their way here, de Raun. That pistol is scarcely a recommendation of your innocence."

"Get into that locker."

With the muzzle of his pistol de Raun indicated a large press in the corner of the saloon.

"Hurry up. Stand with your back to the wall."

He gave Mr. Cork a push and launched a kick at Harry.

"You can shout your hearts out in there. Nobody will hear you. We're going for a long sea voyage together."

He slammed the door and locked it.

"You told me not to shoot, guv," whispered Harry in the dark.

"I'm glad you didn't try. De Raun, I'm sure, is a much quicker gunman than you are, but you can use your pistol now."

"What for?"

"People who carry pistols always have one-track minds. I don't want you to shoot anybody. I just want to blow the lock off this door."

Harry felt about for the lock.

"If I had time," he said, "I could pick it."

"If you took your time we'd be half-way across the Channel."

Harry let go with two shots from his gun. In the confined space of the cupboard the noise was ear-splitting. The two of them burst out, in a cloud of powder smoke, like magicians in a pantomime.

They ran along the covered sun deck towards the bow of the ship, but they halted in time. The crew, eight of them, were standing on the fore'sle with their hands up watching the bridge. Chris Sparrow was one of them. Mr. Cork took Harry by the arm and drew him back.

"De Raun is obviously threatening them from the wheelhouse. Sparrow, I think, wasn't as green as he looked. He went out to make sure that the hands were on our side."

"Can he start the boat, guv, without 'em?"

"I don't know enough about it, but I shouldn't be surprised."

"What do we do?"

"We distract his attention, Harry."

"How?"

"I'll see to that. You wait here."

Mr. Cork quietly opened the door at the foot of the companionway leading up to the wheelhouse.

"Do you want the gun?" said Harry in a hoarse whisper.



"Stop griping. Didn't I caddy for you last Saturday?"

He shook his head. With hunched shoulders he juttied out his chin and slowly climbed the creaking stairs. De Raun must surely hear him coming.

The door at the top of the dark companionway was half-open, swinging gently with the movement of the anchored yacht. He could see the glittering brass of instruments in the wheelhouse and the gritty white enamel of the paintwork, but de Raun made no move.

He had only the vaguest notion how to tackle him. It would be adequate if he could distract the man's attention long enough to give the crew on the fore'sle a chance to make a getaway. The risk that de Raun would shoot on sight couldn't be discounted, but the fact that he himself was unarmed was a certain protection.

Normally, the best way of dealing with a man waving a pistol about was to reassure his immediate sense of security. Apart from that, there were very few people who could use one with any accuracy. He remembered with grim inconsequence that, in his own soldiering days in World War I, he had failed completely to hit a tin hat with one of the old Webley revolvers at five yards range. Not that he could hope that de Raun would be as ineffective a marksman as he was. He had to dissuade him, if he could, from pulling the trigger at all.

Outside the wheelhouse he flattened his back against the wall of the companionway. He slowly put out his hand and, with the tips of his fingers, he pushed the door wide open. Nothing happened.

"Are you there, de Raun?"

There was no answer.

"I'm coming in there with you. It's unnecessary to shout at me because I'm unarmed. To reassure you I'm going to show myself with my arms raised over my head."

He took a deep breath. Raising his hands, he stepped into the glass-fronted cab. As he crossed the threshold he was grabbed round the waist. De Raun had been waiting for him behind the door. Half-thrown off his feet he struggled in the hug. De Raun still held a pistol levelled at the man grouped below on the fore'sle.

"Keep still or I'll break you."

Wriggling in de Raun's grasp, Mr. Cork kicked his sharply in the shin. He was rewarded with a yelp of pain. Down below on the deck he heard a shout. Dragging him along with him like a bolt, de Raun fired, holding the glass of the lookout window with two neat, crinkled holes. Evidently the crew had made a run for it. The muzzle of the pistol dug sharply into the small of his own back.

"Walk in front of me," said de Raun. "If anybody interferes with us you're for the high jump."

He pushed him down the companionway. Clumsily, like a couple in a two-legged race, they descended the stairs. Half-way down the sundeck door was cautiously opened.

"For your own sake," said de Raun, pressing his mouth to Mr. Cork's ear, "tell 'em to keep clear."

"Don't interfere," shouted Mr. Cork. "Can you hear me? Don't interfere."

"That's the stuff. Now don't try any funny business. As you've said yourself, I'm in a tight corner."

"You can't make a getaway de Raun. You'd do much better to give in now."

"Stop chattering. I'm thinking."

At the foot of the companionway, behind the half-open door leading to the deck, de Raun paused. Then, from behind Mr. Cork, he launched a kick to throw the door open. "Now," he shouted.

They shot out on to the deck and crashed into the rail. Mr. Cork stumbled but de Raun held him on his feet.

Never relaxing his grip, he lay on the rail, panting, and holding Mr. Cork in front of him for a screen. On either side of them the crew looked on impotently.

Backing along the deck-rail behind Mr. Cork, de Raun worked his way towards the stern. Mr. Cork couldn't see Harry or Sparrow. He could only hope they didn't do anything reckless. He felt sure now that, if he was cornered, de Raun would shoot.

They were on the starboard side of the yacht. De Raun was backing away to the port-side, where the motor-boat was moored.

De Raun never saw the rope which Harry and Sparrow stretched across the deck behind him. Backing into it he came down with Mr. Cork on top of him. His head hit the deck and, for a moment, he relaxed his grip. Mr. Cork rolled clear.

Harry fired from the shelter of a ship's boat. De Raun, recovering himself, took his eye off Mr. Cork and fired back from the ground. Both of them missed. The crew started running towards them. De Raun got to his feet, too.

De Raun didn't stop. He

threw his leg over the rail and dropped overboard into the motor-boat as the hands crowded in on him. But they fell back from the rail as, bending over the engine, he flourished his pistol menacingly.

The motor picked up with a gurgling hum. He threw off and, reeling back as the boat surged forward, he drove towards the shore. He was almost at the beach when a posse of police, led by Trelawny, came through the gap in the cliffs on to the beach.

De Raun swung the boat away again. The launch was a fast one. With the throttle full open it settled down on its stern with its bow slapping on the swell. With a spuming wake it circled round the yacht in a wide arc and raced out of the shelter of the cove into the open sea.

Then, from a thing of fleet-footing beauty, it was reduced to the pathetic impotence of a cork. It rolled and plunged in the broken water, one moment with its bow pointing to the sky and the next with upraised stern showing the screw spinning aimlessly in the air.

Against the crested cruelty of the ocean, it was lost. With every roll de Raun was shipping water like a bucket dipping in a well. The seagulls crowded round, wailing like mourners at a wake. From the yacht and the shore they watched him wrestling with the unconquerable.

He went overboard a few seconds before the launch heeled over and, raising her cream bows in the air, slid to the bottom to make a bed for the congers and the other carion-eaters of the sea. They didn't see de Raun again. They didn't expect to.

It was a quarter-of-an-hour before they could swing out another boat to bring the police aboard. Fanny Fairfield woke up feeling so much better that she peered out of the port-hole. Seeing so many men coming aboard she took her

time dressing and getting her make-up in proper order.

When she came on deck, Inspector Trelawny had renewed the laborious business of taking statements and his officers had started the search of the yacht for the missing jewels.

Chris Sparrow scooped the biggest story of his life as a newspaperman. Harry, until economic circumstances led him astray again, enjoyed for a while the strange experience of being an honest citizen. M. Aloysia, contrary to all his expectations, did a record New Year's business. Phoebe had an emerald ring from her husband to make up for the way he'd spoilt her Christmas. Fanny Fairfield married again, quite soon. Only Mr. Cork seemed discontented.

He called conference after conference with his chief executives. He harried his staff with a paperchase of memoranda dictated from the formidable sanctum of his private office. He was determined that there'd never be a de Raun case again.

But he couldn't avoid the publicity. Under great pressure, when the police proceedings were over, he consented to grant an interview to his Press. He'd never done it before and, after the event, he swore that he'd never put up with it again. At the conference, he explained with his usual grave clarity, the main details of the fraud. He emphasised that people who try to cheat the insurance companies are pitting themselves against the experience of a business which survives by its capacity to distinguish the honest man from the dishonest one.

He answered all the questions which the Press reporters put to him on the de Raun case except one. When they pressed him, he smiled.

"That's my secret," he said.

"Mr. CORK'S SECRET," by MacDonald Hastings

When they asked him why, he lit a cigarette. Staring at them over his half-glasses, with his face wreathed in the blue smoke, he considered his answer.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there are certain cases of fraud, and this is one of them, when it would not be in the interest of the great insurance companies—and may I remind you that, for all the world, that means the insurance companies of the City of London—to reveal the whole truth. There are always dishonest people who might make improper use of the knowledge. Thank you, gentlemen, that's all. If you'll excuse me, I have a board meeting to attend to."

But Chris Sparrow stayed behind.

"If I give you my word that

I'll never break the story, will you tell me what the secret is?"

"I'm only astonished you've never guessed it. I thought you were smart, Sparrow."

"Don't rub it in."

For once, Chris Sparrow was almost diffident. Mr. Cork looked at him gravely.

"Can you really keep a secret?"

"I'll keep this one."

"All right. What do you want to know?"

"I want to know the answer to the question you wouldn't give to the Press boys."

"What happened to the jewels?"

"Yes, why haven't we heard any more about them? Didn't the police find them when they searched the yacht?"

"Nobody found the jewels, Sparrow, because they never existed."

Chris Sparrow gave a long whistle of understanding.

"You mean it was all a stunt?"

"I know a stronger word for it."

"What put you on to it?"

"There were a number of factors which made me suspicious as soon as I heard that we'd been consulted about the risk. First, the valuation of £75,000 was unusually high. There are very few collections of jewels in the world which are worth as much as that. Second, this company was asked to give temporary cover on a mere description provided by a Paris jeweller and on the doubtful evidence of the portrait of a singer named Alouette wearing the jewels over fifty years ago."

"But that's not proof of fraud."

"Certainly not. My suspicions were unconfirmed until I discovered that de Raun, the man who was supposed to have purchased the jewels, had put up a burglar to raid the private safe in the bridal suite at the Paradise. De Raun would never have risked losing jewellery as precious as the Alouette collection to get the insurance money unless he knew that there was nothing to steal."

"But he had to have proof of burglary. Is that it?"

"Exactly, and Harry was to be the victim."

"Well, well, well . . . And to think I never got on to it."

"The confidence trick that de Raun worked on you Press people was part of the plot. It was only possible because, through his marriage to Fanny Fairfield, de Raun's doings made news. He used the Press to play up the story of the jewels. You all believed it, because you wanted to believe

it, and the power of the printed word being what it is, everybody else believed it, too."

"Except you."

Chris Sparrow looked at Mr. Cork with unaffected admiration.

"You're hot. I'll say that for you."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"Who do you think instigated the plan? De Raun or Guydamour?"

"Almost certainly Guydamour. It was Guydamour who discovered, probably from Alouette in her old age, that her famous jewels were made of paste. He put the scheme to de Raun."

"When did they see the red light?"

"I think it was my own pertinent inquiries, when I phoned his Paris office, which put Guydamour on his guard. He warned off de Raun on the morning of his marriage. But de Raun himself seized the chance of staging an even better fake robbery by murdering his own accomplice."

"If Harry hadn't arrived to burgle the safe as arranged—and if I hadn't by mere accident caught him in the act—de Raun might well have got away with it and the police would still be searching for the jewels."

"But what a story!" said Chris Sparrow excitedly. "What a story! Why not let me tell the whole world about it?"

"You gave me your word."

"I know, but why keep it a secret? What's the big idea?"

"All right, I'll tell you another secret. You perhaps don't realise, Sparrow, the extent to which the great insurance companies like ourselves have to rely on the good faith of our clients. It would be a very serious matter if it became widely known that, in practice, we constantly have to accept the risk on valuables for the existence of which we have no first-hand knowledge."

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NEXT WEEK'S NOVEL

● Oscar Schisgall, one of America's leading fiction writers, is the author of "Dutch Honey-moon," our full-length novel which will be published next week.

When Claudia Reece, an attractive secretary at the American Embassy in Holland, is confronted with a young American businessman, Gabriel Hook, who asks to see her boss, the commercial representative, she does not dream that her life will become so involved as a result of this seemingly simple request.

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